The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Winnipeg, Man. February, 1918

TEA TABLE TALK

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating." The proof of good tea is in the drinking. The great and increasing army of people who regularly drink

BLUE RIBBON TEA

choose it with their eyes open. They know its excellence—its uniformity—its economy. And they know its purity. Common sense tells them that the new double wrapper makes deterioration impossible. Scores of thousands have proved "BLUE RIBBON" "by the drinking." Do the same yourself. Get your money back if you don't agree with them.

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THERE WILL BE A BIG DEMAND. GET YOURS NOW

THE DINNER SET CONTAINS 6 Soup Plates, 6 Dinner Plates, 6 Bread and Butter Plates, 6 Tea Plates, 6 Fruit or Cereal Plates, 6 Saucers, 6 Cups, 1 Meat Platter, 1 Covered Dish, 1 Gravy Bowl, 1 Jug.

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You can obtain this magnificent Combination Dinner and Tea Set by sending us in eight new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly at $1.00 apiece.

If you care to make enquiry at your store, you will find that the very lowest price you can buy a combination dinner and tea set is about $11.00, and the quality would not be nearly as good as what we are offering.

You are probably wondering how we can make you such a liberal offer and send you this fine Dinner and Tea Set for so small a favor on your part. This is the explanation. We bought several sets of dishes at the lowest price anyone can get for buying in immense quantities and are glad to give you the benefit of the big bargain. By all means take advantage of this unusual opportunity before the supply is all gone.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS ADDRESS

The Western Home Monthly - Winnipeg

Remember

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The Western Home Monthly

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The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is $1.00 a year or three years for $2.00 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is $1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year.

Remittances of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

When You Renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

Chat with Our Readers

(From our Mail Bag)

Please find enclosed $1.00 for The Western Home Monthly. Am sorry I did not send it sooner, but I have moved from Virden to Cromer and have been busy. I have no fault to find with the paper. I don't think it could be better except that I would like to see it twice a month instead of once.—Yours respectfully, Mrs. C. E., Cromer, Man.

I wish to renew my paper, The Western Home Monthly. We all enjoy this paper and read it from cover to cover, and it is all good sensible reading. I only wish it would come every week, as I look for it and can hardly wait till it comes.—Yours truly, G. McC., Purple Springs, Alta.

You have kindly asked your many readers to send their criticism of The Western Home Monthly to its Editor. I, in all honesty, cannot give any, for it is good from cover to cover. I wish the author of the page, "The Young Woman and her Problem," could know a little of the great good she is doing for the womanhood of Canada. A girl could not possibly take the time to read her page without being helped. May God bless her in her noble work, and inspire her to even greater work, if that be possible. All I can say for your magazine is that it will uplift morally every home that takes it and reads it well. Wishing you every success.—Yours sincerely, Mrs. W. C. H., Carstairs, Alta.

I am sending you $2.00 for back subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly. We will renew later on. We are well pleased with the paper and will miss it if we don't renew. Please accept $2.00, as I have been behind with my subscription. With best wishes, yours truly, Mrs. R. S. D., Ebor, Man.

I am renewing my subscription for The Western Home Monthly for another year, and I must say I like the book very much, as it contains much nice helpful reading.—Yours sincerely, Mrs. D.

Greetings from a Reverend Father

As from St. Joachim's Rectory, at Edmonton, I had to visit the Indian Reserve near Winterburn Post Office and also the people living in the surrounding country, many times curiosity made some of my companions look in mail matters and then your magazine has been lost for me. Now, as my residence for the winter will be at St. Albert, you can send me The Western Home Monthly there. It was formerly the residence of his grace Archbishop Emile Loyal, now living at South Edmonton. The reason I like your magazine is because it contains interesting articles. You respect everybody no matter to what faith or nationality he belongs. I like a good citizen and a good neighbor. I like to be able to converse with every man or woman in their own language and I have no enemies. I wish you a Merry Christmas, a Happy New Year, and many subscribers.—Yours, Rev. C. T., St. Albert, Alta.

Dear Editor,—Please do not think that knowing our subscription is run out is what takes the joy out of life. Instead of that it is the fear of the magazine being stopped before we can get that almighty dollar to renew it. We really like The Western Home Monthly better than any paper we get, so I am pleased to be able to renew for three years this time. Wishing the paper every success and a very Happy New Year to all its readers, I remain, yours respectfully, L. B., Woodlands Farm, Duck Lake, Sask.

Dear Sir,—As you request my opinion of your magazine, I think I am an old enough subscriber to know fully of its merits and can, to say the least, is more than enjoyed by myself and young family all in their early teens. It is not every magazine I would put into the hands of my children before reading all through myself. I am sure it is all very clean from cover to cover, even the advertisements. I like the short stories so much, as a busy person can finish one or more pages when we haven't time to start a book. The Household page is helpful to me, also the Woman's Quiet Hour. The Philosopher and Editorials are what I enjoy most, and the illustrations are very good indeed. Wishing you every success, I remain, yours truly, Mrs. H. H. S., Lorlie, Sask.

Dear Editor,—As my subscription falls due this month I enclose herewith $1.00 for another year. I must say I would feel lonely without my Magazine. After the first of the month I watch the letter-box closely for its arrival. I enjoy every page of it and after I have finished reading I mail it to a friend in the old country, who, from her letters, also seem to look forward to its arrival with eagerness.—J.C.

A Rare Chance for The Western Home Monthly Readers

This year we believe we have been exceptionally fortunate in our selection of premiums. Our readers will be glad to know that we are retaining the most popular of last year's premiums—the combination dinner and tea set—and we feel certain that the demand for this useful and ornamental gift will again be heavy. Remember, however, that the manufacturers have warned us that their stock is getting low and that there is not any likelihood of any more sets of this particular pattern being manufactured for some time to come, so the number of sets is strictly limited. It is a case of "first come, first served," and we advise our readers to start immediately getting the few subscriptions necessary in order to obtain this desirable dinner set. Please see full particulars and illustration on another page of this issue.

"Dear Editor,—It gives me much pleasure to renew my subscription to you for three years. In your notice to me respecting renewal you wish me to state what I like or don't like about your paper. I must say that I do not know of anything that I could suggest as an improvement to your magazine. I find it satisfactory in every way and always look eagerly forward to its coming.—F.P., Sarcee Butte, Alta."

"Dear Editor,—Yours to hand on the 14th. I often think, like the cartoonist, but when I stop to think I do not know whose life I might be taking the joy out of by not being as prompt in sending my subscription in sooner; however, I am renewing for another year. You kindly asked me to tell you my likes and dislikes. Well, I am very much pleased with your magazine or would not have taken it for so many years. I think it is a first class paper, and as for dislikes, I have none.—Mrs. H.E.K., Maple Grove Farm, Ont."

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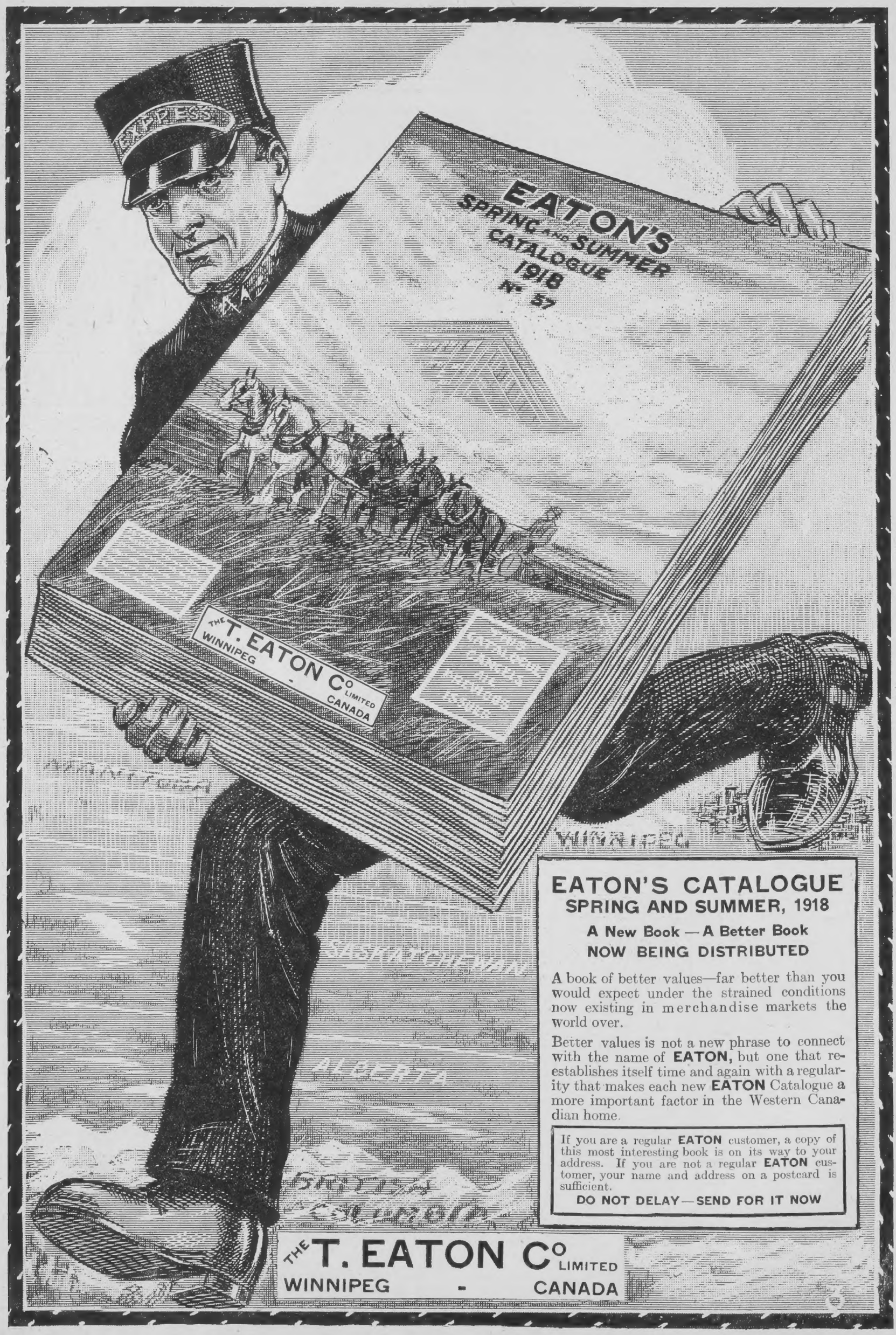
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Editorial

The World Charter

IN the year of Our Lord 1215 there was presented to a tyrannical ruler of England a paper to which he was compelled by an outraged people to affix his signature. This was the great charter of England. Some centuries later there was drawn up in the Republic to the south of us a grave declaration which still further insisted upon the rights of the common people to self-government and self-control. This is known as the American Declaration of Independence. It is fitting that two representatives of these two great nations should, within a short week, set forth in clear and unmistakable terms, the articles of the great world charter, which a humbled Prussianism will be compelled to sign as a guarantee of the future freedom and happiness of humanity. It is eminently fitting that Premier Lloyd-George and President Wilson should have been the spokesmen for the two countries. It was Winston Churchill who said before the American Luncheon Club in England:

"It is a very happy thing that at the present moment two Anglo-Saxon democracies should each have found a leader, who by the march of events and their own great qualities, have so far surpassed their contemporaries as to acquire the right and power to speak without challenge in the name of the nations as a whole. They also command that paramount authority without the responsibility of which and without the fortifying of which no safe nor sure path can be found or be followed."

When one read the two addresses and the crystallized statements of the two great democratic statesmen, he perceives how united they are in thought and feeling; and when he compares their utterances with those of the spokesmen of the Central Powers, he has reason to congratulate himself that he belongs to a race that can speak openly, frankly and without dissimulation.

In after years these articles of world liberty will be learned and known by every school boy, and they cannot have too wide a circulation among the people just now. If there is any one in the land who cannot subscribe to the doctrine, let him get away. The destiny of Anglo-Saxons is to be free. Those who love freedom will welcome these expressions from men who owe their positions, not to heredity, but to the votes of the people.

Here is the British demand. Read and consider. Then make your resolve and sign your name.

"We are fighting for a just and lasting peace, and we believe that before a permanent peace can be hoped for, three conditions must be fulfilled. Firstly, the sanctity of treaties must be re-established; secondly, territorial settlement must be secured and based on the right of self-determination or consent of the governed; and, lastly, we must seek by the creation of some international organization to limit the burden of armaments and diminish the probability of war. On these conditions, the British Empire would welcome peace. To secure these conditions, its peoples are prepared to make even greater sacrifices than those they have yet endured."

Here is the American charter. Read it, too, and you can surely sign it. It is a model of clearness and conciseness and it breathes the soul of liberty. It is no wonder that the President closed his address with these words:

"The moral climax of this, the culminating and final war for human liberty, has come, and they (people of the United States) are ready to put their own strength, their own highest purpose, their own integrity and devotion, to the test."

The president presented the following as necessary elements of world peace:

1—Open covenants of peace without private international understandings.

2—Absolute freedom of the seas in peace or war except as they may be closed by international action.

3—Removal of all economic barriers and establishment of equality of trade conditions among nations consenting to peace and associating themselves for its maintenance.

4—Guarantees for the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety.

5—Impartial adjustment of all colonial claims based upon the principle that the peoples concerned have equal weight with the interest of the government.

6—Evacuation of all Russian territory and opportunity for Russia's political development.

7—Evacuation of Belgium without any attempt to limit her sovereignty.

8—All French territory to be freed and restored, and reparation to be made for the taking of Alsace-Lorraine.

9—Readjustment of Italy's frontiers along clearly recognizable lines of nationality.

10—Freest opportunity for autonomous development of the peoples of Austria-Hungary.

11—Evacuation of Rumania, Serbia and Montenegro, with access to the sea for Serbia, and inauguration of economic and political importance and territorial integrity of the Balkan states.

12—Secure sovereignties for Turkey's portion of the Ottoman Empire but with other nationalities under Turkish rule assured security of life and opportunity for autonomous development, with the Dardanelles permanently opened to all nations.

13—Establishment of an independent Polish state, including territories inhabited by undisputable Polish population with free access to the sea and political and economical independence and territorial integrity guaranteed by international covenant.

14—General association of nations under specific covenants for mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to large and small states alike.

The Canadian Railways

THE ruling of the Railway Commission of Canada came as a surprise to the people of the west. Fortunately there is a power above the Commission and this power must, in the long run, adjudicate and find a remedy. Never was there a more opportune time for a government to straighten out tangles. One of the worst tangles is that which has to do with transportation. The people of Canada have built the roads, endowed them, have generously donated to their support, and have turned into the coffers of the magnates who controlled the stock, enormous sums annually. Now they are to have their reward—the privilege of paying increased rates.

It is the duty of a government to exercise supervision over all the great activities of a people. There is no reason why it should not control transportation. During the war at least, production, manufacture, man-power, wealth of every kind, should be conscripted. Why should not the railroads here, as in the United States, be brought into service? It may be, indeed, that one of the richest by-products of the war will be the nationalization of the railway system. There are certain natural monopolies which the state should control such as defence, postage, administration of justice. Is there any reason why transportation should not be considered as one of these monopolies?

The Laughter of the English

(From the New York Sun)

England, we know thee better now;
Unuttered all thy sorrow;
Thy humor wears the stern day out
And mocks the grim to-morrow.

For while the world said, "Let none smile;
There is no mirth hereafter!"
The "golden lads" of Shakespeare's land
Outfaced their doom with laughter.

We guess what inward throes must shake
The stout heart still unbroken,
What griefs lie in the silent deeps,
What agonies unspoken!

But all the world hears is the quip
That flouts at panic's rumor.
Where toff and cockney carry on
In high intrepid humor.

Simple and subtle is thy mood—
Not honoring Fritz to hate him!
Leaving him puzzled at thy jests,
The scorn wherewith ye rate him.

England, we know thee better now!
Through all the years hereafter
Shall thy name, England, ring for us
A chime of valiant laughter.

All Round Conscription

THE suggestion made in these columns last month that alien labor should be conscripted, and the price of wages fixed, has been repeated in many quarters. There is no good reason why a soldier should receive a dollar and ten cents a day for service in the trenches and an alien four dollars a day in the harvest fields. Nor is it fair for farmers who receive such a good price for their grain to pay only a dollar and ten cents a day to workmen. The right idea is to fix a reasonable rate for the farmer to pay, but to have a fraction of this amount revert to the public treasury. There is a pretty general feeling, anyway, that the price set for wheat is too high, unless a portion of the proceeds is used for the prosecution of the war. The war has added a dollar a bushel to the price of wheat. Why should the farmer not return a fraction of the amount for national defence? The economic questions pertaining to the war are far from settled. That which is true of farming is equally true of labor. Adjustment is not easy, but we cannot afford very much longer to let each man go as he pleases, without regard to the rest. All-round conscription is a good rule, and it should apply to all people and all interests in all provinces of the Dominion.

The New Education

IN British Columbia, the Minister of Education has called a conference to deal with the programme of studies and other matters. It is felt that the schools are following tradition a little too closely, and that the times demand radical measures. The Victoria Colonist puts it in this way. 'The world is a changing world. The rising generation must not be wedded to stereotyped educational methods, but must expand with the times. This war is an education in a variety of branches of human knowledge, yet by our public school system there is only a circumscribed opportunity of taking advantage of the book which it unfolds. We do not want our children to be Prussianized by making a fetish of technical education to the exclusion of knowledge which shapes the character and determines the future type of our citizenship. These are some of the aspects of educational reform we hope the present conference will consider. Above all, in the curricula of the future the utmost attention should be paid to such studies as build up and develop character. That is the conception of education in following which the teaching profession can do its noblest work."

These words might well be considered by men and women in all the western provinces. If, on the one hand, there is a temptation in the University and among certain people to perpetuate old forms and to emphasize old studies, just because they are old, there is no justification for rushing to the other extreme and emphasizing altogether what is called the practical and the technical. For this is a short-sighted policy in every way. The best help a child can get towards any calling is training in right living. That being given him, all the rest is easy. And for children under fourteen years, which includes nearly all of them, technical training is impossible in any case. The Colonist has said something worth while.

Sowing and Reaping

AS we sow we reap. Germany for years preached the gospel of force, hate and terrorism. She is reaping the harvest. Russia for centuries suffered under the iron rule of despotism. She is paying back the price in blood and famine. England, through mistaken generosity, gave away Heligoland, and now she has full opportunity to regret her error. So we, too, in Canada have sowed the seeds of political, religious and racial discord, and are now garnering the grain. Now is the time to undo the mischief of centuries. From our statute books should be eliminated every word which suggests distinction of race or creed. It is time that one should be glad to exhibit anywhere the badge of his citizenship containing upon it a word without a hyphen. The man who will in these days attempt in legislation or otherwise to keep alive racial, religious and political distinctions, is lacking in patriotism.

Brothers All

IF there is one thing the war is going to do, it is to cement the friendship between Americans and Canadians. There is no Canadian who will not feel his heart throb as he reads the messages of President Wilson, and who will not glory in the liberality and enterprise of the great people south of the boundary line. In like manner, they have hearts very warm towards Canada. What could be a finer tribute than this from the New York Globe. Read it and be worthy of it:—

"Little in ancient or modern annals surpasses the virtue displayed by Canada. For forty months Canada has been sending across the sea her noblest and best. No like population in the world has excelled her in soldiers recruited, and the mighty contribution has been made without resort to conscription. She prized her soul more than her body, and with splendid chivalry, long before this country came in, she has been fighting our battle, the battle for freedom of the world, for a civilization based on right and not on might. The free democracy of the United States salutes with admiration the free democracy of Canada. Across our border dwell a people at once pacific and heroic. Such a people and the government they create to execute their will we can trust. We need no forts to guard the frontier. We dwell at peace with a good neighbor whose essential purposes are our own. God grant that in the history of the next three years, if the period of sacrifice is thus prolonged, we shall show a nobility of mind and an energy of the spirit equal to our brothers of the north.

The radiance your skin *can* have

Begin now to have a beautiful skin. No matter what other charms you have, they count for little unless you have the greatest of all charms — a clear fresh skin

AN AUTHORITY on the skin has said: "No matter what your difficulty is, you can remedy the trouble, *if* you will give it intelligent care and attention."

Look at your skin with this encouraging fact in mind. Really study the condition of your skin. Examine it closely as a specialist would—look critically at the pores of your nose and chin, the color, the texture of the skin itself.

If you have not been taking proper care of your skin, you will be amazed to see what havoc even one season can work. Perhaps you are allowing your skin to grow gradually dull, coarse and blemished, without realizing it.

Just what you can do to improve your skin

You need not be discouraged, however. Your skin is continually changing. As the old skin dies Nature provides new to take its place. This new skin can be kept clear, soft and delicate in color if you will do your share.

Begin tonight to cleanse and stimulate your skin with the soap suited to its needs. Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist who devoted his life to the study of the care and treatment of the skin. Among the famous Woodbury treatments you will find the one to give your skin the greater loveliness you long for.

Don't expect a single treatment—nor even a week's treatment—to overcome your trouble. Let your Woodbury treatment become a daily habit. You will be surprised to realize how easy it is to do it regularly.

The treatment for sallow, sluggish skins is given on this page. Look for other treatments in "A Skin You Love to Touch," the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For a month or six weeks' treatment you will find a 25c cake is sufficient. Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada—wherever toilet goods are sold.

Send for sample cake and book of treatments

A sample cake of Woodbury's—enough for a week of any treatment—with the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch" will be sent you for 5c. For 12c we will send you in addition to the Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Write today. Address ***The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd.,*** 2402 ***Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.***

Sallow, sluggish skins: How to rouse them

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. Rinse well in warm water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub your skin for 30 seconds with a *piece of ice* and dry carefully.

This treatment with Woodbury's cleanses even the tiny pores of your skin, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibers.

Dorothy Perkins

By W. R. Gilbert.

DOROTHY ran across the lawn with feet as light as any that ever "left the daisies rosy," in the fond imagination of a lover.

Her heart was light as well as her feet, for a dear friend had gained the V.C., and he was coming home; and the home was next door, and she would see him, and might hope for a renewal of those happy times when he and she had been such splendid chums. It wouldn't be quite the same, of course, seeing that when they last saw each other, three years ago, she was a child, whereas now she had attained the sedate and serious age of eighteen. Still the meeting was sure to be delightful. Jack was such a good sport. He couldn't have altered much.

The lawn was in her father's garden at the back of the house. At the bottom of the garden there was a pergola formed of Dorothy Perkins roses. Jack Hilton had planted the trees for her in those days when the big lad from next door had been as much in the Dales' garden as in his own. It was so easy to leap the hedge of golden yews, and there was no one he liked so much as he liked Dorothy Dale. The roses had done splendidly in the three years, the first of which had been spent by Dorothy in travelling with her father. The last two had been spent by Jack at the front. The pergola was one mass of lovely pink, contrasting sweetly with the underlying green. It was a veritable fairy bower.

Scissors were in Dorothy's fingers, and she hovered above the roses like some dainty butterfly, uncertain where to settle. She wanted to send a spray of her name flowers to Jack by way of greeting, and naturally wanted to choose the most perfect. The choice was made at last, and she went back to the house, with shining eyes and a spray of roses in her hand. Soon they were nestling in a flat oblong box.

This done, she paused.

The roses were to be her greeting to Jack, on his arrival.

He would be home early in the evening: but she must not expect to see him until to-morrow.

Nothing could be better for her greeting than the roses; but should not a little note accompany them. "I am grown up now," she mused. "Should she write the little note or not? Did girls write notes to unmarried men?"

Motherless from infancy, her sole tutor had been her father—the very dearest father in the world, but too much absorbed in scientific experiments to know anything about the little ways of society. Dorothy was a girl brought up by a man, and with no intimate friend of her own sex.

She quickly settled the question. Yes, of course, she might write. Was not all the neighborhood, down to the very children, prepared to welcome its V.C. as soon as he should appear?

She seized a pen and wrote rapidly:—

"Dear Jack,—Have you forgotten Dorothy Dale? And do you remember planting the rose trees for the pergola? I am sending you a spray, and I hope you will come and see the pergola for yourself. I shall look for you in the garden. And, oh Jack, I can't tell you how proud we are of you! Come as soon as you can.—Yours sincerely, Dorothy."

She tied up the box very neatly, with the letter inside, and sent it in next door.

* * *

Woodland Road expected its V.C. about six o'clock, and all the inhabitants were on the alert to welcome him. Eager faces lined all the windows.

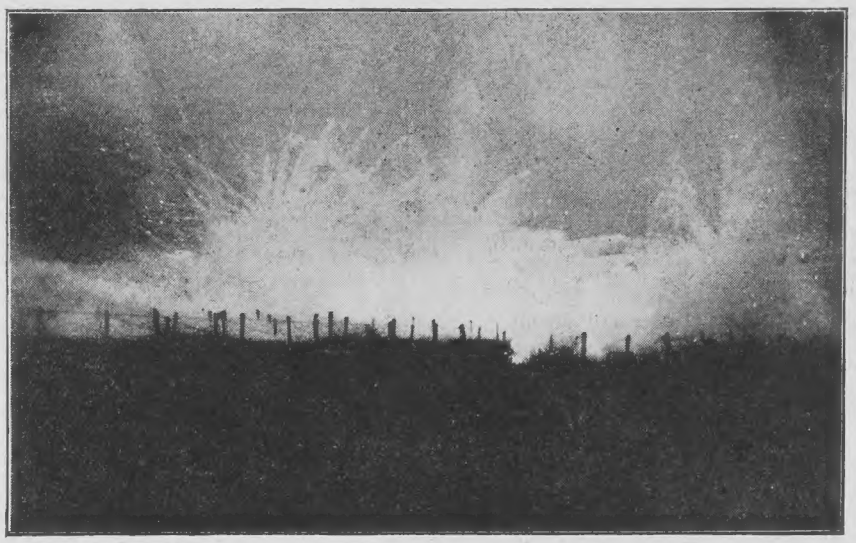
"Oh, I do hope he will come before we have to start," thought Dorothy, when she was dressing for a party to which she had promised to go. To her delight the next moment the wheels of a taxi were heard coming down the street. It stopped at the house next door, and Dorothy saw a young man—nay, two young men—in khaki step out. She remembered that Miss Amy Hilton, Jack's aunt, had told her that Captain Merryweather was to accompany Jack, and spend a few days with them.

The two young men were of the same height, both had bronzed faces, and wavy brown hair. But Dorothy knew Jack in an instant—would have known him at once, even without the arm in a sling, which told of a wound sustained in winning the V.C. He was just the same dear old Jack! Miss Amy Hilton appeared, and in a moment had folded him in her arms, he submitting with that half whimsical, half bashful fashion, which marks a thoroughly good fellow, on the occasions when his womenfolk justly think it is right to show how much they love him. Just the same dear old Jack! thought Dorothy. The next moment he disappeared. To herself she whispered: "He will be sure to come into the garden early to-morrow!"

Dorothy, at any rate, was out in the garden early enough the next morning. She couldn't have explained why she felt so inordinately happy. But Jack had won his V.C. and had come home. Absurd to lie in bed in a world where such things happen.

To the pergola she went, fresh and as sweet as any rose of them all. She stepped inside, when she heard voices from the next garden—one of the voices was Jack's.

How early they were up and out! She stood for a moment, undecided, as to whether she should make her presence known. She longed to speak to Jack—to have him leap the hedge and stand beside her, with the smile she knew so well. But she suddenly felt absurdly shy. Was she sure she wanted him to see her quite at once? Didn't she shrink a little from the meeting?



Wonderful night war photo taken on the Western front showing an incendiary grenade attack. The entire front is a splurge of bursting shells and explosions, turning the black night into day. This is a most unusual photo, but night attacks of this kind are extremely frequent. The barbed wire entanglements can be seen. Under a barage of this sort the troops often advance to attack

While she hesitated the two young men went on with their conversation, unconscious of a hearer.

"I tell you old chap, being a V.C. is a bit sickening," said Jack. "I swear I never thought that women could make such asses of themselves. Look at that letter. What is a fellow to do in the face of such an invitation? I ask you. That's what I got from the girl next door."

The girl next door! Dorothy felt something seize her by the throat, while her heart thumped violently. What girl? There could be but two next doors—their own and old Professor Phillips's. The professor and his wife lived quite alone, and they had no visitor. No; there was no girl there.

The girl next door! And he was showing Captain Merryweather her letter!

Jack's voice, angrily contemptuous, went on: "She sent me some flowers as well as the letter. They were here when I got in last night."

"And you had given her no encouragement when you lived here?" interposed Captain Merryweather's voice. "Excuse me asking such a question?"

"Encouragement? Heavens, no!" said Jack, more vexedly than ever. "Of course, I might be said to know her, I was always civil; but I never gave her a thought. Now, I ask you what is a fellow to do if girls are capable of coming on like that?"

"H'm! Quite a coming-on young lady. "Hopes to see you in the garden! Well, Jack, don't run away from your luck. Is she pretty?"

"Pretty! Great Scot! No!" growled Jack, disgustedly. "I always thought her abominably plain. Here, give me the letter!" And there followed the sound of tearing paper.

Dorothy stood still as a statue, her hands clenched, her lips parted, a look of misery in the eyes which had been so radiant a few minutes before.

Oh! how horrid men were! How horrid and hateful! This was how they talked together—how they thought about girls. Jack, who had always been such a good sport, so fair, and straight, and so clean minded, to show her letter to another man, to scoff at it, and to accuse her of being forward.

"I'll never forgive him!" she cried. "Never, never."

The next moment the two young men had left the garden. Dorothy waited until they had disappeared, then she ran into the house, and eased her heart with tears.

Two hours later Dorothy watched from her bedroom window, her father, as he walked up and down the garden. He was grappling with some knotty problem; but his eyes beamed with delight as he saw two khaki-clad figures enter the garden gate, the leader of the two being the late V.C.

"Why, Jack, my dear boy!" Dorothy could hear through the window, and the next moment the two young men joined the professor on the lawn.

"Dorothy! Dorothy, my dear!" he called, looking toward the drawing-room window, where he had seen her but a few minutes before.

Downstairs she went, and swept across the lawn like a young queen, her dainty little head held high in the air, her mouth and eyes expressing all the provocative aloofness of maidenhood, conscious of its power to charm—the two young men stood awaiting her. Her glances were all for Captain Merryweather.

"Well, Dorothy, here is our V.C. at last," said her father. "I have been telling Jack how proud we all are of him!"

Dorothy bowed to the sling—the most graceful, most coldly courteous of bows. There was no question of a handshake, for it was the right hand that was injured.

"Yes, we are proud of our V.C.", she said, in a tone which deftly extracted from her remark any compliment for that particular V.C. who stood before her. The next moment she was shaking hands with Captain Merryweather and smiling into his eyes. The flirtation thus begun, went on briskly. He was honestly captivated by the dark-eyed loveliness of Dorothy. The flame in her heart lent a new glow to her beauty—flushed her cheek a richer damask, gave new curves to her mouth, new lustre in her eyes. She scarcely knew her herself for the quiet little girl who had scarcely dared to peep from under her father's wing, and who had been called "abominably plain."

"He had a right to think me plain, of course," she said over and over to herself, "but to say so, and to show my letter—Oh!"

After such meditations as these, Captain Merryweather always found the charming Miss Dorothy more charming than ever. Day after day that gallant officer spent most of his time in Professor Dale's garden, whilst poor Jack, his arm in a sling, looked on, grim and silent.

On the fifth day he went across to the Dale's by invitation to tea in the garden. He found Dorothy alone.

"Where is Captain Merryweather?" she asked, the moment greetings had been exchanged.

"Oh! hang Merryweather," muttered Jack through his teeth. "Hang" wasn't exactly the word he used, or Dorothy fancied so, but it wasn't worth enquiring into. He went on: "He has been detained in town, and will come across later. I suppose we can contrive to exist without him for ten minutes?"

"Oh, certainly," she replied, with chilly politeness. "It may be rather dull for you, perhaps, until my father comes. Would you like to look at the paper?"

"No! I prefer to look at you!"

So saying, he threw himself into an easy chair on the lawn and watched her, as she piled up dewy strawberries on a high dish. She became so intent upon her task, that one might have fallen into the mistake of fancying she had forgotten Jack's presence. His brow darkened, and quite suddenly he sprang up, and laying both hands on her shoulders compelled her to turn and look at him. He no longer needed a sling.

"I say, Dorothy, there is something I must know," he said, in a rather dogged tone. "Are you serious about Merryweather? Do you mean to marry him?" She drew herself away from him and looked a cold reproof.

"I am sure you will not expect me to answer such a question. You must be aware it is one you have no right to ask."

"Has friendship no rights at all, then?" he demanded hotly. "You'd have told me anything—yes, just anything I liked to ask you three years ago."

"Perhaps so. But we have changed since then. I am not the same person in your eyes, and it is not to be supposed that you are exactly the same in mine."

"Dorothy, why do you speak in that cold-blooded way? And why should we alter? What have I done?"

"That is rather an absurd question, isn't it?"

"Absurd in what way?"

"Because it seems to imply that I have some right to be interested in anything you may do—or leave undone. I suppose it is scarcely necessary to tell you I have no such interest."

She looked him full in the eyes as she spoke. He flushed a deep red, and his lips met in a rigid line.

"That will do! You've made it quite plain. I'm much obliged to you. I might possibly have made an ass of myself, if you hadn't stopped me. I'll go back, and tell Merryweather you are waiting for him. Please make my excuses to your father. I don't think I shall trouble you again."

He was gone, walking across the lawn with his head erect, his shoulders squared, but with hand clenched as it hung by his side. Dorothy watched him disappear, and then sat down, with a loudly beating heart. All was over now!

But in five minutes she saw him returning. Yes, it was he, and not Captain Merryweather, as she had first thought. It was he, and he carried in his hand, a small white oblong box. She flushed from chin to brow, for she recognized that box as the one she had sent him. He had kept it then. But why? And why was he bringing it back to her? What did it mean?

She rose up to meet him at the entrance of the pergola, and she saw, in a moment, that something of the rigidity had gone from his face. In his honest blue eyes there was perplexity and regret, but a look of hope as well.

"Look here, Dorothy, I've just found this," he cried. "They put all the things in a muddle in my room the day I came home, and I never saw it till now, when I was going to pack up. It was awfully good of you to send me that sweet little note, and the roses. But I don't know what you've thought of me for not thanking you sooner. I say Dorothy," seeing

(Concluded at bottom of Page 6)

The Stimulas of a Hope

By Grace S. Richmond

MISS Jean Lockwood, freshly frocked and frilled, ran noiselessly down-stairs before the other feminine boarders at the MacKenzie farm-house had awakened from their afternoon naps. There was a somewhat shame-faced air about her as she stole through the wide, lower hall and out at the door, and the glance she gave back at the house and at a certain pair of half-drawn shutters had in it the guilty look of a child who slips away upon some forbidden quest.

A few minutes later Miss Jean, having crossed garden, orchard, two fields and a small brook—not to mention three stone walls by the way—was leaning upon a last wall, looking over into the meadow beyond. Here were several great wagons and a score of farm-hands, including Mr. MacKenzie and his two sons, who were busy with the gathering in of the hay crop. Beyond lay a long strip of Maine coast, and below the cliff, which formed the further edge of the hay-field, lapped the waves of the Atlantic, quiet as a sleeping child on this sultry July day.

The observer had not occupied her position by the wall more than thirty seconds before a tall figure working upon the top of one of the loads turned about, and snatching his wide-brimmed hat from his head, waved it gaily at her, replacing it before the next forkful had been pitched up to him by the unobservant helper below. By and by the well-loaded wagon started toward the distant barn, passing Jean's corner as it went. The young man, leaning on his fork as he stood poised upon the load, laughed down on the girl by the wall.

"Ready for that ride yet?" he called.

"Yes, indeed; may I have it now?" she called back.

"Next load. You'll have to be on when we begin and go up with the load. You can't climb up now."

"I'll be ready," she promised.

The big hat waved a farewell at her, which she answered with a little nod and smile. When the wagon came back she was on the other side of the wall.

"Mean it?" cried the young fellow, as she ran over the closely cropped field, lifting her skirts daintily.

"Of course I mean it," she returned, with a saucy nod. "Haven't you promised me a ride on a load of hay ever since I have been here? You're almost through haying, and, besides, we're going away day after to-morrow."

The last was said in a lower tone, as young MacKenzie was preparing to help her climb upon the wagon. He stopped abruptly and stood looking down at her with eyes before which her own drooped.

"Day after to-morrow!" he repeated, under his breath. He glanced toward his helpers; they were observing with interest. He drew himself up, and then said, in his usual hearty, laughing way, "Well, then, it's time I kept my promise," and swung her up upon the wagon with a strong lift which made nearly unnecessary her own effort.

"What shall I do?" she asked, as he leaped up beside her and the men began to pitch up the hay.

"Just stand still, and step on it when I put it in front of you," he told her; and she obeyed. The men worked fast and skilfully, and the sweet-scented load grew rapidly under Jean's feet. She found, as the soft mass grew gradually higher and higher, that she was getting out of range of the men below and coming to be alone upon the top with Kirk MacKenzie.

Amid the light chatter she was keeping up with him she was furtively watching him, admiring his strength, the play of the magnificent muscles beneath the smooth, tanned skin of his arms, the poise of his head upon his well-developed neck and shoulders, the fineness of his spirited profile. She was thinking, as she observed him, that no young man of her acquaintance possessed such physical beauty, such quickness of wit, nor such power to interest her. They were young men of the world, of education, of social position; she had been brought up among their sort. This was a farmer's son, with the presumable education of the nearest village school and of no social training whatever; yet—she drew a long breath as she remembered day after to-morrow.

"All right there," called Kirk MacKenzie to his men. "That'll do. Burke, you can drive us home. Davids will ride over on the next load; we'll not crowd Miss Lockwood. May I stay here with you?" he asked, softly, as one man went off whistling; the other, old Burke, climbed to his seat in front.

Jean nodded, and sank down in a drift of white muslin in the middle of the big swaying load. As the wagon started MacKenzie flung himself at her feet, face downward. The girl looked off across the meadow for a moment, then down half shyly at the big figure before her. MacKenzie had thrown off his wide hat, and his thick brown locks touched the edge of her skirt. After a minute he looked around and up at her. She smiled down at him, but he did not smile in return. His eyes were dark under their heavy lashes. He was regarding her intently. In spite of herself she returned his gaze.

Suddenly he lowered his head again, but this time his face rested upon the hem of her skirt. A strange thrill went through the girl; she could hardly have told why. Her pulses began to beat more quickly. This certainly was not precisely the sort of thing she should have expected from a farmer's son toward the daughter of a man infinitely above him in position, in wealth, in everything. Yet somehow she did not resent it.

The young man did not move during the slow ride until they came in sight of the barn. Then he drew himself up to one knee, and without looking up said, softly:

"I'm going to ask something of you. Will you do it for me—since you're going—day after to-morrow?"

"I—I think so—if it's not a very big thing," promised Jean, trying to speak lightly. His manner astonished her not a little. She had had many pleasant hours in his company on the summer evenings and summer Sundays, to which her mother had not objected. Farmer MacKenzie's sons were of the sort whom the mothers who brought their daughters to the country were glad to have about in the absence of the city youths, since the daughters must be amused and young people will get together. Maine was so far away from New York that there was little to be feared from such comradeship. So argued the mothers, and they were mostly right.

"It's a pretty big thing," said Kirk MacKenzie, watching Burke's back, "but I'm going to ask it because—I must. Will you go off for a little walk with me to-night when the rest of the folks are in the house?"

Jean was startled now, because she was not used to country ways, was accustomed to careful chaperonage and knew that her mother would allow nothing of the sort if she were aware of it; certainly not with Kirk MacKenzie. If it were Bentley Brown, of Boston, Mrs. Lockwood might be conceived of as showing a trifle more leniency. Jean thought of these things, and knew it would be the part of loyalty to maternal counsels to refuse, but Kirk looked up at her just then with a glance which seemed to command while it sued—the kind of look which has its fascination for a girl if it come from a man she likes.

"Please—" he breathed, earnestly.

"Perhaps," allowed Jean, flushing brilliantly beneath the satisfaction which flashed into his face. Then the wagon rolled into the barn-yard. Kirk cried, "Lie down flat; it's a big load," and threw himself at her feet again. A moment later he helped her down, and she had darted off out of the barn and into the garden, from which she emerged demurely enough half an hour later, her hands full of long-stemmed lilies.

"Jean Lockwood!" cried young Mrs. Winchester, Jean's sister, "where in the world have you been? How did you muss your frock so? And—why, Jean—there's a wisp of hay in your hair. You crazy girl! Mother, I believe she's been riding on a load of hay! Will she ever be grown up?"

The last sentences were not addressed to Jean, for the simple reason that that young person had moved nonchalantly on across the lawn instead of pausing at the piazza, which was filled with well-dressed and observant women of various ages. When Mrs. Winchester was alone with her mother an hour afterward she said one or two things with emphasis.

"I'm simply thankful you have agreed to leave this place on Thursday. I've been watching pretty closely these last few days, and I'm positive the affair is getting serious. Of course, it's perfect nonsense, but Jean is at the most impressionable age. I remember how I was at nineteen, and Jean is more romantic and impossible than I ever was. That Kirk MacKenzie certainly is a dangerously handsome fellow; he even looks well in the things he wears evenings — here; he's absolutely picturesque in his working-clothes. The child does not realize how he would appear in other surroundings, nor his lack of education, nor any of it. He's in love with her—I'm certain of it. I assure you I shall keep a close watch on her these last two evenings. The girl has no idea in the world what is due us all, and she's much too pretty to be left to her own discretion."

She kept her word, and Jean found it a hard matter to keep hers. Under the influence of Mrs. Winchester's management all the young people were together throughout the evening, and if it had not been for the rebellion which her sister's espionage excited in Jean's breast the latter might have yielded to the force of circumstances. But as the evening waned an entreating glance from Kirk prevailed, and the girl managed at last to slip away. In five minutes more she was alone with him upon the beach in the moonlight, at some distance from the house.

The young man did not speak beyond a smothered expression of gratitude for her presence until they were well around a bend on the cliff and out of sight of any possible observers. Then he began, abruptly:

"Do you want to know what has been ringing in my ears ever since I saw you last?"

She glanced up at him, startled again by a certain curious intensity of tone. The moonlight made his face look as pale as it was possible for so well browned a skin to look.

"It's 'day after to-morrow,'" he said, slowly.

"Oh—yes—I'm sorry to go so soon," she faltered. "My sister is very anxious to get to Pocasset Beach; we have ever so many friends there."

"And to-morrow I shall have to say 'to-morrow,' and after that it'll be 'to-day'—and 'good-by.' Do you know what that means to me?"

"Does it mean much?" she asked, softly.

"Much!" he repeated, in a low, intense voice.

She walked on, trying hard to think. She said to herself that she ought not to let him go on. She knew what her family would say—that such a match as this was utterly out of the question. Supposing MacKenzie to be in earnest, and it began to look as if he were tremendously in earnest, the best thing she could do for him was to refuse to hear what was evidently on his lips. Yet a sudden, intense longing took possession of her. Even if this were all over and done with to-morrow, it seemed to her that she must let it come to-night.

"Did you know what I was doing this afternoon on the hay-load when my face was against your dress?"

"No," she whispered.

"I was kissing it—kissing it over and over. Are you angry?" Her face was turned away, but after a moment she shook her head ever so slightly. The motion was very nearly involuntary on her part; she could not resist it.

"Why aren't you angry? You ought to be. I'm a long way below you, according to the ideas of your sort. Your sister was afraid to leave you alone with me a minute to-night. She wouldn't have you care for me for worlds. But you do care—Jean?"

She turned upon him as if to push him

One of the massive British tanks after having stoved in the "Hindenburg line" in the great Cambrai battle finished up the day by bringing back one of the prizes of the victory, a 5.9 German naval gun. The tank lumbering through the muck, easily hauled the big naval gun along in its wake, while the Tommies did their best to make the going a little easier. As this British photo shows the tanks can do other things besides battering down enemy lines and cowing the Teutons into submission. The tanks it will be remembered were the outstanding features of the smashing British attack, and the Tommies delivered the "follow through"

Dorothy Perkins

(Concluded from Previous Page)

something in her face, which fed the hope springing in his mind—"I say, Dorothy, is this why you've been so cool to me, and so chummy with Merryweather?"

"You have only just found the box? Then what were you speaking of when you talked to Captain Merryweather about the girl next door. I was in the pergola and couldn't help hearing——" her voice trailed away in confusion.

A light dawned on Jack's mind.

"You heard—what? Why, I said—oh, good heavens! Dorothy, you couldn't think I was speaking of you?"

"Who, then?" she breathed, her heart in her eyes.

"The Phillips's maid—the girl they call Tilda. She actually wrote to me, sent some flowers, and—asked me to look for her in the garden. Ah! there she is, looking out of the window now. Heavens! To think she should have made all this trouble. Dorothy, is this why you were so cool to me?"

"Yes, I am afraid it was. You see, I was a little bit afraid. I'd been foolish in sending you flowers—and, it seemed so dreadful that you should talk about me like that and—call me 'abominably plain.'"

"Oh, my darling; that you should think that! Dorothy, I've loved you always—always! There's no one in the world so dear to me as you are. 'I shall see Dorothy,' was what I said to myself whenever I thought of coming home."

The next minute or two was spent in giving and receiving sweeter things than words. But presently Jack said, as he looked at the faded spray of roses, "Well, you've given me a Dorothy Perkins, and now you've got to be a Dorothy Perkins. Do you know what I mean?"

She looked at him in wonder, not understanding in the least.

"Haven't you heard that my old uncle, Jonathan Perkins, has decided to make me his heir because I've won that blithering V.C. But I've got to take his name. You'll be Mistress Dorothy Perkins in a month from now; and so that's that!"

away with her outstretched hand. He caught it in both of his, laughing a little hoarsely. "You want me to say it first?" he asked. "Will you let me say it? Listen, then." He drew her hand up to his breast and laid the palm over his heart —she could feel the strong, regular beat of it, a trifle quickened just now, perhaps. "That's yours," he said, with an intensity of emphasis which made the simple words very ardent. "And—may I say it —may I tell you what is in it? Somehow I don't want to speak that word unless you let me. But I want to say it—even I—to you."

He was bending with his face close to hers. There was for some reason an irresistible quality in his love-making which went to the girl's head like wine. It was her first experience, with the exception of certain boy-and-girl affairs which had amounted to nothing, but that did not wholly account for it. There was a strong attraction in his personality; she had felt it from the first moment of her acquaintance with him. Besides this there was a genuineness about his fervor which made it very winning.

"May I say it?" he pleaded. "I'll say it so you'll never forget it if you'll let me. Tell me that I may, Jean."

Jean struggled hard with herself a moment; then an overwhelming consciousness of how much she did "care," and how utterly impossible it would be to put this thing away from her without at least one taste to the full, swept away all her defenses. The faintest possible nod of her down-bent head answered him.

He stood perfectly still for a moment. Then she felt his hands, one behind her head, one upon her cheek, so that he slowly and very gently turned her face toward his.

"Look at me," he whispered.

She hesitated for a moment, from an uncontrollable shyness; then, compelled by that strong influence which he had over her, she slowly lifted her eyes. His own went very deep into hers the moment they got the chance. They were fine eyes, and the July moon lit them into brilliancy; the girl remembered that look until she saw them again—and that was not soon.

"I love you," he said, and his lips met hers in a kiss, the memory of which kept company with that of his almost tragically happy face.

"I forbid you to see him again," said Mrs. Lockwood, in a voice which, while controlled, was as determined as that of a gray-haired matron with fixed principles regarding her children's marriages can be. "If you disobey me and see him I shall bring the matter to your father's notice, and you know what that will mean. I shall have an interview with the young man himself. You think we are very cruel now, but in a few years, a very few, I trust, you will understand that we have acted for your best interests and for your happiness. I do not wish you to blame your sister for the devotion to those interests which led her to follow you last night. If she had not done so I do not know to what lengths the fellow might have gone. I have no doubt that he would have succeeded in extracting from you a promise of some sort. You are just young enough and romantic enough to give such a thing. I wonder at you, Jean. Are you blind that you cannot see the utter absurdity, the impossibility of such a match?"

The girl lifted a pale face, gave her mother the benefit of a long look from a pair of lovely, miserable eyes and turned her head away.

"We shall go at once to Pocasset Beach," went on Mrs. Lockwood, hurriedly. "The Wentworths are there, and the Langleys, and Bentley Browne, and young Mr. Eastwood. You will have a charming time. You will soon forget this little—episode. I do not altogether blame you, dear. Young girls will have their fancies; this was perhaps not unnatural. But when you are once away you will see the folly of it. We should be packing at this moment. Go now, darling, and get your things together. I will send Marie in soon to help you. And remember, Jean, you are not to see him again."

Strolling along the rocky beach at Pocasset one August afternoon Mrs. Winchester found herself unexpectedly joined by Bentley Browne, of Boston.

"I'd like to have a bit of a talk with you if you don't mind," he said, and Mrs. Winchester welcomed him cordially. Bentley Browne represented her sisterly ambition for Jean. So far as he was concerned it looked very much as if her hopes were to be realized.

"It's about—er—Miss Jean," the young man began, without loss of time. "I can't understand her this summer at all. The last time I saw her, in the spring, you know, she was—well, she seemed to be a good friend of mine, to say the least. Now she's completely changed. She keeps me at arm's length—at a church-pew's length," he amplified, with a grim little smile. "You must know, Mrs. Winchester, how I feel about Jean. She's the—sweetest girl I know, and if I can't have her—" He broke off abruptly, staring hard at a white sail in the offing, as if it were of great importance to distinguish its identity.

Mrs. Winchester was conscious of a distinct longing to get possession of her unruly young sister and place her by main force, if by no more diplomatic means, in this man's arms. He was of a distinguished family, the possessor of an exceptional degree of culture, and had lately inherited a fortune of no inconsiderable size. And the girl did not appreciate her opportunity. It was incredible.

"My dear Mr. Browne," she began, with a charming smile, "I really believe you must have misinterpreted my little sister's attitude. You know she's very young yet, and she has kept to a quite remarkable degree her girlish shyness. She's quite an old-fashioned maiden with her quaint ways—"

"I find those delightful!" cried young Browne. "I don't complain of those. They're part of her charm. What I speak of is something new. She—she avoids me now—I'm sure she does. Not as if she were afraid of me, you know—that would encourage me—but as if either she disliked me or there was somebody else. You don't think there's anybody else, do you?" he begged.

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Winchester, with an eagerness to reassure him which turned aside her regard for the truth, until her instantly following recognition of the fact that it might not be the part of good management to let him suppose Jean, unsought except by himself, caused her to add, slowly, "that is to say, nobody for whom she really cares. Of course, the child always has more attention than she knows what to do with, but that should not stand in your way."

Her smile was arch, and Bentley Browne smiled in return, visible relief in his tone as he said. "If I've no real rivals I'll win her if it's to be done. I have Mrs. Lockwood's permission; I have your goodwill, I hope, Mrs. Winchester?"

"If it were for my sister's happiness nothing could give me greater pleasure," she returned, cordially, and gave him her hand.

As they strolled on, talking lightly now of other things, Jean's pretty, young married sister was saying to herself, "As if she could for an instant fail to see the difference between two such men as Bentley Browne and that young fellow up in the country. If she will not see it, she must be made to, that's all."

It was two years afterward that Jean Lockwood, hurrying alone through a great railway-station to take a train for a suburban town to attend the wedding of an intimate friend, came face to face with a young man whose broad shoulders and finely poised head towered above the crowd. For an instant she stared at him, disbelieving her eyes; then, as his hat came off and his hand grasped hers, a wave of color flooded her face and a great joy filled her heart.

His greeting was as collected as if the meeting were an every-day affair, though a keen observer—which Jean herself was not capable of being just then—might have detected certain evidences of powerful repression of some strong feeling.

"Which way are you going?"

"To Elmsdale."

"By the 10:30?"

She nodded.

His voice dropped to a murmur. "May I come? Don't say 'no.' I must come."

She well remembered that half-beseeching, half-commanding, wholly deferential manner of his which had dominated her through that brief, happy month two years ago; unconsciously to herself it had been her criterion by which to judge every man she had met since.

She looked up, smiling. "Please do" she said.

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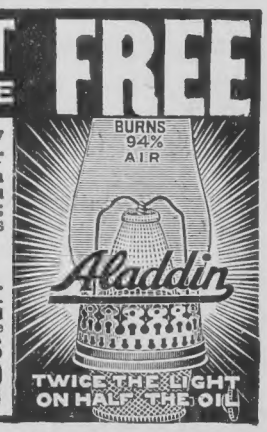

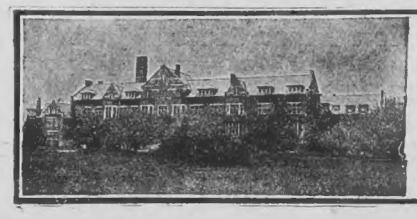

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He lifted his hat and turned off abruptly toward the ticket-office. Her eyes followed him as long as she could see him making his way through the crowd. Of one thing she had been instantly convinced; so far as his dress and appearance were concerned he might have been any of the young men of her world. She recognized this fact with a thought of her mother and a sense of triumph.

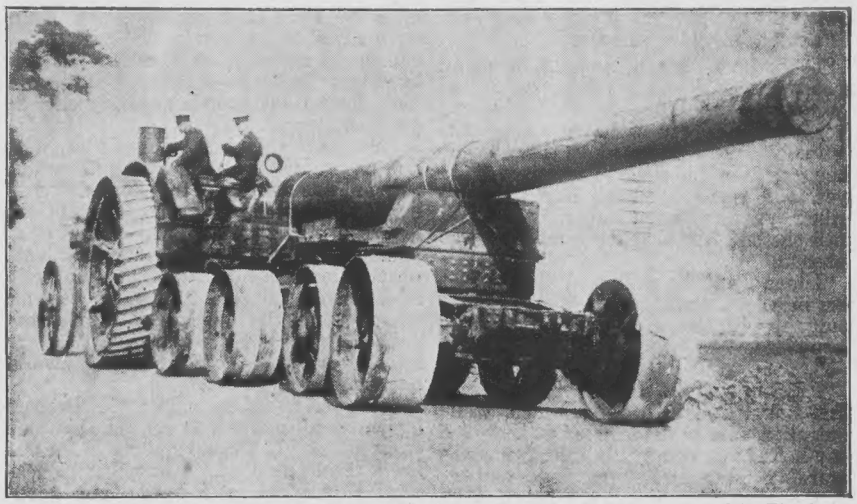
Mindful of possible curious eyes she chose a seat at the very rear of the car. When he sat down, facing her, her eyes drooped; she became conscious that he was looking at her intently, that he was studying her face with those eyes of his, whose powerful light had never faded from her memory.

He looked at his watch. "It is just twenty minutes to Elmsdale," he said. "We must say a great deal in that time. First tell me how it has been with you since—"

She looked away. She had neither seen nor heard of him for two years—obeying her mother's command literally and honorably—yet he was beginning precisely as he had left off. She could not tell why she was not angry with him, but she had not been able to be angry with him two years ago. She had had a great deal of experience of a certain sort during those two years. If any other young man had dared to take that tone with her—but Kirk MacKenzie was not any other young man. And it was only nineteen minutes to Elmsdale.

"I've just been leading the usual life of a girl in society, that's all," she said.

His eyes questioned her keenly. She laughed a little and hesitated. "That's all," she repeated.



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"Is it? Are you sure?"

His tone forced her to look up. Her eyes turned aside again instantly, and her heart quickened its pace; it had been too fast for comfort before.

"I want you to know what I've been doing," he said, speaking rapidly and still without taking his eyes from her face. "Perhaps you know that my father is fairly well-to-do. He didn't object much when I said I wanted to go to college. I told him the day after you went away," he added, with a slight smile which the girl before him felt rather than saw. "I've been two years at Columbia now, and I've put three years work into those two years. I've only one more."

The hot tears welled into the girl's eyes; she could not have told why.

Then he went on. "After that I'm going into my uncle's office in New York. He's a successful man, and a rich one, and he'll take a college graduate; he told me that years ago. I didn't care then whether he would or not, but I do now. I'm going to make something of myself if time and energy and love can do it. Then—"

One, two, three minutes went by. When Jean could bear it no longer she lifted her eyes.

"We've twelve minutes," he told her, gravely.

"Jean, in that time won't you give me something to live on for another two years? I've been working in the dark, just on the hope that you would remember and wait. I didn't dare believe it—I don't dare now. Perhaps you are promised. I can't ask you to promise me anything; I haven't earned it yet. But if I just knew you cared a little. I told you you did before. I'm less bold now."

She raised her head with a proud smile, and gave him for one brief instant the full benefit of the sort of glance a girl gives the man she loves.

"I care," she whispered.

"Oh, I'll work!" he breathed. "How I will work! I'll keep my promise to your mother. I'll not see or hear from you until the four years are up—she said four years. She thought she'd have you safely married by that time. She'll have to forgive this one disobedience when she knows of it, but how could I help it when Fate threw us together like this? Then when the time is up I'll come. And all that time I'll believe that you are waiting for me. I don't ask you to promise. I shall dream of that look you gave me just now."

She was smiling, though her head was down-bent until her hat-brim hid her eyes from him.

MacKenzie's watch was in his hand now. All at once he bent forward, with a quickening of his own breathing which the girl felt upon her cheek. "Four minutes this side of Elmsdale is Westbrook," he said. "I hate to lose four minutes, but your friends will be waiting for you at Elmsdale, and, Jean—if I get off at Westbrook, nobody knows us, nobody will give it a thought if they see—will you kiss me good-by? Just one kiss to live on for two years. May I have it?"

She hesitated, with a glance at the people ahead, and the color in her cheeks glowing richly.

"Nobody knows us," he urged again.

"Brothers and sisters kiss each other good-by on trains every day, Jean; and husbands and wives. Think of the two years. Don't you want something to remember for two years, dear?"

The train was nearing the station at Westbrook. MacKenzie stood up with a long breath, looking down at Jean, and she rose, also. He held out his hand and she put hers into it. She looked up at him with a flushing, beautiful face, and the spell of her silence was broken.

"I won't forget," she said, softly. "I'll remember, every day and hour and minute. I've never forgotten; I never meant to forget, whether you remembered or not. I'm proud of you for the splendid work you've done and will do for me. Heaven be with you, Kirk, till we meet again."

The train came to a standstill; it would stop at the little station but a moment. MacKenzie let the other passengers go by them, while he stood with his broad shoulders interposed between Jean and certain curious glances. Then, when there was no further fraction of time to which to cling, he bent, clasping both her hands in his, and took from her the kiss which was to last for two years.

An interested brakeman who had had his eyes upon the pair put his head in at the door as MacKenzie turned away. The latter looked back at Jean as he lifted his hat.

"Good-by, sister," he said aloud.

The brakeman grinned comprehendingly to himself as the young man swung himself off from the train already well under way.

The Mutiny on the "Swallow"

By W. J. Henderson

CAPTAIN JOHN TRAVIS, of the bark, Swallow, 670 tons burden, homeward bound to New York from Port Elizabeth, South Africa, did not like the looks of his first mate, and he liked his manners less. But what could he do? When the bark was ready for sea, Frank Watson, the young cabin steward, had come aboard and said:

"Captain, Mr. Brett is very sick, and the owners have sent me down with Mr. Johnson, who is to serve as first mate in his place."

Johnson stood in the cabin door, a tall, sleek, cadaverous man, with an eye as gray and as cold as a November sea. He shifted restlessly from one foot to the other, and frequently glanced back over his shoulder as if suspicion lurked in his shadow. Captain Travis thought he had the look of a deserting soldier, not to be expected from an honest seaman; but what could he do? The tug was already fussing in towards the bark, and in a quarter of an hour the anchor would be up and the vessel towing away from her berth off Liberty Island.

"Are you an American?" asked the captain.

"No, sir," replied Johnson, respectfully; "I'm from Nova Scotia."

"You breed good seamen there. Well, Mr. Johnson, have your dunnage stowed, and make yourself comfortable."

Captain Travis knew now that he was the only American aboard the bark, except the steward, who was only a boy of seventeen. The second mate was a Portuguese, named Menzies, a brown-faced, heavy-browed fellow, with the track of an old knife-scar showing red and white down his left cheek. There were eleven men in the crew—four Belgians, three Italians, one German, one Swede, and two Lascars. The cargo was wool, and was worth $100,000. Captain Travis thought of all that, and for a few minutes his heart played with his ribs as it never had before at the beginning of a voyage. Yet Port Elizabeth was reached and the cargo discharged without a disquieting murmur. The bark was well provisioned, and there was not a whole day of heavy weather, so that the crew had no excuse for dissatisfaction. Nevertheless, the bark's work was done loosely and lazily, and before the port of destination was reached captain Travis spoke twice to his mates, cautioning them to keep the men up to their tasks. They answered respectfully enough, but the captain thought he detected an undercurrent of ill feeling He wished heartily that his familiar and trusted first mate Brett was with him. He wished still more earnestly that he and the boy were not the only Americans aboard. Yet the Swallow flew to Port Elizabeth on the wings of peace.

It was as pretty a day as one could wish to see in those latitudes when she spread her wings for her homeward flight. The sky was cloudless, and glowed from horizon to horizon with a deep lambent blue which repeated itself in a darker shade in the sea. The breeze was moderate, cool and steady, and it flowed over the port quarter in a sweet torrent of salt perfume which drove the bark along at a pretty pace of eight knots an hour. The bark herself, plain and severe as she was, without glittering brass-work or hardwood ornament, was a good picture for a seaman's eye as she plunged forward over the sparkling slopes, garbed in creamy swells of tense canvas up to the very needle-points of her royal masts. Captain John Travis swung forward and aft along the weather side of the poop-deck, and wondered whether he had been in his senses when he sailed out of New York with a mind full of black forebodings.

Pleasant seas and fair winds followed the bark for several weeks, and everything seemed to promise a speedy voyage home. The Swallow was now well toward the latitude of Bermuda, but still some five hundred miles south of that port. The young moon, low in the west, was laying a path of dim silver along the glassy seas when the captain went on deck in the first mate's watch, and, leaning on the traffrail, idly watched the flashing of the milky foam which swirled sternward from under the bark's counter. The first mate saluted him in a somewhat careless manner, and walked toward the break of the poop. At that instant, from some place in the shadowy gloom under the weather-rail, the boy Frank Watson slipped swiftly to the captain's side.

"Come below, sir; come below. I have something to tell you," said the boy, in a whisper.

The next instant he was gone, and the captain stood half in doubt as to whether he had heard aright. But the sight of the lean form of his first mate looming in black relief against the pallid swell of the spanker decided him, and with a half-muttered "Good-night," he descended. He found the boy waiting for him in the cabin with a face full of feverish anxiety.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"Oh, sir," said the boy, "speak low! They may hear us."

"They? Who?"

"Oh, any of them, sir! I guess they're all in it."

"In what?"

"That's what I want to tell you, sir.'

The captain instiinctvely braced his nerves for a shock.

"Go ahead," he said.

"You were asleep this afternoon, sir," said the boy, "in the first dog-watch, and I was scouring the tell-tale compass. It hangs right under the skylight there. sir, and that was open on a crack, and I heard Mr. Johnson and Mr. Menzies talking. They must have been sitting on the after-end of the skylight, and they couldn't see me. I didn't mean to listen to them at first. But after I'd heard a few words by accident, I listened as hard as I could. Mr. Johnson said to Mr. Menzies that a tidy sum of money could be made by taking the Swallow into Bermuda instead of New York. Mr. Menzies wanted to know how, and Mr. Johnson said that they could pretend the bark needed repairs. After getting into harbor they could open the water-pipes, and then call for a survey. After the officers were aboard, the ship could be pumped out, and in about an hour the pipes could be started again. That would make the surveyors think the bark was leaking, and big repairs could

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be ordered. Of course, then, the man that had the contract would have to be in with them, and tinker around for a time, making believe that he was doing a big job. The next time the pumps were tried they would show that the bark was sound, and so there would be a good sum of money to divide. Mr. Menzies said he didn't like the scheme, because the crew would all have to be let into it. It would be easier, he said, to run the bark ashore somewhere and take chances on what they could get out of the wreck."

"Of course!" exclaimed the captain. "He's a sweet scoundrel, he is!"

"Don't speak so loud, sir," said the boy, earnestly; "they'd cut our throats if they thought we knew. Mr. Menzies said that you would have to be got out of the way. Mr. Johnson said he'd fix you, and he'd do it so that no one would ever know that you hadn't done it yourself."

Captain Travis stood for a minute silent and motionless. He was almost dumbfounded at the revelations, and the horror of his situation, at sea with a mutinous crew and only a boy faithful, confronted him in its most appalling colors. But John Travis came of sound stock. His thin lips compressed themselves into a hard line, and a cold light gleamed in his blue eyes.

"I'll see this thing through," he said, in a low voice, "and we'll find out whether brains aren't better than brutality. You go on about your work, and don't give the slightest sign that you know there's anything amiss. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here, put this in your pocket."

The captain opened a locker and took out two revolvers, one of which he gave to Frank, and the other he kept himself.

"Now," said Captain Travis to himself, "it does not make much difference which of the schemes they undertake. My work is to prevent them from getting rid of me, and also from getting within sight of Bermuda. I'll just doctor the chronometer a little. It's a lucky thing that Johnson is such a poor navigator. He'll never notice the sudden change of the clock's rate."

A very small change in the reading of a chronometer will make a great difference in the longitude obtained by observation, so when Captain Travis had altered the hands of the chronometer in his room a few minutes, he had prepared a genuine surprise for his mate. It was his purpose to alter the reading of the clock every day a little, so as to make the bark seem to be much further east than she really was. Thus the conspirators would think she was near Bermuda when, really, she was close to the American coast. By keeping for himself a memorandum of the amount of the alteration he would be able to compute the true position of the vessel.

"There," he muttered, as he screwed down the lid again, "I know something now that you don't, my fine friends. But I've got to keep the breath of life in me, and to do that may not be so easy."

Captain Travis did not sleep well that night, and he was on deck early in the morning. There was not a sign of mutiny. The bark was under everything to her top-gallants, with a brisk breeze just a point forward of her starboard beam. The sea was fairly smooth, but running in a deep swell. The bark thundered into the black hollows and leaped over the foaming crests at a ten-knot speed, and the big German at the wheel gripped the spokes with strained arms as he stared sullenly into the compass-bowl. Menzies, the second mate, leaned against the railing of the poop and gazed steadily ahead, as if expecting to see Bermuda rise untimely from behind the hardened horizon. The watch sprawled lazily about the forecastle, and a thin haze of blue swirling to leeward from the caboose chimney told that the cook was preparing early coffee. Not a thing could the captain see that was suspicious, and he was half inclined to think that the story of the previous night had been a bad dream. But Menzies started and glared at him as he ascended the poop ladder, and he was once more on his guard.

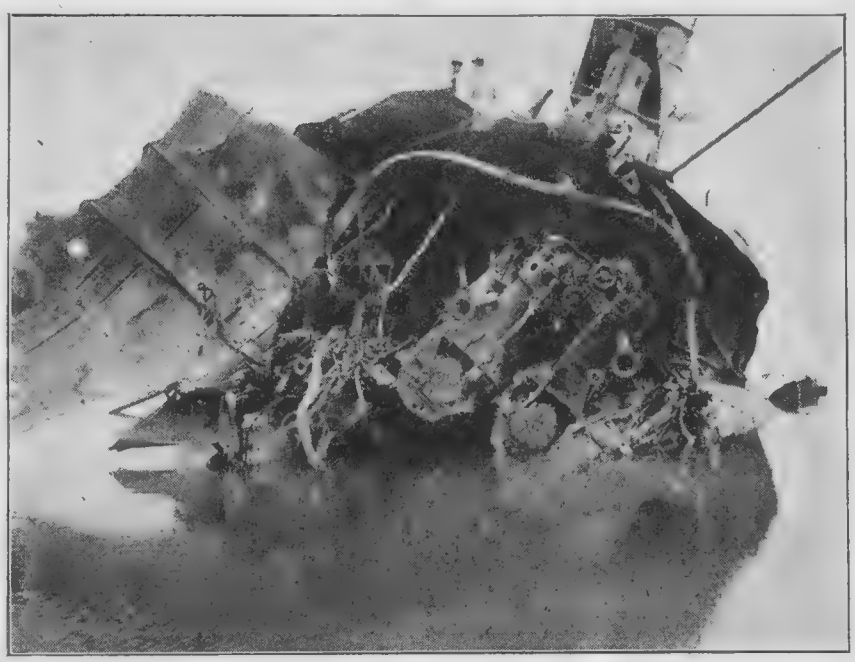
All that day Captain Travis walked on a slumbering volcano. But there was no explosion. There was a rumble at noon when the first mate found his dead reckoning and his position by observation so much apart. But that passed by with a curse upon unknown currents and an oath at shrunk log-lines. The same thing happened on the following day, and on the third day, when the bark was really west-southwest of Bermuda, while the conspirators thought her a goodly distance southeast of that island.

The afternoon sun fell wan and watery in the wet west, and fitful gusts of petulant wind came out of the southeast. The Swallow's wings were clipped to her topsails, but before the growing blast she flew fast. The darkness closed in over a rude and boisterous scene. The fitful gusts had grown to a steady outpour of wind that was swiftly hardening into a gale. The following seas had swelled into towering cliffs of slanting gray and hissing foam that stormed down on the little vessel in a wild and weird race. The Swallow's stern swung high in the air as her bows crashed down into the gloomy hollows of the underrunning seas, and the secret spaces of her hold were filled with the loud groaning of her strained timbers.

"Keep her as she goes," said Captain Travis, as he went below to supper, "and we'll heave to when it comes to blow harder."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the second mate, sullenly. But the man at the wheel let her yaw off two points, with a curl on his lip as he did it.

Johnson, the first mate, came out of the cabin as the Captain passed in, giving his superior a curt nod. His face was



This most unusual photograph shows the "bowels" of a giant U-boat which was recently wrecked off the French coast. This German submarine while engaged in its pernicious activities off the French coast was rammed by a vessel not far from here. The submersible is a mass of wreckage, and the mechanism of the interior is plainly visible. The shell actually in half. The conning tower, a part of which is shown in the above photograph, is stripped. This is very probably the most unique view of a wrecked U-boat to reach this country.

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white and his eyes gleamed like green ice. The young steward came from the caboose with a steaming dish, and took up the coffee-pot to get fresh coffee. Captain Travis ate in chilled silence, as a man would with the shadow of death upon him. But when he had hastily swallowed half a cup of the coffee he set the cup down with a sudden blanching of his face and a wild stare in his eyes.

"They've done it!" he said, in a hoarse whisper.

"Done what, sir?" asked the boy, feverishly.

For answer the captain sprang up and opened the top drawer in his own room. He drew from it a bottle labelled "Laudanum." It was empty.

"That was in the coffee! Johnson knew I had it; he saw me use some for an aching tooth! Get some sea-water—warm—quick!"

The boy dashed out of the cabin door. The captain walked the floor with the horrible anxiety of a man who knows there is poison in him and who waits to feel its work begin. The boy seemed to be gone an interminable time. Suddenly the captain felt himself sway, and was conscious of a dimness in his vision. The drug had begun its work. He struggled against it as one fights death, for it was death. He rushed blindly up and down the cabin, bruising his face and limbs as he staggered against doors and stanchions in his desperate race against overmastering sleep. His throat burned; stars danced before his eyes; his breath came in sobs; and he was on the brink of a fierce scream of despair when the boy burst into the cabin.

"Here, sir! Drink it, quick! I couldn't get it before. They were watching me. It's out of the lee waterways, sir, but it'll make you sick."

The captain seized the pannikin of lukewarm salt water and drained it at a single draught. Then came a brief spasm of deathly sickness, followed by a few moments of peace.

"Now, Frank," said Captain Travis, "your life and mine depend upon your obeying my orders. Don't let me go to sleep. Shut the skylights so they can't see what we're doing here. Walk me up and down, beat me, kick me, but don't let me go to sleep. If you do, I'll never see daylight again, and neither will you."

For an hour the captain and the boy fought sleep, the twin brother of death, while the bark went staggering and crashing over the leaping ridges through the fathomless gloom of the wild night. Suddenly there was a wider lurch and then a heavy roll. The captain straightened himself up with a mighty effort, and gazed at the telltale compass over his head.

"The fools!" he said. "They've headed her due west—for Bermuda, they think. Or do they hope to wreck her?"

"I think they'll try to get rid of you first, sir."

"They have tried, but I'm here yet, and I'm going to stay. Wait, wait. We're not out of this yet. Let me think—let me think, if I can, with a brain that is swimming and burning at the same time."

"They're sure to come down to see if you're—asleep," said Frank.

"Yes, that's it. I'll beat them, then," said the captain, rubbing his forehead vigorously. Then he staggered and fell forward.

"Get up! get up!" cried Frank.

The boy seized a heavy strap which lay in a corner, and beat his captain mercilessly. The man groaned, rolled over, and presently staggering to his feet, clasped the boy in a hostile embrace.

"You'll murder me, will you, Johnson?" he muttered.

"It's Frank, sir, Frank!" exclaimed the boy, wildly.

The captain's brain cleared. He clasped the boy in an embrace of love and gratitude.

"I'm ready now," he said. "Come."

He went to his room, and arranged the pillows and covering of his bunk so that in the dim light they looked like the form of a man asleep. Then he and the boy concealed themselves behind the cabin table. The swinging lamp burned low and filled the place with dim, changeful shadows. Half an hour passed, and the cabin door opened and Johnson entered alone. He closed the door very softly, steadying himself against its frame, and stood peering around the cabin with his icy-gray eyes. The captain and the steward did not breathe. Johnson started with the tread of a panther toward the captain's room. He paused several times and listened—as if one could hear anything but the furious thunder of the mighty seas and the mad howling of the gale! Hours seemed to pass, but at length he reached the captain's door. He looked into the room and saw what he thought was the captain's form. A smile of fearful evil distorted his chill features as he slowly drew from the leg of one of his sea boots a long keen knife. Frank Watson's breath came in sobs, while the captain gripped his shoulders with iron fingers. The mate entered the room, and at the same instant the captain crept out from behind the table. The mate raised the knife, and felt with his left hand for the captain's breast. He stopped, bent down, and exclaimed:

"Curse him! It's not him at all!"

He turned swiftly, but at that moment the captain slammed the door of his room and locked it. Johnson was a prisoner.

"I know your whole scheme," said the captain at the key-hole.

"Then you know you're no better than a dead man," said Johnson. "You've got Menzies and the crew to deal with yet. Let me out, and I'll spare your life."

"You'll stay where you are," said the captain, "and in less than three hours you'll be begging me to spare yours."

A muttered curse was the only answer, and the next moment Johnson hurled his lank form violently against the door in a a vain attempt to burst it open. Three seperate times he repeated the attempt. Then the captain said:

"Back to our hiding places, Frank. We shall have Menzies down in a few minutes to see if the deed is done."

A silence filled with the shrieking noises of the outer world brooded in the cabin for half an hour. At the end of that time the door swung open, and Menzies, with a glittering knife in his hand, strode in. The sallow pallor of his face and the red glare of his eyes told plainly that he scented danger. He paused for a moment to gaze around him, and then sprang toward the captain's room.

"Is the fool dead, Johnson?" he called.

"No!"

The captain's voice rang in his ear and the captain's hand was at his throat John Travis had made a mistake. Menzies shook off his grip with the strength of a giant, and at the same instant drove one of his huge fists into the captain's face,

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knocking him clear off his feet. At that perilous moment Johnson pried the lock of the captain's door with his knife and dashed out.

"Kill him! kill him, Menzies!" he shouted, springing toward the still prostrate captain.

A wild lurch of the reeling bark hurled the mate against his associate in crime, and the captain, his head ringing and still dizzy from the effects of the blow which he had received, arose to his feet. The two mates, recovering from their collision, dashed at him. At that instant there was a sharp red flash and a report. The second mate staggered, uttered a groaning execration, and fell in a limp heap across the cabin table. Frank Watson had shot him through the breast.

Johnson, seeing his partner killed and the drawn pistol in the captain's hand, dropped the knife and threw up his hands.

"Don't shoot!" he exclaimed. "I give in."

"I told you that inside of three hours you would beg me for your life. Now you do exactly as I tell you, or you're a dead man. I'm going to order that boy to open the skylight. You will then call to the man at the wheel, and say to him: 'The captain is all right; he stands in with us. Let her off a point.' You understand?"

Johnson nodded tremulously, and the captain stepped inside the door of his room, where he could cover the mate with his revolver and be invisible from the skylight, which Frank opened. Johnson shouted his message to the man at the wheel, who answered with a yell:

"Blamed lucky for him. A point off she goes."

At a sign from the captain, Frank closed the skylight.

"Now go into your own room," said the captain to Johnson. The mate very sullenly obeyed, and was locked in.

"Keep guard over that door with your revolver till morning," said the Captain to the boy. "I'm going on deck."

John Travis ascended the poop and nodded to the man at the wheel.

"Mr. Johnson and Mr. Menzies are taking a night in," he shouted in the man's ear. "We'll be in port in the morning."

The man grinned.

"None dis crew ever been in Bermooda, he shouted. "But I t'ink we'll be glad dis time."

The captain smiled grimly and walked away. Two hours later the gale abated and a light was sighted ahead. The captain took the wheel himself, and brought the ship to her anchorage. When the dawn broke the dazed crew found themselves under the guns of Fort Monroe, with the ensign flying at the spanker peak, union down. They never knew how it was hoisted, and before they recovered from their amazement a boat was alongside and they were all under arrest. And that was the end of the mutiny on the "Swallow."

If we grew bald in proportion as we grow wise, some of us would still be upholstered a foot thick on top.

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Conservation of Farm Power

By Allan Campbell

In pre-war days the word conservation was a conspicuous one in agriculture, but to-day we have the necessity thrust upon us to put it into the best possible practice. The old farm regime must speedily change for a new order of things in the big campaign against wastefulness. Hard manual labor, is becoming an antique method of good farming, that is, where the result does not show a proportionate gain, according to present day standards. There are several simple contrivances where a little time and labor involved though apparently ill spared at the time, that will prove a boon to all hands on the farm. For instance, a good two-wheeled hand barrow is handy for a multitude of tasks that otherwise necessitate a waste of human energy in transportation by hand. Wood from the wood pile to the house, buckets of slops from the house to the piggery can be conveyed with greater ease and in larger quantities. The writer does not intend to suggest expensive means to be employed in husbanding the energy of the farm, it is the large multitude of farmers of limited means to whom we look to develop the resources of the country.

The water supply is becoming a point of more and more vital importance as cattle are becoming introduced with the system of mixed farming to the general benefit of the country. Carrying water any distance in pails is heavy and awkward work. On the average farm it is not generally a hard task to find a pair of wheels from some old implement that has been discarded, and with a little black smithing a barrel can be mounted between the wheels and the transportation made a more expeditious undertaking.

With regard to the occasional necessary wagon transportation to and from town, a saving of waste power can be effected by the aid of a very useful and cheap farm necessity, viz. the farmer's note book. Supposing a load of grain or an implement has to go to town, it should be the endeavour to make the return trip worth while, and if notes have been made on the spot as they have come to mind of articles be attended to while there, the round trip can be made amply justifiable. Mental notes in a busy mind are often crowded out, but notes in the pocket book are permanent.

The writer worked on the farm of a systematic and successful farmer some years ago and it was on this farm a rule was instituted that all the teams employed at breaking in the hot part of the season should have their harness removed on coming in at noon. Needless to say the horses on this farm where this, and similar beneficial rules were observed, were generally in a marked condition of fitness. Now, the human farm worked may also benefit by casting the most fatiguing part of his harness, viz., his boots, if not at noon, at least for an hour at supper time. It is worth the trouble and is a good reviver of flagging energy. Boots, especially muddy boots, are more popular when left in the porch than they are when being trailed across the overworking farm wife's floors. A pair of house slippers on the feet of a farm helper will save him from a lot of frowns when in the house.

There is a machine that is not considered a farm implement but for all that it can perform valuable service as a time and energy saver on the farm. The machine referred to is the bicycle. An old second hand wheel if it is at all in a reasonable state of repair may be kept in a handy place for quick runs to different parts of the farm. There are innumerable chores it can be used in, such as running out to oversee any work, looking for weed patches, taking refreshments to the men quick trips from the repair chest to the binder, etc. It will go through places where a car will not and may not be left to take care of itself in a cloud of mosquitos that would make a horse wild. It will travel faster then a horse on the road and should it have a breakdown, can be carried in a buggy or a car. By taking the place of a horse for many a quick light trip it saves a waste of pulling power and becomes an important link in the conservation of farm power.

The author staggered home. "The jury," he sobbed, "decided that my book is not immoral."

"Never mind," said his wife, consolingly. "Perhaps you can make a suc-

Sweethearts and Wives

By Kathryn Jarboe

PAPA telephoned half an hour ago that he could not possibly be here in time for tiffin. He sent his kindest love to all of you, impartially. 'Men and maids,' he said."

Beth Howard led the way out to the wide, cool veranda, where the table was set for tiffin. Through the half closed shades, Yokohama's beautiful harbor could be seen gleaming and glinting under a midday sun. A soft breeze occasionally lifted the curtains high enough to show the white men of war at anchor in the bay.

"By Jove, Miss Howard," exclaimed Lieutenant Armstrong, "how do you keep this place so cool? The whole of Yokohama is simmering to-day, and here it is as cool and fresh as a May morning."

"It is fine here." Carl Summerton seated himself by his hostess. "The decks of the Yorktown were hotter than —any mentionable place."

"I was afraid that none of you would venture out," Beth said, addressing all, but smiling at Summerton. "The heat is intolerable, and I am supremely grateful to you for coming. I am quite sure that it's the heat that is keeping papa at the hospital. I have left his chair, you see. It will have to be our chaperon. Do you think that it will satisfy the rigid morals of Yokohama? A tiffin chaperoned by Dr. Howard's chair! I am sure it has more dignity than some of the frivolous matrons who do chaperon us."

Miss Howard's guests were the men and girls who composed her special clique in Yokohama; the men, officers from the American men of war, and the girls, daughters of officials, or pleasure seekers in the gay Japanese seaport. The table was covered with cool green ferns; the girls wore soft summer gowns, and the men were in the white undress uniform of the navy. White clad Japanese servants moved noiselessly about. Out of doors there was no sound, and the silence intensified the heat that rose in hot waves from the empty white streets.

"Of course you've all heard of Tommy Blake's engagement," Beth said when the conversation flagged for a moment.

"Yes, of course. Does anything ever happen in Yokohama that we don't hear of?" asked Miriam Winlow. She was a pretty, blue-eyed, yellow haired girl, who had lived in Yokohama for several years, and who boasted that she had flirted with every unattached man that had come to the place during her reign. "Is it the real thing, do you suppose, or only a temporary arrangement?"

"You absurd creature!" Beth exclaimed; "but I suppose you think that all girls are as unreliable as you are. Marguerite Brigham would hardly indulge in temporary arrangements, as you call them. She doesn't believe in flirting, you know. Besides, I had a note this morning asking me to be bridesmaid. They are to be married in September."

"You are great friends, aren't you?" answered Miriam. "I hope you won't mind me saying so, but I've no use for a girl like Marguerite. She never has a good time. She seems to think that the world was made to mope in. Does she ever smile or laugh or——"

"Flirt?" suggested Summerton.

"No, I don't mean that exactly," Miss Winlow said, looking at him for an instant. He had not been in Japan very long, and she had been too much occupied with other men to notice him. Now she wondered if she had not been wasting time. Perhaps she had missed an excellent opportunity. It was missed, too, because every one in Yokohama understood that Carl Summerton and Beth Howard were amusing themselves and each other with the little comedy of love which they were playing. "It isn't necessary for a girl to flirt, you know—that is, some girls," Miss Winlow added, in answer to the laugh that rippled round the table. "But seriously, why should a good natured, jolly fellow like Tommy Blake want to marry a glum, dismal thing like Marguerite?"

"Why does any man want to marry any girl?" asked Summerton. "I don't see, never could see. Girls are awfully jolly and sweet, and all that, but to marry! Good heaven! It's an act of madness to tie yourself to one of them for life. They are like fizz, like the bubble and froth, good at certain times and places, but—no, I always drink to sweethearts, but never to wives."

"Oh, nonsense, Mr. Summerton," cried Helen Gaynor. "If it were not so awfully hot I would argue with you, but I've only life enough to say that you are positively absurd. Do you mean to say that you look forward to a life of successive sweethearts and no wife?"

"I don't look forward. Why should I? The present is always delightful. Why bother about anything else? As for successive sweethearts, the present one is the only one you know. When Dick told me that he was going to marry you, I did my best to dissuade him from taking such a step."

"Yes, I know you did," Helen answered, smiling at him in a very friendly way, "and I have hated you ever since."

"Very unjust of you, I'm sure," responded Summerton. "I wasn't arguing against you individually, but against you collectively." He waved his glass round the table, and received complacently the half angry, half amused looks of the girls. "No, I've thrown down the gauntlet, and if any one wants to pick it up, well and good. I maintain that it is not wise to marry any girl, grave or gay, young or old, pretty or ugly. They are jolly to flirt with, dear and sweet for friends, but I would just as soon condemn myself to follow a jack o' lantern through life as marry any one of the frivolous, inconsistent, changeable——"

"But what kind of girls have you known, Mr. Summerton?" interrupted Helen.

"All kinds. You're all alike, only some of you disguise the real thing in one way, some in another."

"I suppose, then, you'll amuse yourself with us as long as you can," Miriam said, "and then follow Tommy Blake's example and marry some stiff prig like Marguerite."

"You're awfully unjust to Marguerite," Beth exclaimed, coming into the discussion for the first time. "She is not stiff or priggish when she is with her friends, but she doesn't approve of——"

"Of me, I suppose," interrupted Miriam.

"No—of us, I was going to say," answered Beth. "But perhaps even Marguerite would be too frivolous, too inconsistent, too—what was the rest, Mr. Summerton? There are such a lot of nice, earnest women in the world. Why not try one of those? I saw some of them in papa's emergency class in New York."

"Good heavens, Miss Beth," cried Summerton, "what have I ever done to you that you should suggest such a fate for me? No, thanks! But won't somebody please talk of something else? I didn't bring up this subject, yet you're all attacking me."

"Attacking you? My dear Mr. Summerton! Don't imagine that. If any of us wanted to marry you"—Helen Gaynor glanced at Beth—"it would be a different matter, but you see we don't."

Dr. Howard's entrance at this moment interrupted the discussion. He was stationed at the Navy Hospital, and was a favorite with every one at Yokohama. Under cover of the murmur of greeting that welcomed him, Summerton said to Beth:

"I hope you haven't forgotten our ride tomorrow."

"I haven't forgotten it," she answered coolly. "But I shan't go if it's hot."

"Oh, it won't be hot. This is the third or fourth day, isn't it? If it is hot, I'll come here for tea. This is quite the jolliest place in town."

During the night a fresh breeze sprang up, bringing a drenching rain with it, and the next day was cool and delicious. At four o'clock Beth went to ride with Summerton. She appeared to have forgotten his tiffin conversation, and was as sweet and gracious as ever. They rode quickly through the town and out upon the road leading to Kamakura. Green rice paddies lay on either side of the roadway. On one side, blue hills faded into blue skies; above their rounded crests, far in the distance, rose the faint white peak of Fujiyama, shadowy, vague, and indistinct. On the other side, the azure sky and azure sea met and blended with no distinct horizon line. Over the rice

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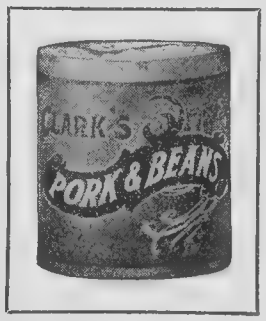

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⅔ cup uncooked Quaker Oats, 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Sweetbits

The Oat Macaroon

1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon butter
2½ cups uncooked Quaker Oats
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

paddies fluttered iridescent bits of life, giant dragon flies darting here and there in the soft afternoon sunshine, and in the grass by the roadside chirped innumerable crickets. Over all and around all was the soft, luminous atmosphere almost visible with the moisture rising out of wet fields.

A narrow bridge crossed a little stream flowing from one rice paddy to another. Beth's horse stepped on a loose plank, which flew up directly in front of Summerton. His horse shied—sailors are proverbially bad riders—and Summerton went over the horse's head.

Beth turned quickly round, and, seeing that Summerton did not rise, sprang down and hurried toward him. His head had struck a pile of rocks, and blood was flowing from a long, deep cut in his forehead. One arm was doubled under him, and he was quite unconscious.

Beth raised him a little, and saw that his arm was broken. She had attended her father's emergency classes, and knew what to do for the wounded head. She unbound the soft white scarf from her riding hat and climbed down to the little stream for water. When she had stopped the flow of blood she looked anxiously round for help, but no human being was in sight.

A quarter of a mile away stood a laborer's hut. She had not noticed it as they passed it, but it looked quite empty and deserted. There was nothing to do but wait for a chance passer by.

The sun sank slowly down behind the hills, and the white mist rose higher and higher into the evening air. Beth sat by the unconscious man, wondering if he would ever again open his eyes, if she would ever again hear the sound of his voice. An hour passed. Then she heard shuffling feet on the road behind her. Standing up, she saw a coolie approaching. She wrote a line to her father, imploring him to come to her assistance. Then she explained to the man the need of haste and promised him enough money to provide for his entire life if he would only hurry. The man started off on a jog trot, but she called him back.

"Wait," she said, "we must carry him to that shed."

She told the man to take Summerton's feet, and, she herself lifting his head, they slowly and heavily bore the wounded man to the hut. Beth knew that the night mist from the rice paddies was poison, and that Summerton must not breathe it. She was a slight, delicate girl and never could tell afterwards how she succeeded in carrying him, but at the time she thought nothing of it.

She counted that it would take two hours for the man to reach Yokohama and bring help. The moon was full, and rose before the last gleam of daylight had faded. Beth sat on the ground with Summerton's head in her lap. Occasionally she bent forward to see if he really did breathe, if he were still alive. The long yellow light fell across the sea, and made fantastic shadows in the desolate hut. Fireflies flitted here and there, but Beth saw nothing but the rigid white face on her knees.

The moments crawled by. Again and again she told herself that her messenger had failed her, that he had made some mistake, that help would not come until it was too late.

At last she heard the sound of horses trotting quickly along. She leaned over Summerton and touched his forehead with her lips.

"You will never know," she murmured. "My dear, my dear, I love you so!"

The horses stopped and her father sprang from the ambulance.

"My poor child!" he said, coming quickly toward her.

"No, no," she cried. "Look at him quickly, tell me that he is still alive, that he will live!"

"If he does live, it is thanks to you, Beth," Dr. Howard said, as he rose from a hurried inspection of the injured man, and gave directions for placing him in the ambulance. "It's a serious thing, and it's fortunate that you got him under cover."

Summerton hovered between life and death for many days. Even after life had claimed the victory, it was weeks before he could leave the hospital. The accident was the one topic of conversation at all the tiffins, teas, and dinners in Yokohama. Beth was the heroine of the hour. The women who had always been sure that she was only flirting with Summerton pointed out, to those who had thought that she was in love with him, that she never could have been so cool and collected during the first few days if she had really loved him.

"No, it's all nonsense," one of them said. "I have told you all the time that Beth did not care for him. She has too much sense to throw herself away on a junior lieutenant."

This remark was made to a woman who had recently married an ensign. She raised her eyebrows slightly, and put another lump of sugar into her tea.

High-grade White Leghorn Cockerels

"I think I understand Beth better than you do," she said. "Young people are more apt to understand each other—don't you think so?"

Her voice was almost caressing in its softness, and her eyes hardly rested for an instant on the gray curls under her companion's wide hat.

Other ladies came in and the conversation still ran on Beth.

"He'll have to marry her now. Why he owes his life to her. Dr. Gaynor told me this morning that if it had not been for all the things she did for him, there would have been no chance whatever for Summerton."

"Have to marry her! How absurd!" exclaimed someone else. "You speak as though Beth were waiting to jump down his throat. I think that he ought to propose to her, and of course Beth will understand that he only does it from a sense of duty, and will refuse him."

"Oh, Beth!" they cried in chorus, as that young lady entered the room. "Do tell us all about it again!"

"I should think that Carl Summerton would spend the rest of his life on his knees, thanking you."

"You dear, sweet girl, do you realize that you have actually saved his life?"

"You make such a lot out of nothing at all," Beth exclaimed petulantly. "I only came here this afternoon to keep you from talking about that silly affair. I wanted to play tennis at the consul's, but I knew that there would be more women here than anywhere else in Yokohama, so I came. Now, do please talk about something else."

The conversation was forced from one indifferent subject to another, but significant glances were exchanged and

behind fans, and in out of the way corners the all absorbing theme held sway.

* * * * *

"Beth, you really don't mean that. Please give me a different answer."

Summerton had been out of the hospital for a month, and had spent most of the time in a hammock on Dr. Howard's veranda. Beth had read to him, had entertained him with droll accounts of the outside world, into which he was still unable to go, and had endeavored to make his convalescence pass as pleasantly as possible. Now he was standing before her, very white and weak.

"Of course, I mean it," she answered. "Do sit down. You'll make yourself ill again. I never heard of anything so absurd. If we weren't such awfully good friends, I'd be furious. But of course you're only joking. You know you think sweethearts are better than wives. 'Sweethearts forever, wives never,' is your toast. I am quite content to be the present one, and the only one for the time being." She laughed, and rearranged the pillows in the hammock. "Here, come and lie down, and I'll read to you; and don't think that you can show gratitude to a girl by proposing to her. You can say, 'Thank you kindly,' or 'I'm much obliged,' but for heaven's sake don't ask her to marry you!"

"But, Beth," cried Summerton, trying to take her hand, "you know that's all nonsense; you know that I love you, that I always have loved you, and——"

"No, stop," interrupted Beth, an angry little frown gathering in her eyes. "Seriously, I shall be annoyed if you say another word of that sort. We have always been such jolly friends; don't spoil it all now. Forget the whole thing, and go back to where we were before the ride, to the day of the tiffin here, or even before that, if you can."

A faint color grew in her face as she finished, but she turned away before Summerton saw it.

September was almost over. The Blake-Brigham wedding was a thing of the past, and Beth Howard had, as usual, been voted the prettiest of the bridesmaids. Beth and Carl Summerton were still the principal subject of gossip in gossip loving Yokohama. Perhaps the accident on the Kamakura road would not have occupied everybody's attention so long if the effect on one of the parties to it had not been so apparent. Summerton was desparately, madly, and obviously in love with Miss Howard, while she was apparently quite unconcerned. Public sympathy was largely with Summerton. Beth was condemned more or less by every one; more by almost every one.

"It is one thing to flirt," the public censors of morals would say; "we all do it more or less, but to deliberately break a man's heart, and then keep him tied to your skirts so that he can't get away and console himself elsewhere, is a totally different thing."

And this was the reason why Beth was condemned. There were many maids, and matrons, too, who would have been only too glad to console Summerton, but he asked for no consolation. Of course Beth was to blame for that. She was so sweet to him, sweet and friendly, keeping him always at her side, appealing to him on all occasions when she wanted advice, companionship, pleasure, or sympathy, but always refusing to listen to his passionate pleading for love. He had almost resigned himself to the hopelessness of his love for her; there seemed to be an impassable barrier between them.

Tea was being served in the gardens of the American Consulate. Beth leaned back in a low chair, and talked to the group of men about her. Summerton lay on the grass at her feet, watching her with the look of patient adoration which drove other women to distraction. She rewarded him with an occasional careless glance, but rarely spoke to him.

An English officer joined the group.

"I have to say good bye, Miss Howard," he said. "We sail tomorrow, you know; we're ordered to Madagascar."

"I'm awfully sorry you are going," she said; "but there won't be any real fighting, will there?"

"Oh, no, not for us. But we ought to have a ship there. There is a row of some sort going on."

"Yes, and England always wants to be in at the death," Beth answered, laughing. "I hope you will come back here or that we shall meet somewhere else."

He said good bye to the others in the group. Beth watched his retreating figure a little regretfully.

"It's positively pathetic, the way those poor Englishmen are rushed about. You no sooner know them well than they are ordered off to some unheard of place. Our government is so much nicer. Very few women appreciate how greatly indebted they are to it for keeping out of wars and rows of all kinds."

"I don't know about that," one of the men standing near said. "I believe the wives of naval officers teach their children to pray for a war or a plague, so that their husbands will be promoted."

"Oh, wives of naval officers, yes; I am not speaking of that sort of women."

"Don't be so scornful, Miss Beth. All navy wives are not such a poor lot."

"Pretty poor," she answered. "You are none of you married?" She glanced around at the group of men, nearly all of whom were officers on American ships. "I have never had much regard for girls who have married the navy. You are so easy to fall in love with, I don't blame the poor things for that; but they might stop short of marrying you. It's very nice to be in love with you, and to have you in love with us. To be engaged to you might be charming—if one believed in temporary engagements—but to marry you—no, that seems to me to be the height of absurdity." She stood up and opened her parasol. "Please consider that I have refused all of you, won't you? But don't fall out of love with me. I am going to walk home. Will you come, Mr. Summerton?"

They walked slowly homeward, and up through the garden flaming with golden and red chrysanthemums. Both turned toward the door of the house.

"Come up on the veranda for a little while, won't you Beth?" Summerton went up the stone steps of the porch and she followed him. "How delicious it was here the day of the tiffin," he added.

"Yes, it was cool and nice, wasn't it? But what made you think of that?"

"You made me. It was a long, long time ago, Beth." He looked at her for a moment silently. "Has it all been on account of my idiotic words that day?"

"But how did I remind you of them?" she asked. Realizing what her words implied, she blushed crimson.

"It is that, then. Oh, Beth, Beth!" He caught both her hands in his, but she tried to pull them away.

"No, now don't be foolish, please," she exclaimed. "I don't even know what you are talking about."

"Yes, dear, you do know. Did you mind them so much? If you did, you must have cared a little even then. Can't you forgive me, dear? Don't you know? Didn't you know then that it was all nonsense, stupid, absurd nonsense? Why, sweetheart, I intended to ask you to marry me when we were riding, and then that stupid horse threw me off. You must have known that I was only joking, that I was not serious for an instant." He had both arms around her and was holding her close to him. "Beth, sweetheart, be generous, won't you?"

"How could I know that you were only joking?" she smiled at him, but her eyes were full of tears. "How could I tell that you weren't flirting with me? I—I thought then—that I was only flirting with you."

"And now, sweetheart? You know that I love you with all my heart, that I have never flirted with you for a single instant; that I have always wanted you to be my wife, from the very first day I saw you. Can't you love me? Won't you come to me and be my wife?"

"So that you can drink to sweethearts and wives? Ye—yes," she answered raising her lips to his.

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The rancher heaved a sigh of relief. "Wait," he said, as the M.D., V.S., was about to leave. "I reckon, as long as you're here, you might as well have a look at the old woman. She's been ailin' for a month or two."

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Indian Dogs

By Max McD

WHO that has ever visited an encampment on an Indian reserve has not been struck with the number of half-starving snarling, growling curs that slink in and out among the teepees? There once was a reason for their existence but their use to the Red Man is now purely imaginary, excepting in the far north where they are used for transporting supplies to outposts and police stations, and hauling furs into the forts and trading posts.

The Indian dog in the early days was a cross between the wolf and Eskimo. To-day in the north this type stands out prominently, but in the warmer regions of the west every breed of canine is to be found. They have an emaciated, hungry half-starved appearance and are a pest to travellers and settlers. Calves, lambs, barn-yard fowl, and even small children have often fallen preys to these marauders who prowl about at all hours of the day and night. One settler records that one of his first ranching reverses was to lose half his range calves by depredations on them by the savage brutes.

In the long ago, dogs were the only beasts of burden the Indian had. Students of Indian life tell us that the horse is a comparatively recent importation with the Indians. Butler in "The Great Lone Land," says that as late as 1776, the plain tribes of the western prairies remember that their horses were procured from white people who lived to the southward. These were likely the Spanish colonists in Mexico.

It is plain from the Indian language that the Red Men did not always possess the horse as a beast of burden. A comparison of the words for horse used by the Indians will make this plain. In Cree a horse is "Mis-ta-tin," the big dog; in Assiniboine, "Sho-a-thin-ga," a great dog; in Blackfeet, "Pono-ka-mi-taa," the Red Deer dog. The Sarcees term for horse is "Chistle," seven dogs, while the Gros Ventres call him, "It-shou-ma-shun-gu," red dog. It is manifest, therefore, that the wild men of the west looked upon the horse as a new comer, and their reference to him in the dog language of their tribe would indicate that the animal used as beast of burden before the Indians became equestrian in their habits was the dog.

Transportation of baggage, even after horses became numerous, was performed by dogs. Horses were kept for hunting buffalo. In winter they were harnessed with bands of buffalo hide, and hitched to sleds or toboggans which carried the loads. In summer, and in winter when there was little or no snow, the dogs were tackled to two straight poles about 15 feet long, fastened together at one end, at the other, spread about 8 feet apart. Where the poles are lashed together at the ends, several folds of dressed buffalo skins, which answer for a saddle, are fastened and laid directly on the dog's shoulders. A strip of leather attached to this is brought around the dog's neck and made fast again at the meeting of the poles. Then a hoop is laid across the poles a little behind the dog's rump and interwoven closely with leathern thongs, and upon this the burden is laid. The contrivance is called a travois.

In the north country, where all transportation of supplies and mail is by dog train, the animals are generally of the wolf breed, and are said to be vigorous and longwinded. Huskies is the name usually applied to them. A hundred miles a day is a common journey for them. The endurance of the little creatures is something remarkable. A story is told of a clerk driving out 25 miles from a trading post with a dog team, and was immediately sent back to the post. Hurriedly preparing a packet, he despatched an Indian driver with the same dogs back to the party he had left, and the outfit arrived before the party were up in the morning. The dogs had thus run 75 miles in a good deal under the 24 hours.

When the half-breeds settled in the northern part of the great west, they put out poison for wolves and foxes, and the Indian dogs in large numbers were killed by it. Thus a very important mode of winter transportation was lost to the Red Man. This practice was stopped however, and the dogs soon multiplied to their former number.

In by-gone days the emulation among Indians for dogs as runners was so great that all their hard earnings were spent on them, and the tawdry paraphernalia required to ornament a first-rate train was as expensive as it was foolish. The squaw might go without her blanket, but the buck must have his dogs, and the dogs their scarlet ribbons and their bells.

The Royal North West Mounted Police in the far north are using Indian dogs on their patrols. These are not bred in the posts of the police, but are purchased from the natives when young for a mere trifle, and trained by the Indian scouts and dog drivers of the force. The price of an ordinary huskie in the land of the midnight sun, is about $25, and a recent police report tells of the sale of three dogs for $50 each. The police are using over 100 of these Indian dogs in their work in the north. The cost of keeping a team of four dogs is from $300 to $400 a year, and in some cases more than this.

If it were not for Indian dogs in the northland, there would be little need of the police. Nearly all rows, we are told, are over dogs. Thompson in his tales of his travels tells of starting out on one occasion with Indians and dogs when the snow was so deep that the huskies had fairly to swim and haul the heavy sleigh. One of the Indian drivers became vexed with the conduct of his lead dog, and beat him to death. The incident delayed the expedition and was almost the cause of bloodshed in the camp. The Indian was ordered out for mutinous behaviour and handed over to the police. Many cases could be cited where shooting has followed scraps over the huskie dog.

The canines of the Red Man were a source of great annoyance to travellers and are yet. Palliser, a noted traveller, tells that one morning, starting from camp, his party saw an Indian dog that was a notorious thief, actually poke his nose into a kettle as it was boiling on the fire, and take out a piece of meat. The pests could not be kept out of the palisades at the forts, and trading posts, where the nuisance of their presence was almost beyond endurance. They were the terror of every woman and child after dark. One could hardly step from one door to another without being interrupted by them; and worst of all, they made a kennel of the place, and in wet weather the stench was unbearable.

Henry, an old explorer, in an interesting account of how buffalo were captured in pounds, relates that here and there among the branches and interwoven twigs of the buffalo fall, the Indians left openings large enough for dogs to pass through that they might feed on the carcasses of the bulls. He remarks that what appeared an extraordinary thing to him was that when buffalo were being driven into the pound, on the signal of their approach, the Indian dogs would all skulk away behind the pound and not approach till the herd entered. It was a feast time for the curs, but they had the good sense to wait till the feast was ready.

It is roughly estimated that to-day there are from three to five dogs to every Indian family on western reserves. These canines are utterly useless, but the Indian is not satisfied if he has not a half dozen following him to the trading store or the town where he buys his supplies and sells his wares. Dog fights on the streets of the towns are common. It has been found impossible to exclude the dogs, and to shoot them is a costly undertaking for any municipality. And so the pest of the Indian dog is inflicted upon white neighbors of the reservations and probably will be as long as there are Indians and Indian dogs.

A Compliment

Little Dorothy could not have paid her father a higher compliment or better expressed her love for him than when she said, "Papa, I would like to tell you something if you won't tell mamma."

"Why don't you want mamma to know it, daughter?"

"Well, you tell her things I say, and she laughs at them, and I don't want her to know this."

"Let papa hear what you have to say, anyhow."

"Well, I have often thought that if mamma were to die I would like to marry you."

Uncle Sambuq's Fortune

TROPHIME COGOLIN, generally known in the district as Master Trefume, had so often related the story of Uncle Lambuq and his fortune that he had finally come to believe it himself. The simple truth of the matter was that Peter Sambuq, a ne'er-do-well who had given his parents no end of trouble, had shipped as an ordinary seaman on a three-master one fine day in the year of grace 1848, and had never been seen or heard of since. These hard facts were too ridiculously simple for the worthy friends and relations of the vanished Peter; they could not understand how anyone could set out for America without reaching that continent and making his fortune; so the worthy people gradually evolved the idea that Uncle Sambuq had gone and done likewise, and would one day return rolling in riches—of course, to die in due time and leave his fortune to them.

So the years rolled by, and Uncle Sambuq's fortune grew bigger in the imagination of his people. The older relatives died, and Master Trefume became heir to his uncle. Now, it happened one day that Trefume met a sailor whose acquaintance he had made a year or so previously. This man had just returned from a voyage to the States, and Trefume seized the opportunity to offer him a glass of brandy (contraband) and ask him if he had heard of Uncle Sambuq while on the other side.

The sailor, probably out of politeness, and in order to please Trefume and his wife, informed them that he had a distinct recollection of having on several occasions met an individual (on the quays of New York), who was undoubtedly very wealthy indeed, and was the exact image of Sambuq. That settled the matter; there could no longer be any doubt that Uncle Sambuq had reached America and made his pile, as any other reasonable person would do.

On the following day Trefume again met the sailor—or perhaps it was the sailor who made a point of meeting Trefume; be that as it may, the result of the meeting was another glass of brandy for the sailor, further questions about Uncle Sambuq, and a confidential communication to the effect that the stranger in New York was really the long-lost Peter, for he had spoken to the mariner concerning his relatives, and had dropped mysterious hints as to his intentions towards them.

The Trefumes became the envied ones of the neighborhood. Uncle Sambuq and his fortune—especially his fortune—were the chief topics of conversation for many a day among the inhabitants of the whole district. The Trefumes lived happy and contented, patiently awaiting the time when they would have their share of the millions amassed by Peter Sambuq.

A few months passed away. One morning when he was least expecting it, he received a letter from New York. The letter bore the seal of the French Embassy. Trefume carried the precious letter about with him all day, without breaking the seal, in order to show it to his friends. Not till the evening, in the presence of his wife and children, his hands trembling with excitement, did he venture to open it. It was somewhat bulky—probably it contained bank notes. The papers were carefully taken from the envelope and proved to be—Sambuq's death certificate and a brief note from the Embassy.

"So he is dead?" said his wife.

"Of course he is," replied Trefume; "doesn't the Ambassador say so?"

There was a silence. None of them had known the dead man, but they had thought so much about him that it seemed as though they had been on intimate terms with him, and they were able to squeeze out a tear.

"The Ambassador doesn't say anything about the fortune," observed Trefume's better half, wiping her eyes.

"I suppose you want him to tell us about it straight off before the man is fairly dead," replied Trefume, sarcastically. "We can wait, and he knows it. He'll write again in a day or two."

He looked again at the envelope and noticed that it was addressed to "Monsieur Sambuq or Monsieur Cogolin." As all the Sambuqs were dead and he was the only Cogolin, it was natural that the letter should have been delivered to him, and the vagueness of the address did not inspire in the simple man any misgivings as to the fortune any more than did the brief note from the Embassy.

But, strange to say, the Ambassador omitted to write that other letter. As the time went on surprise deepened into anxiety; a veritable fever—a gold fever—took possession of them; they lost interest in everything; they could think of nothing but Sambuq's millions, and wonder what had become of them. At length their anxiety reached such a pitch that Trefume announced his intention of undertaking a journey to New York—a decision which met with the full approval of all concerned.

"I shan't be away more than a month—or two," said Trefume, "and the boy can look after the boat. A few hundred francs won't break us; besides, I know I shall be ill if I don't go and see what's going on over there."

I have said that everyone approved the decision. I may add that had it been otherwise it would have made no difference. When Trefume got an idea into his head it wanted some getting out.

He travelled to Havre and embarked on a vessel bound for New York. He knew absolutely nothing of the great city which he was approaching; he could not speak the language—he was as helpless as a child in a wood. He began to get very anxious, and looked around for somebody to confide in and obtain assistance from. He tried the under-steward, a fellow countryman, but the latter was too busy to be bothered. Trefume, however, refused to be shaken off, and the under-steward, in desperation, glanced about for somebody to whom he could refer the persistent fisherman, and so get rid of him.

"Here!" he said, pointing to two of the passengers; "those are the men to help you. They know New York so well that they could find their way blindfold anywhere in the city. Try them!"

Trefume looked at the men and thanked his compatriot heartily. He was delighted at the thought of meeting two people who were so well acquainted with New York. They were two shifty-looking Yankees, who had been left very severely alone on the voyage. He went towards the two passengers, who, after exchanging a word or two between themselves, walked away before he could reach them. Trefume walked after them, but they still avoided him and began conversing earnestly together. The fisherman hesitated; he thought they had something private on, and he did not wish to intrude. It never entered his head that they were avoiding him. He did not intend to lose his chance, so he continued to walk after them at a respectable distance. Two or three times, when he thought the moment opportune, he approached them, hat in hand, and attempted to speak to them in his best French, but was met with a scowl and a growl which made him retire. He put it down to American—or English—manners, and with a sigh he withdrew for a few minutes.

The two Americans were evidently much perplexed at the strange conduct of their fellow-passenger; they were worried about it, too; so, finally, they spoke to the under-steward concerning Trefume. The official was more busy than ever, but he was fond of a joke, and thought he might as well enliven the routine of the day by a little fun.

"You know that there has been a big robbery in Paris?" he said, in a confidential whisper. "Well, I wouldn't mind betting that this man is Jean Ernest, the cleverest detective in France, who is on the track of the thieves and has disguised himself as a fisherman from the south."

The two men looked at each other, thanked the under-steward, and dived into their cabin, from which they only emerged when the ship was actually alongside the quay. Poor Trefume looked for them in vain; they got off the steamer unobserved by him, and he was left to find his way about New York as best he could.

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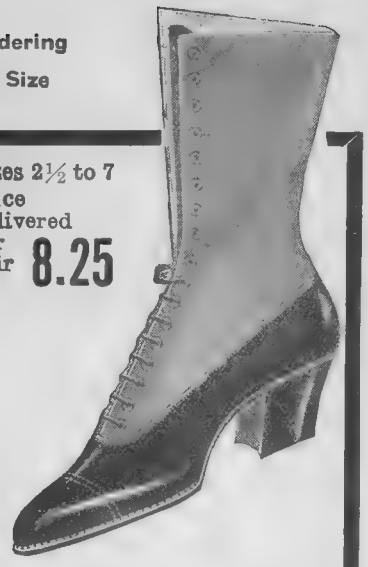

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How he went through the rest of that day, where he lodged at night, he never knew. He began on the following day looking for the Embassy, asking the way in his provincial French, and being laughed at and treated with contempt as an impostor, until, sick at heart, and thoroughly discouraged, he sat down on a doorstep and began to cry. Uncle Sambuq might have journeyed to his native country to die, and thus have made things easier for his heir!

After a few minutes he plucked up courage and determined to try again. He had just reached the end of the street when he saw one of the Americans to whom the under-steward had referred him on the steamer. He had changed his clothes and cut off his beard, but Trefume was positive that it was the same man.

"Monsieur, monsieur!" he cried, running towards the man.

Whether the man heard the words or not, he took to his heels as soon as he saw the Frenchman running.

"What!" said Trefume to himself, in an indignant tone. "This man knows New York as well as I know Wndoume, and he won't help me! I'll see about that."

Away they went, the American and Trefume. In vain the former doubled this corner and that; his pursuer stuck to him until, thoroughly exhausted, the American took refuge in a bar and awaited the arrival of his pursuer.

"So I have you at last!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "Why did you run away and give me all this trouble? Now you must——."

"Hush!" interrupted the American, turning pale in spite of the violent exercise. "Don't make a fuss," he continued, in excellent French; "that will be of no use. Come and sit down in this corner."

"Ah! that's better," thought Trefume. But he simply looked knowingly at the man and took a seat.

"I know what you have come to New York for," said the man.

"Good again!" thought the fisherman; but before he could speak, the American continued:—

"We can arrange this little affair, can't we, without further bother?"

"Of course, we can!" exclaimed Trefume, thinking still that the man was talking about Uncle Sambuq's fortune.

"That's agreed. Now, how much do you want?"

"My fair share, of course!" replied the Frenchman.

"I'll give you this pocket-book—it has one hundred thousand francs in French notes—I have not had time to exchange them for American money. They are good, you need not be afraid that they are bad or stopped. Will that satisfy you?"

One hundred thousand francs! It was an immense sum; but was it a fair share? How much was Uncle Sambuq worth?

"Is that my fair share?" asked Trefume, doubtfully.

"How much do you expect?" asked the other, irritably. "It was a good thing, but it wasn't a gold mine, and there are several to share it. It's either that or nothing!"

"Well! I'll take it!" said Trefume, beginning to fear that he might lose all.

"Very well! Now, you have this on condition that you go back in the Bretagne, and the Bretagne starts in two hours. And remember, you have never seen me!"

"Done!" exclaimed Trefume.

The pocket-book was handed to him, and he scrutinized the notes. They were all right. He tried to explain it all to himself; he was not clear on some points; but the more he tried to think it out, the more confused he became. Only one thing was clear; he had succeeded in getting a good slice of Uncle Sambuq's fortune and was now a rich man.

They remained where they were for an hour, then the American went with him to procure a ticket, saw him safely on board, and watched him until the ship started on its voyage across the Atlantic.

Thus it came about that Master Trefume, having had the good fortune to be taken for a detective, became the heir of Uncle Sambuq, who had died penniless in a hospital a few weeks before!

As to Trefume, he was never able to arrive at any proper understanding of the affair, but he did not worry himself much on that head. Later on, when he had given up work and donned a frock coat he used to shake his head and declare, with much gravity, that in business matters those American fellows were far ahead of any other people. See how quickly they settled that little matter of Uncle Sambuq's fortune.

The Home Vegetable Garden

John W. Lloyd, Illinois

The home garden should be planned with a view to furnishing a large assortment and continuous supply of vegetables through the entire season. Its size will depend primarily upon the amount of land available. Whether the garden is on the farm, in the village back yard, or on the city lot, the principles governing the planting and care are the same, although the distances of planting, methods of tillage, and intensity of cropping may differ widely.

After measuring the area that is to be used for the garden, the next step is to decide what vegetables are to be grown. If only a limited amount of time and attention can be given the garden, it may be wise not to undertake the growing of some of the more exacting crops, such as eggplant, cauliflower and celery, even though space is unlimited. If, on the other hand, the space is limited, it may be necessary to leave out a part or all of the vegetables requiring a large amount of room, such as potatoes, sweet corn, lima beans, cucumbers, squashes, melons and sweet potatoes. Whatever the space available; the crops to be grown should be decided upon long before the time for planting.

In planning the garden it is well to arrange the vegetables in the order in which they are to be planted. In order that the vegetables may be so arranged, it is necessary to know the proper time for planting each crop. Failures often result from planting some crops too early and others too late. Each crop has its own peculiarities as to temperature and moisture requirements and planting should be timed accordingly.

Onions, lettuce, spinach, radishes, beets, parsnips, carrots, parsley and peas can usually be planted as early in spring as the ground is in fit condition to work. The normal season for planting these crops is when the farmer is sowing his oats. Sweet corn and string beans are usually planted early in May; lima beans, tomatoes, cucumbers, melons and squashes are planted from one to two weeks later; while sweet potatoes and eggplants should be kept in the hot-bed until the first week in June. Of the crops that are to be planted at the same time, those that are similar in character of growth and cultural requirements, or that occupy the land the same length of time, should be planted together.

Having the garden definitely planned as to the arrangement of the different vegetables and the time of planting each crop, the only other arrangements that need to be made in advance of the planting season are the selection and purchase of seeds and the manuring and plowing of the land. As a rule it is more satisfactory to select the seeds from the catalog of a reliable seedsman and order them by mail than to depend upon the supply at the grocery store. In any case, it is wise to procure the seeds considerably in advance of the planting season.

After the crops are planted, success in the vegetable garden depends chiefly upon thorough and frequent tillage. The tillage should begin as soon as the plants can be seen, and should be repeated at intervals of about one week throughout the season. Much labor will be saved by substituting a wheel hoe for the hand hoe for stirring the soil close about the plants while they are small, and by using a horse for cultivating between the rows whenever there is sufficient space. If these methods are employed, the most irksome features of vegetable gardening—the weeding and tedious hand tillage—will be largely eliminated.

Western Woman Speaks With Enthusiasm

Mrs. R. Eckford Tells of Dodd's Kidney Pills

She Says They Are "All Right," and Gives Her Reasons For Saying So—Why They Are Popular on the Prairies.

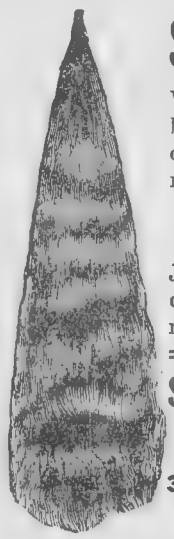
Leslieville, Alta., February, 1918 (Special.)—It is with true Western enthusiasm that Mrs. R. Eckford, of this place, gives her opinion of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I wish to inform you that Dodd's Kidney Pills are all right," says Mrs. Eckford.

"I have only taken two boxes, and my back is fine. Of course I will keep on taking them whenever I think my kidneys are not just right."

"Your Diamond Dinner Pills are dandy, too," Mrs. Eckford added. "I keep them in the house, and take one occasionally as required."

What strikes one most on the prairies is the warm praise the people give Dodd's Kidney Pills. They are used for all kidney troubles, including backache, rheumatism, lumbago, heart disease, diabetes, and dropsy and Bright's disease, and their popularity is the proof of the good work they are doing. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the standard Canadian kidney remedy.



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Winter Sports in Old Ontario

By Bonnycastle Dale

DOES that word "Ontario" bring back memories at this time of the year of bank-full roads and great drifts of snow, nipping cold winds howling through the pines, just a few wee "Chick-a-de-dees" and woodpeckers to be seen, and the tracks of a straight running fox or a leaping rabbit, to my readers who left this fine old province and settled on the great prairies? After a fine crop of grain, roots and bush fruits, great quantities of hay, a poor crop of apples, and a glorious October and part of November, Old Winter fairly leaped in. All the north and south roads are heaped with drifts, especially where you good people built the "snake fences." The home-

A boy's winter decoying

stayers of your families, who put up wire fences, have cleanly snowed, flat roads, for sleighing. The thermometer has hovered around the zero mark and the hustle for wood and high-priced coal is keen, even if the Ontario farmers did get $17.00 for their hogs, $12.00 for their choice export steers and $11.00 for butchers choice, $2.22 for wheat, 77c. for oats, $14.00 to $15.00 per ton for hay, close to $2.00 a bag for potatoes, butter at 50c. and eggs anything from 60c. to $1.00 for Christmas market, poultry from 25c. to 40c. a pound—they had to pay highly for every stroke of work and pound of supplies, still they did very well. I remember sitting near my cameras on a desolate point, and watching a farmer drawing his wheat to a wee wharf for shipment to the nearest buyer, every time he came down the hill he had close to $100 worth on, and it looked a small load at that; when ten acres produce $500.00 worth of crop, your old friends in Ontario are not doing so badly at all! at all!

Oh, but the heartache of the mother in the little farmhouse on the hill as the rumbling, rattling wheels clatter down the frozen road—how often the dear lad, sleeping his last sleep "somewhere in

Skiing when the lake ice is half covered with icy water

France," drove those same horses down that hill with a lower-priced load of wheat. Ah! we are paying a great price after all. From where I write this at the home camp, I can see farm after farm clean swept of its sons by voluntary enlistment. The Indian village of Hiawatha has responded well, and some of its noble sons have come back to us worn out, shocked, some still there are fighting for you and while yet I write. One good chap has been a noted sniper for years now; it is a miracle how he escapes with his life. He, a good, kindly, well-educated young man, who, before he left here had never killed even large game, now has a fearsome record of the Huns who have fallen before his rifle. I do not see, although the sights the men who have returned went through were so awful, they never detail them to me, that the cruel war has radically changed the kind natures they grew up with—they laugh and jest, shoot and fish much the same; true, they look more matured than they would have had peace ruled the world instead of war. But many of the farms have no returned boys on them, only a tragic cable message and a few poor souvenirs to replace that dear laughing boy they fondly called Son.

I started to tell you of how we pass the long, cold, dark days of winter, but the tragic war always gets into my typewriter.

December, as I told you, fairly leaped in as a winter month. The lakes and rivers of Ontario were mostly frozen solidly when the month dawned, skaters were gliding around leaping fires each night where usually at this date we paddled our canoes. What bit of shooting there was ended in the third week of November. Take a look at Laddie, Jr.—no, that smile is not frozen on, even if the scene is a bit cold, so cold that the decoys are spread out on the snow, as all the lake is ice-covered, even if the river is not frozen up yet. The good old folks and the housewives (and the pretty girls who will be housewives in their turn) are all snowed in, only the men and boys are to be seen.

We were deeply and sadly interested in these last scenes of the season on this great hunting lake, one was especially sad—a poor solitary surfduck, hit

I've got four

evidently in the wing joint, so that it could not fly, was trying slowly and clumsily to make its way across a long clear stretch of ice to a neighboring island. Its position was almost erect and it flopped and slid and strutted along for the shore. Once there it hid in the low-growing cedars; alas, leaving both track and scent for the first wandering weasel, mink or fox. The ice was so thin and treacherous that we did not dare cross and put the poor thing out of misery. I do hope the young hunters growing up amid the excellent shooting of the prairies and the foothills will always remember to be merciful. I asked Laddie, Jr., "Would you like to kill the duck?" "Yes, because it will suffer and starve to death, if we don't," he replied. The young lad had just returned from a two months' photographing and shooting trip with me, and we had learned never to kill a single bird we did not need for camp food. One day, in the sun's glare, I most unfortunately killed a griebe in mistake for a teal, and we never approached that spot without a feeling of sadness.

I wonder if my lady readers ever imagine how two poor lonely campers manage as to cooking—well, we just had to learn. One thing we have gleaned is, that a pot-roasted duck with an onion cut up in the pot and cooked slowly for an hour and a half is an excellent dish; also, if any of the household find wild or even tame ducks too rich, just boil them slowly for thirty minutes and pour off and keep the rich stock for soup, removing the layer of fat when it is cold; the half-cooked duck can then be roasted or boiled or fried. If you want to avoid the dangers of in-

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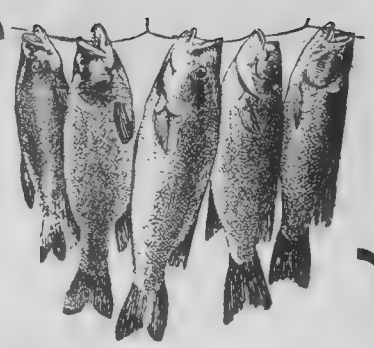

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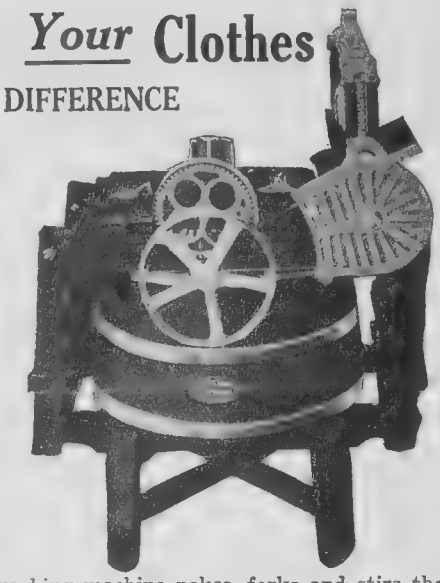

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The Philosopher

The Two Opposing Spirits

In the British operations which resulted in the taking of Jerusalem and in all that the British forces have done in Palestine there has been the most scrupulous carefulness to preserve the sacred places from injury. If it had been a German army seeking to bring Palestine under the German flag, would there have been anything of the sort? All the world knows that there would not have been the least regard shown for the sacredness of the places associated with the life and death of Jesus. A German General would have delighted to show how little he allowed such "foolish sentimentalism," as General von Bissing termed the world-wide indignation at the murder of Edith Cavell, to interfere with "thorough-going efficiency in our military operations," to use an expression of the Kaiser himself. As the war goes on, its developments bring out ever more clearly the basic difference between what Germany stands for and what the league of free peoples who are fighting to save the world from German domination are fighting for.

The Kaiser's Human Herds

In more ways than one the masses of the German people are regarded by their rulers as human herds. The Kaiser is the head of the great herditary family of Central European ranchers. For years he took a keen delight in the increase of his droves of cattle, his plan being to dispose of none until the total number had become immense; and he had it all carefully thought out so that when he did have to dispose of some of them, it would be the fewest possible, and he would do it to the best possible advantage in the way of increasing the Hohenzollern holdings and obtaining new areas of land on which his sons could go into the cattle-raising business on a large scale. In fact, he planned to make the Hohenzollern land-holdings world-wide. But his plans have not worked out at all as he intended. The losses he has suffered in his human herds have been prodigious; they are constantly continuing, and they present a formidable problem to him and his ranch managers. There are rumors of indication of a stampede among some of his herds, but those rumors remain to be confirmed. The great problem which the Hohenzollern system has to face is the depletion of its human livestock. To drop the figure of speech, so many male German human beings have been killed that ordinary civilized human life can no longer supply the losses rapidly enough to prevent the future from looking dark for the Hohenzollern system. And so the Hohenzollern managers of the lives of the German people have ordained procedures which are too inhuman and indecent to be dwelt upon. By this most degrading and demoralizing development of the German war policy, Kultur has given final and definitive proof of its being the antipodes of Christianity.

The Kaiser Never Appeals to Christ

More than ever plainly through the dark masses of cloud that cast gloom upon the world shines the great truth that the hope of humanity is in Christianity. Democracy is a part of Christianity, and only a part. This war is a world conflict between the spirit which would destroy Christianity and the spirit which would preserve it. The Kaiser is forever using the name of "God," which is a Kultural term meaning the old pagan deity, the tribal god, Thor, or Odin, or Woden. He never appeals to Christ—he never uses the name of Jesus. The distinction is fundamental. If the world is to be saved from destruction—physical, no less than spiritual, destruction—it will be saved by Christianity, by the message delivered on the hillsides of Judea by Him Who died upon the cross for humanity, and Whose teachings are savagely laughed to scorn by the workers of outrage and atrocity on land and on sea, and who have as the very core of their guiding principle the denial of the bedrock principles of Christianity.

Progress of Woman Suffrage

By an interesting and most notable coincidence, on the same day in the second week of the new year both the House of Lords in London, and the House of Representatives in Washington, went on record in a manner favorable to woman suffrage. The House at Washington adopted by exactly a two-thirds majority the woman suffrage provision intended to be added to the constitution of the United States. The assent of the Senate being given, the proposed amendment will then be sent to the State Legislatures for their final ratification. Upon the Legislators of three-fourths of the States giving their assent, the amendment becomes part of the constitution. It is a curious fact that this amendment is, in its form, a modification of the famous fifteenth amendment, which was added to the United States constitution in 1870, five years after the close of the Civil War, to prevent the disfranchisement by Southern States of negroes who by the thirteenth and fourteenth amendments, in 1865 and 1868, respectively, had been endowed with full citizenship. The full text of the fifteenth amendment is: "The right of citizens of the United States shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." The woman suffrage amendment which the House at Washington has adopted substitutes for the last ten words these: "On account of sex." That it is now only a question of time, and of no very long time, until woman suffrage is established in the United States is plainly to be seen. All the favorable conditions making for its progress will become more so while the war lasts and the economic effects of the war continue to be felt; and the same is true in Great Britain, and in our own country. The vote by which the House of Lords rejected a resolution adverse to woman suffrage was only two short of being two to one.

The Germans and The Bees

There could hardly be a comparison of more striking fitness than that of the German nation to the beehive. The life of the beehive, which is so completely set forth in Maurice Maeterlinck's remarkable book on the bees, furnishes one of the most wonderful examples of rigid and relentless efficiency in all nature. Everything in the beehive is made subservient to the two purposes of honey storage and race perpetuation. When the due time comes the working bees murder the drones (which have until then been the pampered idlers of the hive), and they do it in a relentless and thorough-going manner. And it is so with everything else in the life of the hive. In like manner, the German state system of highly organized "efficiency," under autocratic military rule, has been built up for the past two score years and more. The ideal of the German state system is the ideal of the beehive. Not the human virtues, but (if the phrase may be allowed) the insect virtues have been cultivated. To the bees there is nothing in the world but the hive, the enemies of the hive, the nectar in flowers, and obedience to the relentless system which governs the life of the hive. To the Germans there is nothing in the world but the Kaiser and the Fatherland, those whom the Kaiser points out as the enemies of himself and the Fatherland, loot, and obedience to the merciless iron state system which governs every German life in everything, even as the system of the beehive governs the life of the bees in everything. And every human feeling must make way before the German state system. Thus it is that atrocities are committed by the Germans, on land and on sea, in cold blood, as a matter of duty. They have no more sympathy for any other human beings on whom their rulers bid them wage war than the bees have for any of the enemies of the hive.

A Pretence, And The Facts

One of the most outrageously false of the innumerable falsifications put forth from Berlin was the assertion, in support of the claim that Germany's colonies should be returned to her, that the natives in those regions loved Germans and wanted to be under German rule. On the contrary, the natives in those regions hate German rule, and have every reason to hate it, and have gladly fought under the Union Jack and helped to put an end to German rule in those regions. Any of them that fought on the German side did so under threats of being shot if they did not, and seized the first opportunity to surrender to the British forces. Between 1903 and 1907 the Germans slaughtered 35,000 Herreros in German Southwest Africa. Against other black peoples in Africa the Germans likewise carried wars of the most savage atrocity, butchery being resorted to with the deliberate purpose of extermination, so that colonists from Germany might have the territory all to themselves. Under von Wissman, Karl Peters and other German commanders, 120,000 natives were killed in East Africa alone. Those unfortunate black people experienced something of the German "frightfulness," which white people have since experienced on land and on sea, in numbers so vastly greater. There are no natives in any of the regions that were German colonies who "love German rule"—the Kaiser might say, just as truthfully, that the people left in Belgium and in the portion of France occupied by the Germans love German rule.

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Winter Sports in Old Ontario

(Continued from Page 19)

digestion arising from frying things in the pan, even fish are excellent boiled in a cloth to hold them firm and eaten as boiled fresh fish or cold salted fish with a dressing on, or baked a bit in the oven. I have learned that the frying pan is a first-class indigestion breeder. Another trick we have learned is, if the rice is too thin after boiling, stir in a little dissolved corn starch. It is only right to save every drop of water off macaroni, rice, cleaned vegetables—all this makes first-class stock. I think many of these saving ways will outlast this cruel war. Now, if the women have stopped laughing at my household hints I know the bachelors will benefit by them. I know many of you away up on those rich, lone prairies, and I don't think you are a bit more snowbound and winter-held than your old-time friends and relations in old Ontario.

One day, after we had picked up our decoys off the ice and were dragging the sleigh, canoe-laden, homewards, we came on the track of another poor crippled duck walking over snow and ice for our island. We could see by the tracks the hard time it was having, as it had evidently been in haste—these tracks had been made the night before.

"Look at the fox track!" called Laddie—there was the straight dog-like track coming across the lake, here it joined onto the wild duck's trail, and Laddie, Jr., and I both followed them to the shore. By the melted spot on the ice the duck must have made the land's edge several minutes ahead of the fox, and rested there with wildly beating heart and staring eyes, listening for that fatal "Pad, pad" of the swiftly-moving feet. There was a long sliding track where the fox had leaped and caught the wild fowl; then a long wing-beaten path where the bird had been wildly flapping in the mouthhold of the animal; then the fox had thrown the bird over his back and loped straight off in the exact tracks he had made coming in. Luckily the poor duck was dead by now, the swift biting clutch and shoulder throw of the fox severs the vital cord in the neck. How many a dark tragedy occurs these wild nights in our great drowned lands and marshes, and on our wide windswept lakes?

With our glasses we could see far out on the ice a dark object that we took to be a duck. It had rained and melted the night before and the ice, this day, was a long series of water and snow-topped wee islands, too deep and wet for boots.

"I'll get my skis," shouted Laddie, Jr.; and he left me standing on the lake shore. Pretty soon I heard him returning, pushing his way along over the snow on the island above me; the island sloped sharply to the bank's top and he was yelling, "Whoa! buck up you, whoa!" to his legs and skis evidently; and also even more evidently they did not obey, for the youngster came shooting over that bank like a runaway horse. He did some of it in the air, and some of it on the skis, and most of it on his stomach, as, when I arrived with the camera, he was jammed against a silver birch laughing like a merry grig, whatever that may be; so I just heartlessly snapped him.

But all his troubles were not over yet, for there was a high wind blowing, and the ice under the rain water was glare and slippery; but off he set on his skis for that far distant duck. He went straight at it until the wind took a hold of the game and then he went sideways like a crab, throwing up a watery spray ahead. "Splash, bump," and down he sat with a puzzled look on his merry face. He was up in a minute and off again. I saw him arrive at the "duck," stand over it, turn and start back towards me. Then he had the time of his life, head down, arms thrown out, legs and skis flying everywhere, he finally made the shore. "Gosh," he grunted, "it was only an old black root after all!"

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Harvesting in Germany

By N. Tourneur

NEVER in all history have harvesting operations assumed such a degree of national importance to all the countries at war. But to none of them are the grain crops more important than to Germany. Throughout the Confederation of German kingdoms the maximum agricultural effort has been put forth, for with them the food question—the failure of this harvest—mean, practically, the issue of defeat.

The German farmer has, for many years been held up as the model to follow for intensive and other agriculture; in which, however, he is, in truth, at the foot of the class. Nowhere is this better instanced than in the Kaiser's favorite home province of Pomerania, which region may be taken to be especially looked to by the Prussian Government, and given every attention. In Pomerania the Prussian farmer, who is usually accepted as the best of his kind in Germany, continues doing even as did his great-great-grandfather before him; and, following in his footsteps, he keeps up many a quaint and ancient farming custom. Germany has been accepted as the country of scientific and engineering research, and its application to industries. Yet it is a generation and more behind the times in agricultural enterprise for time saving. To-day, in Pomerania and other areas of the German Empire the up-to-date motor or other reaper is not known, or, if it is, it has only been introduced since 1915. Just as a hundred years ago the Pomeranian agriculturalist reaps his all important crop of rye, barley, and other grains by hand—with hook and scythe, although his fields are especially suitable for the use of the reaping machine. Flat tracts, unbroken by hedge or ditch, with their boundaries picked out by means of low, dry stone dykes, they offer immense scope to the tractor reaper. Only the well-laid and splendidly kept military roads, and the straight broad tracks leading to the fields and often intersecting them, break up the expanse of the plains, that are dotted with groves of trees, and the very solidly built farmhouses and slab-roofed sheds and buildings.

In these times of war, prisoners taken from the Allies have been detailed under guards to help the Pomeranian farmer, working for their starvation ration of food, and twenty pfennigen (some two cents) a day. One, however, remembers the local harvesters drawn from the men, women, and children, on the estates; and the men, garbed in pink and red blouses, together with their women folk in brightly colored skirts and shirts, and immense sun hats, busily ply scythe and gathering hook in and out through the yellow rye, working with surprising energy, notwithstanding the torrid sun beating down on them.

Unlike the prisoners of war, they are not paid by the day, nor by the time taken to cut the grain, but by the allotment; and for the selection of the allotment the head of the gang draws straws against the other gangers, or is chosen individually for it by the farmer, rentee, or estate owner, as the case may be. Hence, there always being plenty of cutting to be done, and this paid for handsomely, and at once (unlike the average German farmer's way), the smarter the harvesters work the more they earn; and there are always plenty "merks" paid for the gleanings. The harvesters feed themselves, and the farmer provides beer and other refreshments. One wonders how the "toss-pots" do this year without their gallons of "bier," for the war is driving all Germany compulsorily "dry."

Early in the course of the harvest one of the oldest rites or ceremonial customs in all Deutschland is invariably carried out. A handful of straw with the ears is taken from a sheaf, and is twined round the right arm of the farmer's eldest daughter, while a short rhyme is uttered, expressing the workers' best wishes for wealth and a large family to the recipient. This custom is undoubtedly a survival coming down from the pagan times.

Chief, however, of all the harvest customs, and as ancient as Pomerania herself, and the rite of abundance just described, is that of the "harvest home" or festival. And so strangely made are the Teutons, psychologically, that it is safe to say the festival is being gaily celebrated this year on many a farm in East Prussia, notwithstanding the awfulness of the war and the weight of tragedies arising out of it.

On the night the harvest is ended, all the workers on the estate, for usually the Pomeranian farmer is "ein Herrschaft," together with the local band—and bands are found everywhere, save in melancholy Frisia—betake themselves to the proprietor's house, marching in regular order, headed by the music-makers. Every one is there, and every one is in her or his best Sunday-meeting clothes. In front of the "Herrschaften," who have issued from the yellow-washed house, the procession stops; the band breaks into a merry polka, and a girl dances out from the crowd with the famous "straw man" in her arms. This straw man is a full sized male figure of rye straw, and decorated with flowers. It has taken many of the previous evenings to make him. As the band stops, the "madchen" dances up to the eldest son of the farmer, curtsies, repeats the inevitable "poem," and then enters the house, carrying the straw man that is to watch over and bring good fortune to the farmer and his family. The rest of the evening is spent in dancing and festivity.

One assertion may very safely be made. It is that the farmer in Germany will be a better and more expeditious one after the war.

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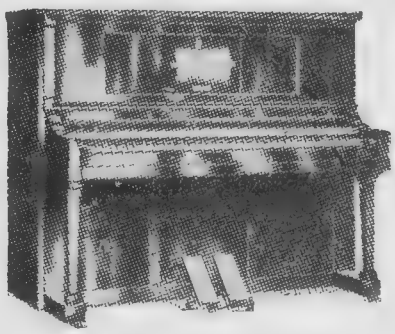

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Poultry Chat

H. E. Vialoux, Charleswood, Man.

What a busy month February should be with all poultry men and women; plans should be made for the spring work and an inventory taken of the flock on the farm as well as in the amateur's little poultry house.

Every farmer should aim to select at least one breeding pen, even if he does not possess pure bred fowls—pick out a dozen or fifteen of the best—yearlings are good, or two-year-old hens make excellent breeders, well matured pullets may also find a place in the coop.

Some kind of a pen should be made for these breeding hens, apart from the rank and file of the army of layers—especial care must be taken of this breeding pen if really fertile eggs are looked for in early spring.

Keep the rest of the flock laying eggs for market and family use and forcing them a bit with warm mashes will do no harm. A good run on the grass when April sunshine comes will soon regain the vitality of winter layers.

Heavy layers during the cold months will not produce good hatching eggs in April. Every one interested in fowl and (it is now a patriotic duty to be a producer of eggs, or garden sass) should visit one of the numerous poultry shows held in all the western cities during this month of conventions and bonspiels and shows in general. Talk to the owners of fine show birds and endeavor to secure a first-class male bird, cock or cockerel, of your favorite breed. Every would-be poultry raiser cannot perhaps, venture to buy a prize winner at the winter show, but exhibitors can usually supply a fine cockerel at a reasonable price and the management at all the shows will gladly assist in getting a buyer in touch with reliable breeders.

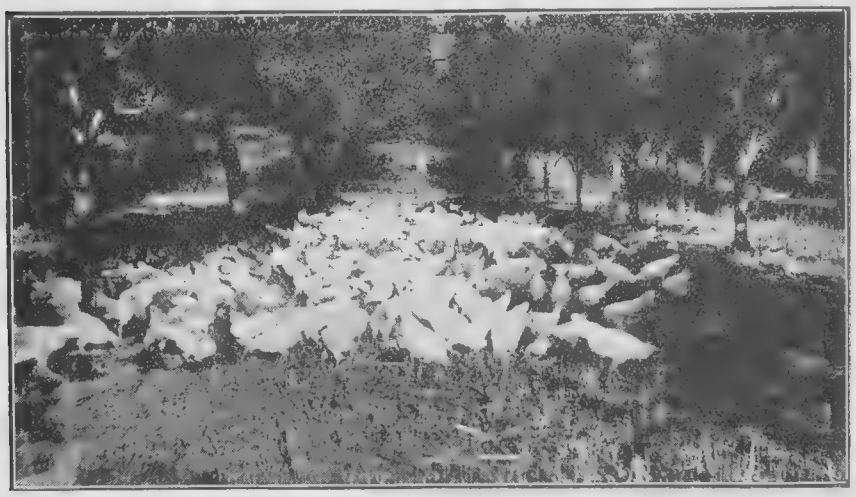
A man should not hesitate in the extra outlay of $2.00 or $3.00 on a good bird. Remember after all, he is half the flock. My old favorite, the Barred Rock, still heads the list, as a general utility bird for the farm, exceeding in hardiness all other breeds in this rigorous climate. The Barred Rock is the favorite breed for eggs and meat at all of our western agricultural colleges and experimental stations.

The beautiful Wyandotte has many admirers but the chicks are not nearly so hardy as the Rock and the Wyandotte is not adapted for artificial incubation at all, the chicks seem to lack vitality. The Orpington has many friends, also, and is a good layer but this breed does not mature as quickly as either of the two others and does not make as fine a table bird—the carcase is somewhat coarse and angular.

Having become the proud possessor of a fine cockerel with plenty of vim and constitution the next factor in securing fertile eggs is the care of the breeding pen. Hens must not be too fat and heavy with torpid livers from over-eating, but alert and in perfect physical condition. Therefore the best breeder must work for her living all day long and plenty of chaff or straw, 4 or 5 inches deep must be provided for her on the hen house floor. In this, whole grain or cracked corn, oats or barley should be scattered a couple of times a day. I do not advocate the feeding of much re-cleaned screenings as this feed is poor and costs nearly $40 per ton if bought in the towns—of course the farmer can use it most profitably. Barley, also is a cheap feed on the farm; oats is a splendid egg producer, even when high-priced oat-chop should be included in the dry mash for a breeding pen. Mixed with cracked screenings, bran and shorts and a little charcoal, a good war time mash can be made and fed in a hopper or trough. Town dwellers can buy a feed wheat, grade 5 or thereabouts at $3.50 per 100 lbs. by looking about. This is a good feed wheat, more profitable than trash and weed seeds. Use insect powder sometimes and keep the pen clean and well aired. Fresh air and sunshine and a run outside as soon as weather permits will insure fertile eggs—clean water daily, cabbage, potatoes (small or peelings) mangels or beets, all vary the daily ration and prevent egg eating. Alfalfa meal steamed and mixed with bran or shorts makes a change and sometimes will cure egg eating. Wet mashes, outside of this one I do not use in a breeding pen. In the spring no tonics or spices of any kind are necessary to produce fertile eggs and strong chicks. Green cut bone or raw meat no doubt will increase the output of eggs but in these war time days, these things are hard to get and most expensive. The farmer can feed buttermilk or skim milk and obtain the same results as if he gave his hens green cut bone.

I have had most fertile eggs in April without feeding either one of these things, but I am a great advocate for buttermilk at all times. In poultry feeding buttermilk will keep hens healthy in just the same way as it will correct indigestion and other ailments in human beings. Hatching eggs should be kept in a temperature of about 50 degrees and should be set within ten days to a fortnight for the best results—often the winter layers will furnish broody hens for the early hatching. I do not advise an incubator for a small flock, though running a small machine is a pleasant hobby for the man or woman with a few fowls.

Poultry keeping in back gardens is the cry at present. Even our city dailies are writing editorials on the great advantage of raising chickens in town. Personally, I am much in favor of this scheme of utilizing the waste scraps of the household and producing some eggs and table fowl. The average back garden can easily have a chicken run' enclosed of course, with mesh wire and kept as clean as a pin. There is no excuse for dirty poultry runs or houses and there should be no (foul or fowl) ordor, even after a rain. For a small run 8 or 10 birds only should be kept and two piano boxes will make them



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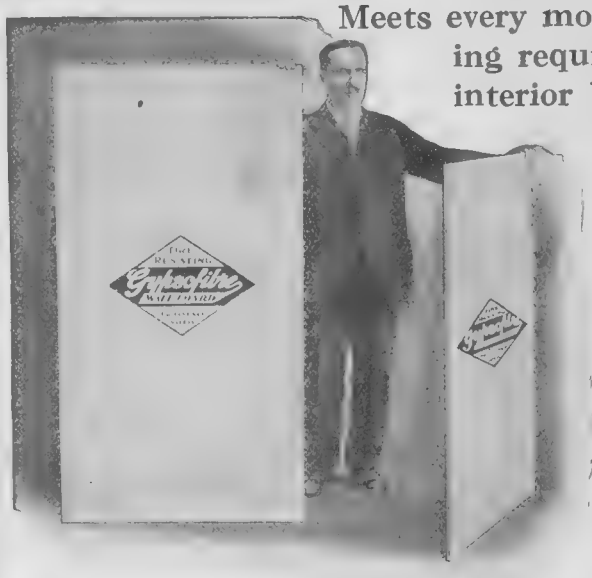

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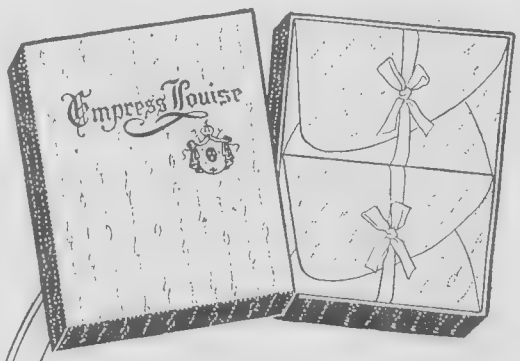

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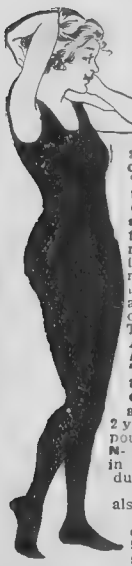

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an excellent house in the back yard. One small load of straw costing $3.00 to $5.00 will keep the small flock in litter or scratching material for a year at least, and the cleaning and general care will interest the average boy or girl immensely. As regards the noise of the cackling hens and crowing roosters, we so often hear of, why is this cheerful sound deemed worse than railway whistles or the constant braying of motor horns or rattle and screech of our city street cars and jitneys. The din of street noises continues all night whilst our rooster does not turn out to crow until 4 a. m. in spring and 8 a. m. in winter.

City gardens and poultry runs should not be hopelessly mixed up. Keep each branch of patriotic production in its proper bounds, well fenced up and all will go well. Lettuce and green peas can be served with the first broiler and peace kept on the street.

The feed bill will not be heavy for this little band of hens, as in an average family the table scraps and peelings, etc., will furnish half of the necessary food for 8 or 10 fowls. Do not let them become fat and lazy, but keep them scratching all the time. They will lay well and later on some chicks can be raised, perhaps a couple of dozen without much trouble or expense. Never try to raise too many in small quarters. The government are doing all in their power to encourage this branch of back yard chicken raising, and Prof. Herner has arranged a series of lectures which should prove most helpful to all amateurs. For the back yard the White or Brown Leghorn will lead all breeds in filling the egg basket and these little birds mature very quickly, as they are practically non-sitters. A couple of broody old hens will be needed to hatch out the eggs—an incubator is certainly not needed in back yard poultry keeping.

Less than 18 months ago Mr. and Mrs. Chataway of 78 Cathedral Ave., St. Johns, raised some chickens to please the kiddies out at their summer home in the country. As they were loth to kill off the children's pets in the fall on their return to Winnipeg Mr. Chataway had a small house built and kept over the little flock in which they became very interested. A goodly number of winter eggs were laid and back yard poultry keeping has become a habit and pleasant pastime with the family. A model hen house has been built this season and this flock of 40 odd hens and pullets have done splendidly dispite the cold winter. 200 eggs were laid in December and the January record to date, the 15th, average of over a dozen per day. Mrs. Chataway is using trap nests and has some fine pure bred White Leghorns, which she is wintering in a cotton front house and looks for great results in the spring, when she will be in a position to sell eggs for hatching from birds wintered under ideal conditions. The record of this flock is splendid and should encourage amateur raisers of chickens very much. Many of the poultrymen claim the present winter a very hard one on laying hens and new laid eggs are unusually scarce in Winnipeg.

The Winnipeg Poultry Show will be held this season in the Industrial Bureau and the poultry breeders are planning for a bumper show of more than 3000 birds. The dates set for this big event are Feb. 18 to 22 inclusive. The Orpington class, that grand exhibition fowl will be shown in large numbers by Winnipeg breeders.

Hens as a Side Line

By C. P. Reed

A small farm situated just outside a good sized Michigan town illustrates what can be done with a flock of 250 hens under common farm conditions and ordinary market facilities without any fussing. Forethought has been used in providing sensible conveniences. The owner is a rural mail carrier and operates his ten-acre farm as a side line with the same ideals and methods as do the larger farmers whom he serves on his route. The only difference is that he has given more intelligent thought and study to his poultry than any of his patrons, and he gets several times the returns per hen. His summary for the year shows total receipts of $683.81 and expenditures of $358.19.

The difference, $325.62, makes a very satisfactory profit on the investment. This is about $1.30 net per hen, which is more than the total sales per hen from the average farm flock. This man's results were attained before wartimes and present abnormal prices that should stimulate farmers to provide self-feeding hoppers and other conveniences, and encourage people who have a small yard to seriously consider a flock of poultry as a war measure. It may result in a nice profit for the owner. Feed now costs much more than it did early in the year; but his books show a proportionately increased income.

He has no equipment beyond the reach of the average farmer, and expended little if any more labor than the average farm flock gets.

His poultry house was built after plans made by H. L. Kempster, published in Bulletin No. 226 of the Michigan Experimental Station. It is constructed in three sections. The end near the house is large enough for an alley, a water hydrant and his feed bins. The balance of the house is of the half-open front style with muslin windows hinged at the top. The entire building is on a cement foundation and floor. Three sides and roof are of ordinary shiplap lumber with four-ply roofing paper on the roof and single ply on the sides. The building faces the south and allows a good yard for the chickens in a small orchard of pears and plums. The trees furnish shade for the fowls and bring in ample revenue.

The poultry house is close to the barn where his supply of alfalfa, clover and straw is kept. This convenient arrangement, together with self-feed hoppers and watering devices, enables him to give the flock the care it needs to produce winter eggs without the fussing which all farmers object to and most farmers' wives are obliged to do if they get winter eggs. He buys his feed in quantity and keeps it in the feed room and thus saves many a step to the regular granary.

His small grain was fed in the litter on the floor and all the other feed in the self-feed hoppers, except the beets and cabbages, which were thrown on the floor without cutting. He had no regular formula for his mash and small grain mixtures, but purchased such feed as he could get at least cost to supply the necessary food elements. During the year he used seventy-one bushels of oats, thirty-eight bushels of shelled corn and fifty-five bushels of wheat for his small grains; 2100 pounds of food-factory refuse—forty per cent protein—380 pounds of corn and oats, chopped, 3300 pounds of bran, 1100 pounds of middlings 50 pounds of oil meal, 1000 pounds of corn meal and 400 pounds of gluten feed for his mash.

His daily routine is to throw down his scratch feed, fill the self-feed hoppers and self-watering devices in the morning before the fowls come off the perches. During the day while he is gone on his route they get no attention save the watchful care the wife gives. After the mail has been delivered he has time to clean the roosts and do other work before feeding them for the night.

He raises Barred Rocks, which is the popular kind with his farmer patrons, and enables him to sell them a few settings at several cents more than the market prices. He is so crowded for room that he has to sell part of his flock to make room for his young chickens. The young chicks are incubated in the cellar of his home and brooded in the regular poultry house. This necessitates selling his two-year-old laying hens the last of March, but this plan has several advantages. It enables him to sell when eggs are getting cheap and grain is at the highest point and when fowls will bring the most money at the meat market.

Some people will think that this method necessitates overtime work for the man on a salary; but overtime work for oneself is generally not a very serious objection. It furnishes a relief from the regular routine of the salary job, and poultry is an attractive side line for a hobby. This man's experience is no unusual performance and is valuable as a suggestion to farmers who are not getting good returns on their flock of hens as well as to mail carriers and others who have spare time each day which can be spent in outdoor work.

Aiden-by-the-Sea

By Lilian Leveridge

Where the air is freshest, clearest,
Where the sea-pinks bloom the fairest,
Where the wave-washed shells are rarest,
And the waters laugh with glee.
Where the summer sands are golden,
'Neath the sheltering mountains folden,
Lies a village quaint and olden,
Known as Aiden-by-the-Sea.

In a little cot where roses,
Pansies, pinks and other posies
Bloom till the long summer closes,
Lives a maiden fair to see.
Sixteen summers, beauty-laden,
Passing, blessed the fisher maiden.
She is loved by all at Aiden,
Happy Aiden-by-the-Sea.

Marjorie hath known no sorrow,
Each to-day and each to-morrow
Seem a golden gleam to borrow
From the bright sun, glad and free,
Which a daily joy doth lend her
As it rises warm and tender,
Shedding rays of rosy splendor
Over Aiden-by-the-Sea.

When her baby heart was needing
Kindest love and wisest leading,
Angels called with tender pleading—
Motherless was Marjorie.
But she grew as grow the flowers
In the sunshine and the showers,
Making beautiful the bowers
There at Aiden-by-the-Sea.

One beside the sunny water
Woos and wins the fisher's daughter.
Other lads in vain have sought her,
None she loves but Norman Lee.
In the golden summer weather
Hand in hand they roam together
O'er the sands and through the heather.
Sweet is Aiden-by-the-Sea.

He is brave and true and tender,
Strong to cherish and defend her.
She—the angels that attend her
Scarce more beautiful could be.
The swift hours with joy are laden
As the ardent youth and maiden
Live and love and dream at Aiden,
Happy Aiden-by-the-Sea.

Dawns a sad day when the lover
Sails the sunny waters over.
He becomes a restless rover,
Seeking gold for Marjorie.
She in dayspring and in gloaming
Gazes o'er the billows foaming,
Prays for him, her sweetheart roaming
Far from Aiden-by-the-Sea.

Skies are darkening, waves are whitening;
Thunders crash, and vivid lightning
Plays across the heavens, frightening
Pallid watchers on the quay:
For, those angry waters spurning,
Proudly rides a ship returning.
Anxious hearts are praying, yearning,
There at Aiden-by-the-Sea.

Near the vessel comes, and nearer:
As the lightning flashes clearer
Marjorie descries one dearer
Than her life—'tis Norman Lee.
Just a moment she hath seen him.
Now the tossing foam-flakes screen him,
Raging billows howl between him
And calm Aiden-by-the-Sea.

Where the hidden reefs are frowning,
Soon the doomed crew are drowning;
Timid ones ashore are swooning—
Leaps the lifeboat from the quay.
Back with rescued sailors laden
Comes again—but ah! the maiden
Weeps and waits in vain at Aden,
Sad, sad Aiden-by-the-Sea.

Morning breaks with sunlight glowing,
Softer, gentler gales are blowing.
Moaning billows shoreward flowing
Bear the lifeless Norman Lee.
Peaceful now he resteth, sleeping
In the churchyard's quiet keeping,
Marjorie beside him weeping
Mourns at Aiden-by-the-Sea.

In the autumn, sad and dreary,
The old fisherman, grown weary,
Whispers to his daughter, "Dearie,
Do not mourn, my child, for me;
For I feel that I am dying,
I am going where no crying
E'er is known, nor pain, nor sighing—
Far from Aiden-by-the-Sea."

Where the snowy daisies cover
Lovingly each low mound over,
Sleeps her mother, father, lover.
All alone is Marjorie.
All her days are full of sorrow;
Each to-day from each to-morrow
Doth an added burden borrow.
Drear is Aiden-by-the-Sea.

The Sailors' Evening Star

The sunset light is soft and fair,
The birds are singing everywhere
Their vesper songs, and far and near
The lovely flowers are blooming.
Can sorrow live when skies are blue
And Nature thrills with life anew,
Refreshed by glistening showers of dew
In gleaming and in gloaming?

Upon a mound where, soft and low,
The breezes whisper, and like snow
In drifted whiteness daisies blow,
There kneels a mourning maiden.
Her tears are falling like the rain;
Time brings no healing for her pain,
For nevermore will come again
Those old, sweet days at Aiden.

The village pastor, walking near,
Hath heard the sigh and marked the tear.
Breathing an earnest, thoughtful prayer,
That Heaven's touch of healing
May comfort her who weeps alone
With hopeless heart and bitter moan,
He pauses by the mossy stone
And speaks with tender feeling:

"Maiden, my heart doth overflow
With grief to see you sorrow so
For those you laid to rest below
This snowy pall of flowers;
And I would offer, if I may,
Some word of hope to be your stay,
Some happier thought to drive away
The doubts that cloud your hours.

"If they had sailed from Aiden bay
To some fair country far away,
Where you would join them too some day,
Their peace and gladness sharing,
The parting needs must give you pain,
But you would dry your tears again
And think, while gazing o'er the main,
Of that reunion nearing.

"They are not dead, the loved, the dear,
Only their bodies slumber here.
The tender, living hearts are there
In the calm port of Heaven.
Look up, my child! Beyond the blue
Of yon fair skies they wait for you.
Oh then, take heart! Be brave, be true!
Sure hope to you is given.

"Let not the days pass, one by one,
Unto the setting of the sun,
Nor mark some worthy action done;
And in your sorrow never
Be blind to others' need of you,
And deeds of love your hand may do.
Thus to yourself be ever true,
And those lost loves forever."

Like freshness of the summer showers,
Or dewdrops, to the thirsting flowers,
These gentle words with healing powers
Soothe all her aching sadness.
Not lost, but only waiting there
Safe anchored in the Haven fair,
Beyond the storms of pain and care—
It is a thought of gladness.

She glances upward to the blue,
She whispers low, "I will be true!
Oh, help me to begin anew,
Bravely my burden bearing."
The bells of evening softly sound;
She rises from the dewy ground,
The inner light her soul hath found,
In her sweet face appearing.

* * * * *

The months speed past, and lo! where white
Foam dashed upon the reefs, a light
Is shining clearly through the night;
And there alone the maiden
Keeps ward and watch by night and day,
Tending the lamp whose cheerful ray
Lights up the shadows of the bay
When the dark falls o'er Aiden.

Full many a home-bound seaman, far
Out where the tossing billows are,
Hath blessed the "Sailor's Evening Star"—
For this sweet name is given
To Marjorie, the true and brave,
Whose highest gladness is to save
The voyagers upon the wave,
And guide them to their haven.

Nor sad nor lonely is her life;
Nay, all her days with joy are rife.
She, more than victor in the strife,
Her crown of sorrow hideth
In fragrant blooms of asphodel,
And thinks with hope of them that dwell
In that calm Port her faith knows well,
Where deathless love abideth.

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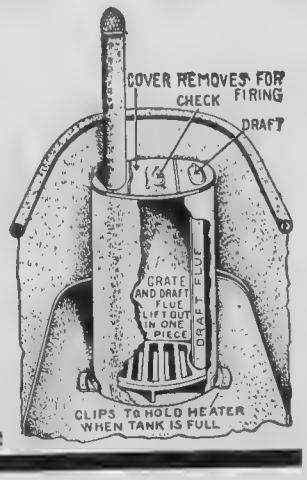

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Woman's Quiet Hour

The past month has been an extremely busy one, and there seems never to have been a moment when I could collect my thoughts sufficiently to write an article for this page.

Just as the month was drawing to a close, the death of Lt.-Col. McCrae drew my attention once again to the poetry inspired by the war, and so this month I am giving my readers a small collection of the verses I have clipped from time to time from the daily papers and pasted in my scrap-book. The ones that I have chosen seem each to have a special message.

In Flanders Fields

(By Lt.-Col. John McCrae, of Montreal, whose death in London has just been announced)

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That marks our place, and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up your quarrel with the foe!
To you, from falling hands, we throw
The torch, be yours to hold it high!
If we break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

The Anxious Dead

(By the late Lt.-Col. John McCrae)

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions pressing on:
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear
And died not knowing how the day had gone)

O flashing muzzles, pause, and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar;
Then let your mighty chorus witness be
To them, and Caesar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,
That we will onward till we win or fall,
That we will keep the faith for which they died

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon
They shall feel earth enwrap in silence deep,
Shall greet in wonderment, the quiet dawn,
And in content may turn them to their sleep.

The Soldier

(By Rupert Brooke)

If I should die, think only this of me;
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
My pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

England Yet!

You have been offered a coward's truce,
Peace—and a lasting shame!
Ah! but little they knew you still!
Who plotted to blast your name!
Little they recked of the wrath unchecked
Which has leapt to a blinding flame!
Mother of ours, our hearts are true
To the trust that our sires bequeathed.
We had striven hard in the cause of peace
Till the shameful word was breathed.
Our answer came in the roll of drums
And the flash of a sword unsheathed!

Your sons shall offer their lives, their all,
Your daughters their sons shall yield
To the mine-strewn sea where the grey ships glide,
To the hell of the stricken field,
Guarding the fame of your cherished name
With the strength of that living shield.

We fear not death in your hour of need
For honor can never die!
Mother, our arms shall be strong to-day
As thy sons in the years gone by
To keep thee free as the circling sea,
Free as the open sky!

Touchstone, in London Daily Mail

The Maples

(By Captain Harwood Steele, A.D.C. to Officer Commanding Second Canadian Contingent, now in France)

"Sir Robert Borden planted maple seeds on the graves of the Canadians killed in Flanders."—(Newspaper Extract).

Twenty years hence, when the last trench has crumbled,
And Time has lifted Belgium from her knees,
The wind that cools her hills and stirs her cornfields
Will sing through maple trees.

And the old peasant, resting by the roadside,
Will pause beneath their shade with lowered head,
Holding the Groves as dedicate and sacred
To our all-hallowed dead.

Since here shall lie, far from the land they died for,
Where they had fallen in the battle's heart,
Thousands of heroes, nameless but immortal,
Forever set apart.

Though they may slumber in a foreign country,
Nothing shall break their rest or trouble them,
For stately emblems of their great Dominion
Shall sigh their requiem.

From a Grave Near Vimy Ridge

"The amen of Nature is always a flower"
"It grew" one writes, where he is sleeping;
T'will precious be in your safe keeping."

The wraith of a dead flower speaks
Not of a grave and its defilement,
Only of love and reconcilement.

And in its stead new buds shall blow——
Like nuns adoring, hour by hour,
"Amen! shall breathe from every flower—
Amen!

Florence Livesay, Winnipeg.

The Long Way

(By Mary Synon, in Harper's Weekly)

"It's a long way to Tipperary,"
He was singing as he went
Through the gray fog of the shadows
From the barracks battlement.
And I watched him marching, marching
From the land of our old woe,
With the heart within me breaking
For the cruel road he'd go.

"It's a long way to Tipperary"
My own lad had laughed at me
When I gave him Godspeed gaily
With my soul all misery,
On his dear red lips I kissed him
Lest the two of us should know
How far, far from Innisfallen
Was the bitter road he'd go.

"It's a long way to Tipperary,"
From the dark hill where he lies
With his blue eyes staring glassy
At the sodden southern skies,
Just another Irish soldier
Died for freedom at her call,
But the long way from Tipperary
Is the longest road of all.

"Killed in Action"

Such were the words my lady read,
Within her stately home,
For freedom's sake her son had died
Across the channel foam.

The Bishop in his palace, too,
Received the dreaded slip—
His son fell charging at the guns,
His sword strong in his grip.

In lonesome grief those fatal words
A widowed mother read,
Her boy went forth with smile and song,
Tho' unto death it led.

The ne'er do well behind the gun,
Until the last fought on!
He fell beside its shattered breach
Just as the day was won.

Undaunted 'gainst the countless Huns,
They died in Freedom's name,
Upholding Britain's mighty sway
To shield her peerless fame.

Len Jeffreys.

Going West

(Charlotte Elizabeth Wells in N.Y. Times)
(The British soldiers frequently refer to death as "Going West")

Going West, O my comrade,
To a far home—a long home—oh, not the home we know—
Not to the land of hawthorn or of heather—
Yet as we fare the long, long road together,
Are soft winds and sweet winds that out of the Westland blow.

Going West, O my comrade,
On the long road—a strange road—or, not a road we know—
Not to the moors—O lad, I wonder whether
The gorse is all abloom while we together
Feel on our faces, now, the winds from the Westland blow.

Going West, O my comrade,
On the still road—a dark road—oh, not a road we know;
I with khaki torn—you with draggled feather—
The last old tramp we'll ever take together—
While taps sound and pipes wail—as winds from the Westland blow.

Going West, O my comrade,
In a long peace—a brave peace—the end we may not know;
Brothers, we've been through all the stormy weather—
Brothers we'll be as we lie down together—
And strong winds from the Westland, over the trenches blow!

The Care of the Hair

There are two things that the hair must have in order to preserve its health and beauty: perfect cleanliness and a good circulation of the blood in the scalp. Badly treated or neglected hair is not beautiful; it grows dry, and dull, and brittle, and if the bad treatment continues it may gradually disappear entirely.

Most persons do not begin to tremble for their hair soon enough. They wait until a good deal of it has fallen out, and then they think to set matters right by a few appointments at the hair-dresser's and a bottle of tonic. But nothing demands and responds to consistent good treatment more than the hair. It is hard to say just how often you ought to have a shampoo, but be sure it is done often enough to keep both hair and scalp in a condition of absolute cleanliness.

If washing seems to make the hair too dry, rub in a few drops of some bland oil after the shampoo. Do not put the oil directly on the hair, where it cannot possibly do any good, but massage it thoroughly into the scalp with the tips o the fingers. That needs to be done only after a shampoo, in order to restore the natural oil that the washing has removed, but it is a good plan to massage the scalp with the tips of the fingers every day, both night and morning. That is perhaps the most important single rule for those who would possess fine hair. The massage should be vigorous, but not rough, for the purpose is to bring the blood to the surface of the skin and to keep the scalp sreely movable on the surface of the skull to that the blood can circulate freely. The free circulation of the blood is the whole secret of the strength, the gloss, and the beauty of the human hair. Careful brushing (with a scrupulously clean brush) is also helpful, for it tends to dust, to make the hair more glossy, and to make it amenable to its owner's will.

Youth: Would you advise me to go in for politics?

Leader: Son, the mere fact that you are so modest as to seek advice about it proves that you are unfit for the game.

A San Francisco business man, who last year made a trip to the Philippines, brought back a Filipino youth whose mental alertness made quite an impression upon him. The lad was installed in the San Franciscan's office as a clerk, and he did very well, notwithstanding the fact that he was a little shaky in his English.

One day the employer handed the Filipino a bill for some goods purchased by a customer a long time previously.

"As this gentleman seems to have no intention of settling this account," said the employer, "I want you to write to him, saying that an immediate adjustment of the indebtedness will be expected."

The Filipino labored long and finally laid before his employer the following effort:

"My dear sir: This is to advise you that if you do not instanter send us the money you owe us we shall be compelled to take measures that will cause you the utmost astonishment."

USE THIS COUPON

Messrs. Winnipeg Piano Co., 333 Portage Ave. Winnipeg

Gentlemen: You might send me your New Edison Amberola Catalogue and detailed particulars regarding terms of payment, etc, as advertised in The Western Home Monthly

Name.....

Address.....

You Can Still Buy The Famous

New Edison Amberola

AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES
ON THE SAME EASY TERMS

Bigger each month is the demand for this greatest invention of a great inventor—the Amberola that has brought the world's best music into thousands of farm homes—music for dancing, patriotic and sacred music, humorous stories and entertainment that has made life much brighter in many a home outside the larger cities. Your family need the musical education that Mr. Edison's great invention makes possible.

$7.00 Cash Sends this Amberola to you Complete with 10 Selections

Think just what the possession of one of these great entertainers means in your home. Think of the added hours of pleasure and enjoyment—and for so little money. Old and young alike will appreciate the instrumental and vocal music that the Amberola makes possible in your home.

Why buy an unknown and inferior make of instrument when you can purchase an EDISON at these prices?

This is a Straight Business Proposition

Made by Western Canada's largest Music House. A brand new instrument to every purchaser—not one that has been repeatedly sent out on the "trial offer" system. A small cash payment and the balance of $49.50 at $5 monthly or quarterly, half yearly or fall payments arranged with larger deposits.

WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION

and the safe delivery of your instrument at the same prices paid anywhere in Canada.

Other Styles at Different Prices

No expense has been spared to make the New Edison instruments the finest that money can buy. You know what the name Edison means on a product. It is the same as Steinway on pianos.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR CATALOGS

TWO OTHER STYLES (with 10 Records each)
On which half cash and balance next fall will be accepted.
Model 50 $88.50 | Model 75 A Full Upright Cabinet Model $121.50

USE THE COUPON ABOVE

WINNIPEG PIANO CO

333 PORTAGE AVE. WINNIPEG.

DIRECT FACTORY REPRESENTATIVES
STEINWAY, GERHARD HEINTZMAN, NORDHEIMER, CHICKERING, HAINES, BELL, SHERLOCK-MANNING, DOHERTY, CANADA AND LESAGE PIANOS.
EDISON, COLUMBIA, EUPHONOLIAN AND PHONOLA PHONOGRAPHS

Author of this Page

To the Young Men of Western Canada

Prof. W. F. Osborne, University of Manitoba

Loveless Lives

There is a sentence in Tennyson's beautiful poem, "The Palace of Art," tha thas haunted my mind ever since I first read it. It runs: "He that casts out Love in turn shall be cast out from Love and on its threshold lie, howling in outer darkness." That is terribly true. There is no desolation comparable with that of the man who violates love or who eliminates it from his life.

English Homes

The only other lines from that poem that have lingered in my memory all through the years are four describing an English home:

"And one an English home—gray twilight poured
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace."

Zola's Picture of 1870

I have just read Zola's picture of the war of 1870—"La Debacle." I think it is the most terrible book I have ever read. On the French side nothing but inaptitude, suffering, and heroism. On the German side nothing but brutality, machine-like precision, and soulless success. One can see that the German machine of 1914-18 is just the logical development of that of 1870. This book read in the light of the events of to-day make one dread that if Prussian militarism is not now destroyed the Germans of fifty years from now will be the brutal masters of the world.

The Next German Offensive

The New Republic calculates that the allied superiority on the western front does not exceed 500,000 men. It figures that the next real German offensive in the west will come certainly in the spring. Suppose by that time the Central Powers have been able to transfer a million men from the eastern lines. Can we be sure what may happen under those circumstances? In this connection, outside the prospect of American assistance, there are only two elements of hope that I can see. One is the relative ease of defence as compared with offense under conditions of modern warfare. The other is that Great Britain may now feel safe to denude the British Islands of troops to an extent that she would not have been prepared to consent to earlier in the struggle.

France and England

From a first-class war-story, "The Red Planet," by W.J. Locke, I have just learned a beautiful thing that I had not known before. It seems that the French government has assigned to the British ownership for all time of the soil occupied by British graves in France. Could anything be more appropriate, more touching, more magnificent? In time perhaps France will be studded too, with the graves of American soldiers. Can anyone doubt that henceforth for all world purposes Britain, France, and the United States will be bound together in an indissoluble friendship?

Seeing One's Way

I started out to walk the other morning in the midst of a blizzard. There was so much snow on the sidewalk that I decided to try the centre of the street. There the wind was sweeping the streets clean. Following the street car tracks I kept to the left hand side. Why? Because on that side I could see what was coming towards me. Whereas on the other track I should have had to be casting all the time furtive glances to the rear. What would come up behind me, I could not tell. What was straight before me, I could see. It is a great satisfaction and safety to see a fair way ahead of where one stands or walks at any given moment. It is the blocked path, the pocket, the stone wall straight in front of one that so often does the damage. I have often thought that a large part of the sin of the world is due to the absence of a vista, of a prospect. As long as a man can see a straight path ahead for a reasonable distance, and as long as he knows that he is making progress in a determined direction, he is not apt to be guilty of anything abnormal or vicious. What wonder that the wretchedly poor, living in slums, have recourse to drink and all that sort of thing! It is the closed door, the blinded vision, in a word, hopelessness that prompts them to try to snatch a mistaken respite from their woes.

Into Thin Air

In a recent speech by Lloyd-George, the British, Premier, speaking of certain contentions of the enemy said: "They have long since vanished into thin air." The phrase 'into thin air' comes from "The Tempest," the last play Shakespeare wrote. Prospero the magician has called up certain of his tributary spirits to perform before the eyes of the young prince Ferdinand. The 'show' is interrupted by the threatened arrival of some hostile characters. The necromancer then says: "These our actors, as I foretold you, are all spirits, and have vanished into air." He then adds, as if to make the words more impressive, "into thin air."

The Pensiveness of Shakespeare

Shakespeare is haunted, throughout his plays, by the sense of the transitoriness of things. From the expression above referred to he goes on and says, in lines of almost unearthly beauty: "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the great globe itself, yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve, and, like this insubstantial pageant faded, leave not a wreck behind. We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and all our little life is rounded with a sleep."

The Language of Shakespeare

Wordsworth breaks out in a noble sonnet: "We must be free or die, who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke, the faith and morals hold, which Milton held." Shakespeare was certainly a wonderful master of our English speech. Take this great passage from "Macbeth." Lady Macbeth, her hands stained with the blood of the murdered Duncan, asks, as she walks in her remorseful sleep: "Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather the multitudinous seas incarnadine, making the green, one red." What opulence and mastery in the control of speech! So deep is the die of guilt upon her hand that this hand, thrust into the sea it matters not where, will instantly encrimson all the seas of all the world! What vast intervals separate the use of the language by the ignorant and the inarticulate from the use of the same language by those, who, either thanks to supreme endowment or to ceaseless industry, are or have become masters in the handling of it. I remember once spending a night in a humble roadside inn in the south of England. During the evening I watched certain sheep-shearers as they played cards about the table in the "bar-parlour." All evening I heard nothing but grunted monosyllables. And yet these men were using, for the expression of their rudimentary ideas the same speech from which Shakespeare was capable of eliciting such noble harmonies. Why shouldn't the young farmers of Western Canada spend their long winter evenings in reading the great pages of Shakespeare. They would be amazed at the change that would be wrought in their power of expression. Take passages like this from "Hamlet." "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a God!" Or take this from one of his sonnets. Instead of saying: When I begin to think of the past, he puts it: "When to the sessions of sweet, silent thought I summon up remembrance of things past." What a difference there is in those two ways of saying the same thing. The one is banal, commonplace. The other is touched with a sort of supernal beauty.

The Touchstone of Greatness

It is hard not to be impatient of the commonplace. Most of us want to be doing great things. We forget that the commonplace is the very stuff of life. It is by our handling of the commonplace that we must stand or fall. What makes an act great or petty is for the most part the spirit in which it is performed. Unless we are minded to do small things greatly, we shall, in all probability, never have the chance of doing what the world ordinarily calls "a great thing." It is the man who ploughs a little field thoroughly who is likely one day to have a great estate. I must be pardoned if I take literature for an illustration. Nathaniel Hawthorne, the great American novelist, when he went to Bowdoin College in Maine, was advised by an old uncle to write something at the close of every day 'in the best English at his command.' The old man didn't know anything about the rules of rhetoric. He could not give his nephew specific instructions. He just said: 'in the best English at your command.' The boy followed his uncle's advice, and he began keeping note-books in which he described as well as he could what he saw and what he felt. The result in after years was the Scarlet Letter, the most haunting and powerful of American novels. It was much the same with Robert Louis Stevenson, who built up by conscious effort, that wonderful style of his. I am reading now some of the works of Pierre Loti, an officer in the French navy, who was born, by the way, in the same year as Stevenson. There again you find a delicately shaded style, the result of infinite care. 'There is no known way of making equal the results of attention and of inattention." Do things in a spendthrift, devil-may-care, slipshod way, and, it matters not what field, you will remain a bungler." That is a profound word, capable of infinite application: "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

The Caillaux Case

Caillaux, a former premier of France, is to be put on trial for complicity with the Germans, for high treason. This will be a cause celebee with a vengeance. The French take their sensational trials very seriously. It is earnestly to be desired that the present case may not rend France in this hour of supreme trial. I was in France while the Dreyfus Case was at its height. It was astonishing how deep a furrow it drove across the field of French society. I remember spending a whole afternoon on the rocky islet in the harbor of St. Malo where Chateaubriand, the great man of letters, lies buried. His remains rest beneath a slab of granite on which is inscribed the one word: Chateaubriand. About the grave with me were a number of young Frenchmen. They were distressed by the havoc that was being worked in the nation by a sensational trial. I remember with what bitterness one of the young men said: "You English are wiser than we. We quarrel with each other while you go on making money and governing the world." Of course, there is a reverse to the medal. The French are weak where we are strong, and, equally, strong where we are weak. Every man, and every nation has, as the French themselves say with their unrivalled capacity for putting things aptly, the defects of his or its qualities.

"What I Have to Be"

I heard an affecting thing the other night about a five-year-old boy. He was being put to bed, and was having vaseline or something of the sort rubbed on his nose. The experience apparently was a trifle unpleasant, and he was complaining. His mother said: "Boy must be brave." That isn't all I've got to be," he protested. "Why, what must you be?" inquired the mother. "I've got to be pure." "And what else?" queried the mother. "I've got to be true." "I've got to be brave, I've got to be pure, I've got to be true." There's a programme for you. Heaven grant that he may be all those. If he proves to be, they will carry him pretty well through. Where did all that come from? From exercises with the flag in the kindergarten. It is in the kindergarten, in the school, in the university that the temper of the nation is moulded, its destiny fixed. Character and ideality are the big things in education.

The Spot of Soundness

But even if it is, I feel constrained to say, don't despair. No matter how late it is, "it is never too late to mend." How shall we "mend," if our life is in ruins? Start in, and pick up the pieces. There is surely something left. Examine yourself. You will find some little spot of soundness. Some tiny impulse to good, to industry, to achievement, to kindness is left. Grapple yourself to that. Work out from that. Evil spreads; but so does goodness. Find in your life some one little centre of rightness, of right thinking, of generous impulse, of good intention. Work out from that. Some one says: "His one sin spoiled all." So it did. So it does. But one good impulse—treasured, magnified, repeated—may easily save all. Say to yourself, in the words of Henley: "I am the captain of my fete, I am the master of my soul." Your body is not you; your senses are not you; your fears are not you. "You" are above all that. The Eternal is in league with you, if you will let it be. The universe is on your side, if you will put yourself in touch with its healing, recuperative forces. Remember Trine's phrase: "In tune with the Infinite." Exercise the negative from your thinking. You can pump yourself full of executive, creative energy. Negation is poison. "Can't" is perdition to the one who listens to it. Work out, work out—from some centre of soundness, no matter how small, how contemptible it may seem to be. It is the first step to recovery, remember, that is difficult. Take that first step, in Heaven's name. You will be amazed what momentum you will acquire, and how rapidly you will acquire it.

The Silver Cross for Mothers

The excellent suggestion was made more than a year ago by Mr. W. H. Fraser, the Canadian author, that a cross of silver should be given by the government to mothers whose sons have made the supreme sacrifice as soldiers—a cross of silver to be worn as a token of service and a decoration of honor, a gift from the country not intrinsically valuable (the Victoria Cross is of only nominal intrinsic value), but of a value beyond expression in words, as a tribute from Canada to the mothers of brave sons who gave their lives for Canada. Why has not that most worthy suggestion been kept before public attention? Nothing has come of it as yet. It should be revived, and acted upon. It would not mean to the government a large expenditure; while as for the trouble it would give, the machinery for dealing with that is in existence in the military records system. Why do not some of the women's organizations take up this suggestion and keep their energy persistently behind it until it is carried to realization?

Last Chance at Present Prices

Come to Winnipeg *for* Bonspiel Week

Feb. 12th to 22nd

Galloway Bids You Welcome

FRIENDS, LISTEN!

I want every one of you that can, to come to Winnipeg for Bonspiel Week and incidently to visit us at our sales rooms at the corner of Princess and Bannatyne Streets, opposite John Deere Plow Co.

To make it a **PAYING** and **PROFITABLE** trip for you, I am going to extend my present prices on all lines till February 22nd, 1918, which is the closing day of the Bonspiel.

Now this is a rare opportunity for you to step in and make your purchase at present prices.

Remember that before February 22nd all mail order catalogues will be out with their advanced prices on practically everything. My new spring catalogue will also be out with advanced prices, but as I said before I am going to hold my present prices as they are till the end of Bonspiel Week, February 22nd, to give you the last chance of buying your needs at present low prices.

If you cannot arrange to visit us personally during this gala week, mail us your orders for those things that you are going to need in the near future, thus making a saving of at least from 20 to 30 per cent.

The articles shown on this page are among the lines that will show the biggest increase of prices for spring and summer, and you can safely order direct from this page with the full assurance that you are making a big saving, besides getting goods that are positively guaranteed from every standpoint.

Your friend at Winnipeg,

WM. GALLOWAY

Our Spring catalogue will be ready to mail February 15th, 1918, and prices on all lines will show a material advance. We are going to extend the time limited of our present prices, however, till February 22nd, which is the ending of the Bonspiel Week in Winnipeg, thus giving all visitors an opportunity of calling at our sales rooms and making purchases at the old prices.

The Great Galloway Line of Masterpiece Engines

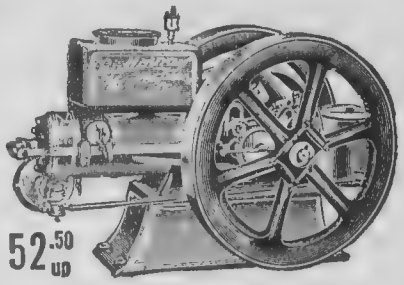
1¾ h.p. to 16 h.p.

BURNS GASOLINE OR KEROSENE

Masterpieces of power and efficiency. Large bore and long stroke. Guaranteed to develop power far in excess of their ratings. Easy to start in coldest weather and very economical in fuel consumption.

30 days' Free Trial—CASH OR CREDIT

Try the size you like best on your own farm or place 30 days free and then buy with a 10-year legal guarantee. My big **Free Book** tells all about it. Write for it today and take advantage of present low prices.



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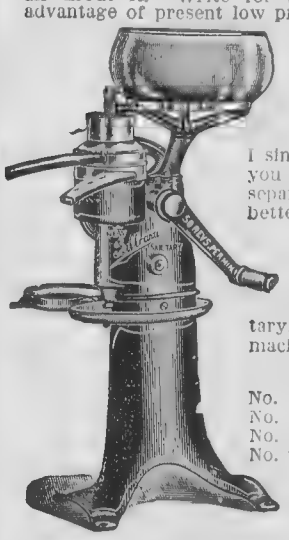


The Light-Running, Close-Skimming

Galloway Cream Separator

I simply ask you to try it on your farm for 90 days, and then if you are not convinced that it will pay you more than any other separator you have ever seen send it back. Can you expect a better proposition than that?

Send for my New Free Cream Separator Book

It tells you all about the **New Galloway Sanitary Cream Separator**— how it is made—why it's the machine you need—how I make so low a price—why it's the most sanitary, easiest running, closest skimming and most dependable machine possible to build.

HERE ARE MY PRICES—SAVE BY BUYING NOW

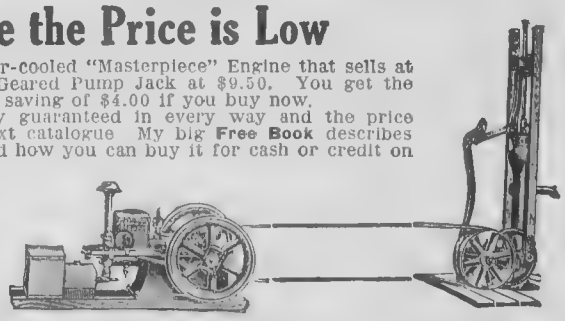
No. 4.—Capacity per hour, 375 lbs.	Price	45.50
No. 7.—Capacity per hour, 500 lbs.	Price	52.50
No. 9.—Capacity per hour, 750 lbs.	Price	59.50
No. 11.—Capacity per hour, 950 lbs.	Price	67.50

Buy this Complete Pumping Outfit NOW while the Price is Low

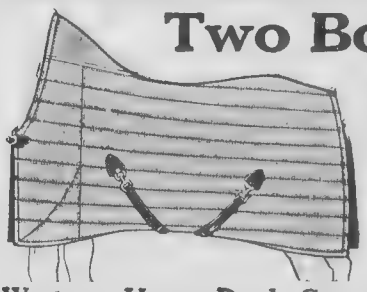
Outfit consists of my 2¼ H.P. air-cooled "Masterpiece" Engine that sells at $68.50, and my No. 4 Double Geared Pump Jack at $9.50. You get the combination outfit at **$74.50**—a saving of $4.00 if you buy now.

Remember the outfit is fully guaranteed in every way and the price will positively go up in my next catalogue. My big **Free Book** describes in detail this complete outfit and how you can buy it for cash or credit on 30 days' free trial.

Complete Outfit **74.50**



Two Bonspiel Specials

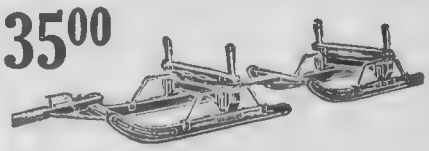


Western Heavy Duck Storm Blanket, with Leather Attachments

This blanket will insure your horse greatest amount of comfort, and give greatest service in wearing qualities. Note size of this blanket, the high gusset in the neck and the leather attachments. Made extra long, 84 ins.; is 76 ins. wide, with warm Kersey lining 68 ins. wide. Strapped at breast and shaped over tail.

7E920.—Price, each **3.00**

35.00



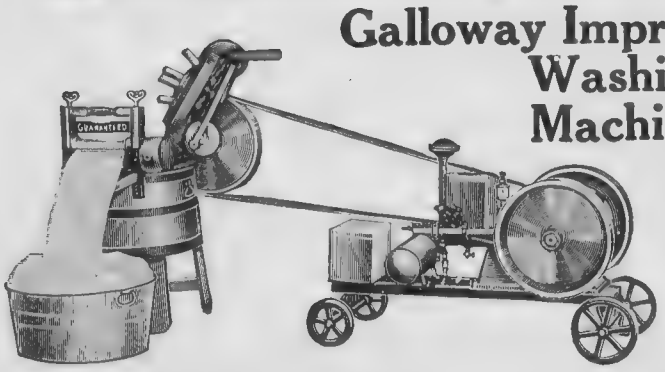
Galloway Bob Sleighs

BUILT FOR SERVICE AND DURABILITY

Next season you will have to pay nearly double present price for sleighs like these. The government has commandeered all hard wood for aeroplanes and manufacturers of bobb sleighs will be on other work.

Extra well made and strongly braced. White Oak runners, well ironed and braced spring steel shoes. Runners 6 ft. long, 5 ins. deep. Heavy steel wearing plates where friction occurs prolong the life and use of this sleigh.

Galloway Improved Washing Machine



A Big Labor Saver

Does the Work on Wash Day while You Watch It

PRICES—WASHING MACHINES ONLY

4E2950.—Washer, complete with Wringer. Weight, about 110 pounds. Price f.o.b. Winnipeg Warehouse, regular $29.50 **25.00**

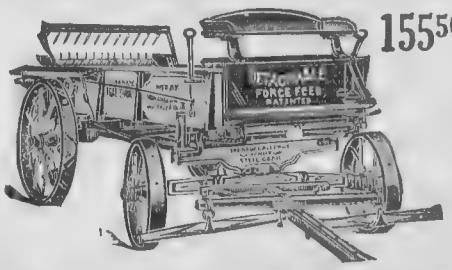
COMBINATION -WASHER AND ENGINE PRICES

If you purchase the **Galloway Improved Washer with Engine and Truck** as shown in illustration, we will furnish a sufficient amount of **Belt Free** and ship it with the machine. The engine is the regular **Galloway Guaranteed Engine,** fully described in the Engine Section of my catalogue, and there is nothing on the market to equal it for pumping or running any kind of light machines.

4E2978.—Washer, complete with 1¾ H.P. air-cooled engine (belt free)	77.50
4E2979.—Washer, complete with 1¾ H.P. water-cooled engine (belt free)	83.50
4E7980.—Washer, complete with 2¼ H.P. water-cooled engine (belt free)	93.50

All Prices f.o.b. Winnipeg Warehouse.

NOTE.—In case you wish the outfit without engine truck, just deduct from above prices $7.75.



155.50

Galloway No. 8

70 Bushel

Manure Spreaders

The Machine of Many Exclusive Patents

Lightest draft machine on the market. Double chain drive, steer beater, positive force feed, endless apron, and many exclusive patents not found on any other machine.

30 days' Free Trial—CASH OR CREDIT. Many Styles and Sizes to choose from.

I ship them everywhere on 30 days' free trial test. You cant' afford to let your farm run down. A **Galloway Spreader** will increase its value every year and insure your crops besides. A streak of gold follows a **Galloway** everywhere. Send for my **Free Book** that tells all about it.

Wm. Galloway Co., of Canada, Ltd.

Princess and Bannatyne Streets, Winnipeg, Man.

HEAR THE **PANTAPHONE**
THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY
Plays all makes of Records.
Prices—$22.50 up.

PAR-O-KET

Double Record of Quality

Price 45c only

Fully equal in QUALITY, TONE, SELECTION and PLAYING TIME to the best 10-inch Records.
PLAYS ON ALL PHONOGRAPHS
Free Illustrated Booklets
Splendid Proposition to Dealers
Western Distributors
Canadian Phono & Sapphire Disc Co., Limited
408 Builders' Exchange Bldg., Winnipeg, Man.

The new minister in a Georgia church was delivering his first sermon. The darky janitor was a critical listener from a back corner of the church. The minister's sermon was eloquent, and his prayers seemed to cover the whole category of human wants.

After the services one of the deacons asked the old darky what he thought of the new minister. "Don't you think he offers up a good prayer, Joe?"

"Ah, mos' suhtainly does, boss. Why, that man axed de good Lord fo' things dat de odder preacher didn't even know He had!"

Rheumatism Conquered

I say that I can conquer rheumatism with a simple home treatment, without electrical treatment, stringent diet, weakening baths, or in fact any other of the usual treatments recommended for the cure of rheumatism.

Don't shut your eyes and say "impossible," but put me to the test

You may have tried everything you ever heard of and have spent your money right and left. I say "well and good," let me prove my claims without expense to you.

Let me send you without charge a trial treatment of DELANO'S RHEUMATIC CONQUEROR. I am willing to take the chance and surely the test will tell.

So send me your name and the test treatment will be sent you at once. When I send you this, I will write you more fully, and will show you that my treatment is not only for banishing rheumatism, but should also cleanse the system of Uric Acid and give great benefit in kidney trouble and help the general health.

This special offer will not be held open indefinitely. It will be necessary for you to make your application quickly. As soon as this discovery becomes better known I shall cease sending free treatments and shall then charge a price for this discovery which will be in proportion to its great value. So take a lvantage of this offer before it is too late. Remember, the test costs you absolutely nothing. F. H. Delano, 328 R Delano Bldg. Syracuse, N. Y.

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The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Margaret

She came to bid me "goodbye" last evening—one of "my" girls, and the motherheart in me thrilled with pride at the thought of her great mission, for under the able training of Dr. Ellenm Douglass, she, with several other youngt women, for three years drilled and studied and worked for service overseas, and now they are responding to their call and are leaving to-night. Margaret is a beautiful girl—sweet, lovely and womanly. What a blessing to have such young women for our brave soldiers! Somehow there is a halo of purity in the atmosphere they create—"the divinity of womanhood," Lieutenant Dawson has christened them. It is true. I am glad that Margaret's guiding star has led her to this Divine calling. In the great human adventure in the realm of girlhood we make wonderful discoveries. Margaret is one who lives broadly, deeply, intensely and her face is radiant with soul-strength. I have known her three years—the three years that have filled every spare minute of her life with training for efficiency for service—and during that time she has lived under the influence of a great good woman—Dr. Ellen Douglass. What a privilege for girls! To live under the influence of good women! What a privilege for men!

Ada Ward said this to our Press Club last week: "You do not realize how much the soldiers reverence a good woman! Oh, how they respect her! I have been the only woman in a camp of twelve hundred men over in France and they were so chivalrous—they were so respectful."

My dear girl readers there is nothing on the face of this earth that men admire so much as a good clean pure girl, and if we are true to the flag of our nation—we will bear high the standard of purity. Our brave soldiers expect this from us. We are the meanest kind of traitors if we disappoint them.

Many times I have referred to the divinely pure personality of Florence Nightingale—and our more recent crowned queen of the nursing field—Edith Cavell. This month I want to quote a paragraph from the life of Clara Barton. Though her life touched so many vital points in the states—her ancestors were from the Barton family in England—and she always wore a bit of red upon her costume as the symbol of sacrifice handed down from the armorial red on the coat of arms of the Barton family in the War of the Roses.

Charles Sumner described her as one who possessed "the talent of a statesman, the command of a general and the heart and hand of a woman." The crown of her leadership in America was the foundation of the American National Red Cross. The public regarded her as their greatest national heroine. I like to study biography to learn the qualities of character that make men and women powerful in the world. This is what I find in her biography written by Epler." First of all I should like to say that she never grew old. Her years numbered seventy, eighty, ninety, and more, but she kept the soul of youth. There was hardly a gray hair in her head. She sat and stood as erect as an Indian maiden, erect with the freedom and grace of youth.

She kept a sunny disposition and a cheerful face. Burdened as she often was by the sorrows, calamities, and atrocities of human life, suffering as she was called to suffer from serious and protracted illness, deeply sensitive in her inmost soul to criticism or injustice, she trod her path serenely down the long vista of the years, and her heart made music and her face radiated sunshine. Hers was no cheap unthinking optimism. Her faith in God and man was not of the superficial or unfeeling observer; she saw life sanely and she saw it whole, and kept her courage and her faith.

She was by nature a timid woman. Her courage was not the effervescence of mere animal life; it was the triumph of soul over instinctive shrinking from the presence of danger and the sight of pain. If she learned to look on suffering without tears it was not because she grew unfeeling, but because she accomplished a supreme self-mastery at the stern behest of duty. There is a courage which does not reckon with danger, nor stop to consider pain. Not of this sort was Clara Barton. It was her heroic soul and her deep human sympathy that made her strong and brave. Modest and unassuming—yet self confident—in the face of a great emergency—whether flood, or fire, or pestilence, or the slaughter of battle, she issued her quiet directions in a low voice and they carried with them the authority of a gentle and forceful personality. Men and women realized the force of her calm judgment, the purity of her motives, her power of accomplishment; they believed in her, responded gladly to her leadership, and were safe in so doing."

This is the delineation of a true woman—the woman who inspired men to victory—and European hospitals have nurses of this very type—many of them—who are leading men up—up to glorious achievement. Yes, this is the type that makes the true nurse. It is not easy—but the way is full of glory.

My dear young women—we cannot all be nurses overseas, but we can be nurses to humanity in our own little corner and we can aim to live the type of the true nurse.

Sensitive Girls

Somebody says sensitive girls are selfish. I do not believe it. The most unselfish girls I know are sensitive—the most selfish girls I know are not sensitive—they do not feel the pain or sorrow that hurts another heart.

I like sensitive people for I know so many who are serving humanity beautifully.

One time I was in the home of a very popular minister—a man who blessed hundreds of homes in the city. He always had a cheerful, hopeful message for his congregation. He loved humanity and he liked poor people. Somehow he felt their problems. He blessed the whole city and people said he was a great man. Yet in his home I saw his chin quiver and his eyes fill with tears at the thought of an unkind remark that some one with a head as withered as a peanut had said about him.

Genius feels the souls of others and such are sensitive.

We read biography after biography of men and women who have blessed humanity and we learn that they were sensitive.

Sensitiveness if rightly directed leads to unselfishness. The sensitive soul can learn to live for the good of others to such a degree that self is forgotten. Yes sensitiveness may lead to that unselfishness that makes the life rare and radiant—the crowning beauty of any life.

Elizabeth Fry—that great wonderful English woman who started world-wide prison reform was a nervous and sensitive girl. She said of herself: "Naturally sensitive, I find it an awful thing to rise in a large assembly, and unless much covered with love and power, hardly know how to venture." But she sppeared always to be "covered with love and power," for her addresses seemed to melt alike crowned heads and criminals in chains.

Yes, the name of Elizabeth Fry was known everywhere and she was sensitive—so sensitive that she felt the suffering of those in prison. I find this in a biography of George Elliott's life: "She was a sensitive girl."

Many names famous in history developed into power because of sensitive souls. Their sensitive souls gave them a vision of others.

So do not be troubled, my dear girl, if you are sensitive. Make that very "gift" the stepping stone to real achievement.

Give Them a Chance

War work is doing much to cement the business girls of the city into a big organization that is bringing them into closer union and understanding. Incidentally women are beginning to understand better this noble class of busy workers. Patriotic organizations are calling together business girls to a central place where a worthy object is explained and their aid solicited. These women are astonished at the generous response of the girls. Of course, girls respond to every appeal for good. They always did. The trouble is they have been regarded as a part of an industrial machine and their personality has been ignored.

There are in our city many splendid clubs of girls and they are doing definite

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Records show that during the past year hundreds of farmers in Western Canada have changed from reading weekly newspapers and are now reading daily newspapers. They have acquired the habit of reading daily newspapers and their favorite farm journals. The reason is obvious. They get the world news earlier, and more of it, than they could hope for in a weekly newspaper.

The cost is but a trifle—less than one cent for a day's reading. You will never regret sending in a trial subscription to CANADA'S BEST DAILY NEWSPAPER.

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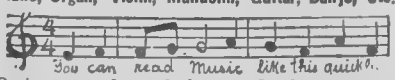

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work for our country. I have in mind a club of girls who are taking a social interest in three families of soldiers. A year ago they hunted up a soldier's widow with children. Two or three girls visited her every week and one would take the mother out while the other two would stay with the children. This woman looks forward to the weekly visit of the girls. Christmas meant more to that little mother and children because of the girls. The little kind personal attentions have done so much to help this lonely widow through her period of sacrifice. This is splendid work.

Oh, our girls are all right at heart. Just give them a chance!

Mrs. L. B. Copeland

The young women of Winnipeg and the West lost a real friend when Mrs. Copeland passed into the Great Beyond. She was one of those quiet gentle women who move in a silent forceful way, believing in the truthful command, "Let not your alms be seen." Her qualities inspired confidence. We believed in her because we knew her words were the expression of a life that lived genuine Christianity. After her death I called up a Catholic friend who had been with her a great deal in her work and her voice was full of sorrow over the loss of one who meant so much to her in the work among children. I then called up a Jewish friend who was associated with her in the anti-tuberculosis work and she said: "I feel I have lost one of my best friends." All branches of Protestants felt the same keen loss. We all loved her for she lived real Christianity —she was too broad minded to let race or creed bias her service for others.

Personally I feel I have lost my best friend for I consulted her so much in questions concerning the welfare of our girls. She was so fair and just. She placed herself in the background—the cause had first place. She hated publicity. One time she exclaimed: "I am going to be very careful before I criticize for the more I go about in my work, the more do I realize those who do the greatest work are least known." Her friends begged her to accept offices but she refused. In every fiber of her being she was womanly.

The Provincial government wsely appointed her on the executive of the Provincial Social Welfare Commission and she worked hard to increase her efficiency for service on this executive. Her service was so honest.

The memory of her life will make us better women.

Her last anxiety in the work for the Province was over the young girl recently in court—the young girl in a country school who had been ruined by her teacher. She intended to see justice shown that wronged girl and was planning to put forth every effort in that direction. She nuffered keenly over the injustice shows this young girl.

The memory of Mrs. Copeland's life will increase our efforts in any work that will help girls and women. There was that in her being which compelled her to give the best she had unstintedly to human service. No task was too humble.

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Stop at any Columbia dealer's store and have him show you a Grafonola. You will be allowed to play as many of your favorite selections as you wish on different Columbia Grafonola models. You may ask as many questions about Grafonolas as you wish—the more you ask the better the salesman will like it.

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Here's the Puller that you and thousands of others have long been waiting for. Ten thousand now in use. Letters from everywhere tell of sensational results. Pronounced a big success by Government Officials, University Experts and Land Clearing Contractors. Pulls ordinary run of stumps or trees out of the soil so easy—it's almost play.

One man can clear an acre a day—costs about 4c a stump. Think of clearing land so cheaply. Think of pulling all your stumps by hand—and alone—no horses or extra help required—a stump every 3 or 4 minutes. It's true, every word of it.

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No other stump puller is so economical to buy or so easy to operate. Just a few pounds pull on the handle means tons on the stump. When stump starts, throw machine into high speed and out comes the biggest stump, roots and all.

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Get all the FACTS. Learn about our Liberal Offer —our Actual 30 Days' Free Trial—3 Years' Guarantee, etc.

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We call this an Actual 30 Days' Free Trial, because no matter when you order or when your Puller arrives, you can actually use it for 30 days before you decide to keep it.

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For further information see the Kill-Em-Quick Gopher Poison Advertisement on Page 38.

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Windsor Supply Co. Windsor, Ont.

What is Your Motto?

The motto, "In Spite of All" has been the guiding star of the life of Sarah Bernhardt ever since her early childhood. She adopted this motto at nine years of age. She has reached success by sheer will, hard work and perseverance. She is a writer, musician and artist all in one—back of her marvelous attainment in acting. Now in her seventy-fourth year her energy is almost unimpaired. Her acting and eloquence still hold spell bound the thousands who compose her audience. "Her interest in life and the burning power of the spirit within her and work have kept her young and have made it possible for her to conquer more obstacles than come to most women."

What motto guides your life, my dear girl reader? Shall I tell you mine?

"With God nothing is impossible."

First B.C. Woman Legislator

Mary Ellen Smith, elected on January 24th to the seat in the British Columbia house of parliament last held by her husband, whose death a year ago caused election. Mrs. Smith is thus the first woman in history of the world to be elected to such position. She is also first woman in history of British Columbia to be elected to legislature, and this in first election in History in which women voted. She defeated by overwhelming majority two soldier candidates, representing rival

Mrs. Smith

factions of returned men, and is thus the first woman in history of candidate to figure in an election in which a woman opposed a military contestant. She ran on independent ticket, her chief planks being equal pay for equal work for women, minimum wage, and better factory inspection. Mrs. Smith has been an ardent worker for women's rights for a quarter of a century.

Readers of The Western Home Monthly will be pleased to see that Mrs. Currah, Windsor, Ont., has resumed her advertising with Blush of Roses preparation for the face. This splendid remedy is superior to all powders and is widely known. Mrs. Currah will be pleased to give all additional information to any who may write her. In Winnipeg, Blush of Roses is handled by The T. Eaton Co.

"Do you believe it's true that there are more criminals among the bachelors than among married men?" inquired the year-old groom, who thought he had one on his single friend.

"If you mean convicted criminals, I believe the statistics," the bachelor met him more than half way. "Married men get so much practice lying to their wives that it's a cinch for them to fool the police when they transgress the law."

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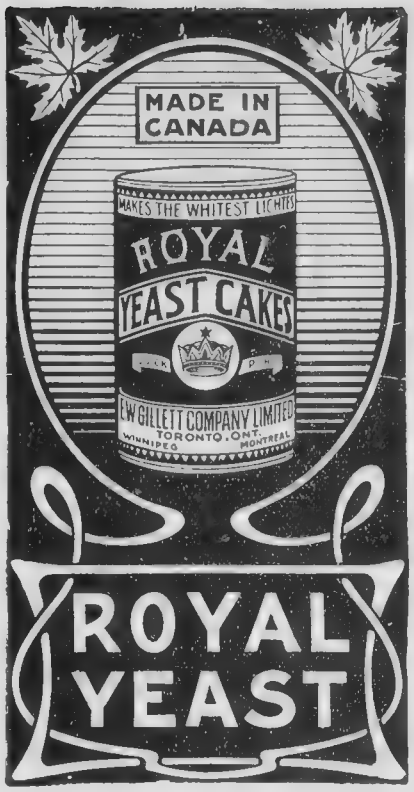
Sore Eyes, Eyes Inflamed by *Sun, Dust* and *Wind* quickly relieved by Murine. Try it in your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes.

No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort

Murine Eye Remedy At Your Druggist's or by mail, 50c per bottle. **Murine Eye Salve,** in Tubes 25c. For *Book of the Eye* — Free. Ask **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**



The old-fashioned parent of a "new" girl was about to spank her daughter. She laid the offending person across her checkered apron, but before the slipper could descend the devotee of Montessori swung round on her face, and gave out:

"If I am to be spanked, mother, at least let me have some air."

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The Home Doctor

Feeding Bottle-Fed Babies

By Leonard Keene Hirshberg, M.D

Granted that clean, good milk is at hand; granted that it is kept cool; granted that the bottles, pans and nipples are kept sweet and clean, there must be good judgment and care used in feeding the baby or else there will be trouble and some of it very serious trouble.

The great danger lies in overfeeding the baby. And this comes from several different causes. The chief ones are giving too rich milk and feeding the baby too often. Sometimes the milk flows too rapidly because the hole in the nipple is too large.

In cold weather and under the best conditions babies can not take and digest cow's milk unless it is diluted. And in hot weather the baby needs less rich food, just as grown-up persons need less to eat when the thermometer shows a high record. So it is best to add less milk and more boiled water to the baby's nursing bottle.

We have to modify cow's milk considerably in order to get it anything near the food intended by Nature for the baby in quality. Holt, in his advice to young mothers, says: "Cow's milk has only a little more than half as much sugar; it has nearly three times as much proteid and salts; its proteids and fat are different and much more difficult of digestion; its reaction is decidedly acid; that of mother's milk is faintly acid or neutral." That paragraph explains why sugar is added to cow's milk. It is not to make it taste better to the baby, although it does that. It is to furnish something that the baby really needs to make it grow. We add lime water to make the cow's milk less acid. And we add boiled water to dilute the milk and thus make less proteids (curds), which are hard for the baby to digest. In other words, we get the milk into a condition where the average baby can take it and thrive on it.

Very tiny little babies from two to six weeks old, may be fed after the following formula which is given by Starr, an authority on feeding babies. Moreover, it has the approval of mothers who have tried it with three or four children in succession.

Milk.....1 tablespoonful
Cream.....2 teaspoonfuls
Sugar.....¼ teaspoonful
Water.....2 tablespoonfuls

Starr does not add lime water to his formula, but he advises the use. A teaspoonful of lime water should be added to the above.

When the baby is two months old the mixture may be as follows:

Milk.....2½ tablespoonfuls
Sugar.....½ teaspoonful
Cream.....1 tablespoonful
Water.....1½ tablespoonfuls
Lime water.....1 tablespoonful

This amount is for only one feeding and that much may be given the average baby every two hours.

Gradually the milk may be increased at about the rate of a tablespoonful for each feeding during one month, so that by the time the baby is seven months old at each feeding (with six feedings each day) he may have a bottle filled after this formula:

Milk.....9 tablespoonfuls
Cream.....1 tablespoonful
Sugar.....¾ teaspoonful
Water.....2 tablespoonfuls
Lime water.....1 tablespoonful

In very hot weather it would be well to give say, seven tablespoonfuls of milk and four of water in each feeding in place of nine tablespoonfuls of milk and two of water. That is when the baby, although well, seems a little restless and cross. If there is a case of acute indigestion, if the baby has fever and is sick, stop milk altogether, give boiled water in the bottle and send for the doctor.

The following recipe, given by Dr. Holt is one that any mother can follow: To one heaping teaspoonful of slaked lime add one quart of boiled water; place in a corked bottle and shake thoroughly two or three times during the first hour. The lime should then be allowed to settle and after twenty-four hours the upper clear fluid may be carefully poured off. One may make twice as much, of course, but it is really better to make less and make oftener.

Above all things, in hot weather do not try to give a baby that is well and contented anything more to eat than he is getting from his bottle, even if he is ten or twelve months old. The chances are that you will upset his stomach and, once upset, it is much easier to upset a second time.

If your baby has a good color, eats well, sleeps well and is happy and contented do not worry if he is not as fat as if he does not grow as fast as your neighbor's baby or your sister's or cousin's baby, or your husband's relatives' babies. Just go on taking good care to keep everything clean about his feeding, see that he does not have his bottle oftener than two hours at any time and if he is six or eight months old try to get him to go three hours between meals. Give him a drink of cooled, boiled water (in his bottle is a good way) quite often. Many times a baby cries because he is thirsty and no one thinks to give him a drink. Think how you would fuss if you were thirsty, couldn't talk and everybody around you seemed perfectly stupid about knowing what you wanted!

But even if the baby fusses after he has had a drink do not feed oftener than every two hours even when young, for it takes even a young baby two hours to digest a meal. A baby two months old needs that time and if he is fed before two hours are up, the second lot of milk comes into his stomach before the first has left, and that is apt to prevent him from retaining his food or cause him to have the colic, and then he is worse off than before. Try in some way to find out if there is not something more than hunger the matter with him.

When giving the bottle some one ought to see that the baby takes the milk right along and does not drink and sleep, and sleep and drink. If the baby can't keep awake take the bottle away, and do not give it back again. He must wait until next feeding time.

A good way to heat the baby's milk is to put the required quantities into the bottle (and remember that it is best to measure and not guess at quantities. Experienced mothers know that this is less trouble than sick babies to care for). And the bottle should be set in a pan of warm water for a little while until the milk is warm enough. Do not test by putting the nipple in the mouth. Just let a drop or two fall from the nipple upon the wrist, just underneath the palm of the hand. If it feels cold the milk is not warm enough. It should feel warm and then it is right.

See that the hole in the nipple does not let the milk run out in a stream, as then the baby will get the milk too fast. He has to swallow too fast and the result makes gas and other trouble in his stomach. See that the milk drops rapidly when the bottle with the nipple on it is turned upside down. If the hole in the nipple is too large throw the nipple away. If the hole is too small it may be enlarged by heating a long pin in the blue part of the flame of a gas jet and then inserting in the hole in the nipple, taking care not to make the opening too large.

As has been said above, be careful, be clean, feed the baby carefully and regularly. Don't worry about his weight in warm weather. If he sleeps well, eats well and is contented just enjoy your baby and leave the rest to Providence.

The Transmission of Typhoid

Typhoid fever is of peculiar interest in epidemiology because, unlike any other disease of this part of the world except

$1117.00 In Cash Prizes

Can you solve this problem?

"Canada Weekly" offers a series of cash prizes, of which the first is $500.00, for the correct solution of the following mysterious message on the scrap of paper.

This is the Mysterious Message

naKgiilltaecndhd
fetrnooedmraEsy.

Can You Translate it?

Thought to be Message sent by German Spy

ARRESTS FOLLOW KITCHENER'S DEATH

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 7.)

and among the papers seized was a torn folded and worn "scrap of paper."

Inspector Donlan for the first time in his many years of service bowed his head in defeat. He was completely baffled and the hidden message of the uncanny jumble of letters remained a profound mystery.

Noted Criminologists Suggest Solutions

Selecting a capital letter as a starting point and counting every second or third letter until all the letters are used up would surely produce some result.—*Inspector Scott.*

Watson and I would procure a mirror and reflecting the "scrap of paper" endeavour to decipher the hidden message.—*Sherlock Holmes.*

Beginning at a selected one I should read every other letter or every third letter. I believe I should soon solve this mystery.—*Arsene Lupin.*

FIRST PRIZE $500.00

NINETY-NINE OTHER CASH PRIZES

1st Prize	$500	5th Prize	$50	9th Prize	$10	13th Prize	$4	17th Prize	$2
2nd "	200	6th "	25	10th "	10	14th "	4	18th "	2
3rd "	100	7th "	20	11th "	5	15th "	3	19th "	2
4th "	75	8th "	15	12th "	5	16th "	3	20th "	2

21st to 100th—$1 each. $1,117.00 altogether

The first prize will be awarded to the contestant who obtains the largest number of points. For instance, 50 points can be obtained by sending in the correct answer to the mysterious message. Then there are 30 points given for general neatness, handwriting, spelling, punctuation, etc., and when you comply with the other conditions and rules as below 50 points additional can be gained. 130 points is the maximum number.

Take plenty of time to decipher your answer. Be neat and careful and your entry will compete for the $500.00 reward, the first prize, and the other cash competitive prizes.

"Canada Weekly" (formerly Canada Monthly, established 1906), has created a great reputation for its excellent fiction, its great national articles about Canadians and things Canadian, its broad editorials as well as for its artistic covers and illustrations and its high grade printing and general appearance.

It is the desire of the publishers to put a copy in the hands of every Canadian who has never seen this magazine, and thus introduce it to new readers. "Canada Weekly" is a vigorous magazine with a purely Canadian editorial point of view, as you will see after examining it, and you will probably want to buy it yourself at 5 cents a copy weekly from one of our thousands of boy salesmen.

You can help us advertise this magazine should you like it, and when you enter the contest you will be asked to write and tell if you are willing to do so. If so, without cost, a sample copy of the latest issue will be sent to you in order that you can do us the small favor of showing it to five or six of your friends or your business acquaintances or in your home neighbourhood.

We frankly tell you of these simple rules in advance. There is no obligation on your part to subscribe or take the magazine or spend any money in order to compete in this contest.

1 Write your solution of the mysterious message on one side of the paper only. Put your address in the upper right hand corner.

2 Boys and Girls under fourteen years of age are not allowed to compete, nor are employees of "Canada Weekly."

3 The judging of the entries in this contest will be done by three well known business men who have no connection with this firm. Prizes will be awarded according to the number of points gained on each entry. Contest will close on 31st day of May, 1918.

4 Each competitor will be asked to show a sample copy of "Canada Weekly" to five or six friends, business associates or neighbours, to whom such a magazine will appeal and who will want to take the magazine regularly.

For these services the publishers guarantee to pay each contestant in cash or by a prize selected by him or her in advance. Such guaranteed reward will be entirely in addition to any competitive prize which may be won. State your willingness to examine the copy of "Canada Weekly" which will be sent to you, and address your reply to

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I have sent you two dollars for some Grasshopper Ointment. The way I got your address was through a friend telling my wife to get Grasshopper Ointment for her leg. She has suffered for over fifteen years and could get no cure; it was so painful she could hardly walk. We got some Grasshopper Ointment and after using three boxes she is almost well again; it is a wonderful Ointment.
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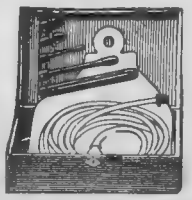

dysentery, it is transmitted by all the five great routes of infection; most of the other diseases being transmitted only by one, two or three. It has proved to be the simplest of all diseases to trace to its source in epidemics, probably on account of its long incubation. Epidemiology as applied to infectious diseases in general owes a great deal to the particular epidemiology of typhoid fever, because the investigative methods worked out for typhoid led the way to the finding of the simple direct applicability, mutatis mutandis, of similar methods to other diseases.

It is interesting to recall, that typhoid fever has only been recognized definitely for about one hundred years. There is no question that it had existed for ages before that, but had been confused with typhus fever; even to-day remnants of this mistake are preserved in the form of the Latin name of the disease, typhus abdominalis, and in a clinical procedure which every student is taught, the testing of the rose spot with the finger to see whether or not it will disappear on pressure. This test originated when it was first attempted to distinguish typhoid from typhus, and we continue it now although the necessity for it has disappeared largely.

Typhus and typhoid were considered filth diseases originally, and were associated in the public and in the professional mind with dirt, poverty and ignorance, a run down system, general decrepitude.

It is interesting that both of these diseases, supposed to be typical filth diseases, have been shown not in any way connected with or dependent upon filth; typhus being purely and simply the result of the bite of an infected body louse (or head louse); while typhoid is simply and solely the result of putting into the mouth the discharges of a typhoid-infected person. No amount of filth can in any possible way generate either disease in the absence of the specific cause; no amount of cleanliness can prevent either one, provided that the specific modes of infection are given opportunity to act.

It may be well to review briefly and at the same moment cast aside, the alleged modes of transmission of typhoid in which our forefathers believed. Sewer gas; swamp air; organic matter in water, whether of animal or vegetable origin; evolution, from the ordinary intestinal bacteria, of the typhoid bacillus; a gradual "running down of the system; "stress, strain and "general unsanitary conditions; "these we know now definitely have no part in its causation, and it is difficult for us to conceive how our forefathers received the impression that scrubbing floors or cleaning up backyards could interfere with a water-borne outbreak. Two more fallacies are still heard repeated; one, the fear of typhoid from cows sick with typhoid. It will be remembered that Stokes of Baltimore fed typhoid cultures to a cow and a calf every day for a month and failed, not only to make them sick, but even to find the germs of typhoid in any of their discharges. The second is that typhoid is carried by flies in well-sewered cities. Of course we may admit an occasional case or two carried by flies from an exposed bedpan or similarly infected utensils or laundry, but practically speaking, typhoid fever is carried only where non-fly-proof, outdoor toilets exist; and this means principally in the rural districts or in parts of the cities where sewers have not yet been installed.

The real cause of typhoid fever, as we know now, is simply the typhoid bacillus. Its real source is the living, human body infected with that germ. From the body, it is thrown out in the discharges of the bladder and bowel. In this it parallels cholera, but it differs from cholera in the fact that the causal bacilli are rarely found in the mouth. Hence typhoid is rarely, if ever, distributed by mouth discharges. Cholera, on account of the terrible vomiting, often stercoraceous, distributes itself by mouth-spray and vomit-spray, by sputum, and by the vomit itself in a mass. Doubtless this difference explains, at least in part, the terrible infectiveness of cholera cases as distinguished from the comparative innocence of typhoid; an innocence comparative only.

Note that the chief source of typhoid is the living, human body. Dead bodies distribute the disease but little because dead bodies have no discharge if reasonably cared for. The old idea that typhoid might come from cemeteries has never been confirmed in my experience; indeed, I have never known cemeteries to act as sources of any disease. It is theoretically possible in limestone districts but highly improbable even there. Old wells standing unused for years have often been held to breed typhoid, while the fact is that the typhoid germ will seldom live longer than two weeks; and the best way we know of purifying water is merely to store it for a month. Old houses having sheltered typhoid away back in their history have sometimes been held responsible for cases developing amongst new occupants; but the typhoid germ has no spores, and the old fears of prolonged infection in dust from typhoid are quite as unfounded as similar fears concerning scarlet fever, diphtheria or tuberculosis.

For similar reasons old cesspools are equally innocent. In fact, typhoid germs, like most other pathogens, must be transmitted while still fresh from their sources if they are to be transmitted successfully, for they rapidly die out under almost every condition apart from the living human body.

The cause of the disease being typhoid bacilli, and the vehicles in which these are carried being the bladder and bowel discharges of infected persons, the routes of transmission are naturally those routes by which such discharges may travel. Although one can imagine many possible routes, some very intricate, even bizarre, yet probably the main everyday routes for 999 cases out of each thousand are water, food, flies, milk and contact.

Although water receives so much attention, it is not so great a factor as common belief would suggest. Our studies in the State of Minnesota, where we had about ten thousand cases a year, made us believe that water-borne typhoid constituted only about one-third of the total. I think that the reason why water-borne typhoid has absorbed the bulk of attention paid to the routes of typhoid infection is this: water-borne typhoid is seen chiefly in great crushing outbreaks, which make a great impression, are remembered long; while the less spectacular outbreaks, less concentrated and more spun out, due to the other routes, are not so well understood or remembered, although they may actually total a greater number of cases.

Water-borne typhoid is but seldom traced to a well; yet most physicians on seeing typhoid will rush out at once to the pump, fill any old bottle with water and send it away to be analysed. I need not go into the folly of such a procedure further than to state that in my own personal experience, covering over seventy personally investigated outbreaks of typhoid and involving intimate knowledge and control of a good many more, I have yet to encounter a single case traceable to a private well. That such may occur where the well is sunk in limestone or creviced rock, I can quite believe; indeed I know they are on record; but in soils of sand, clay or gravel, or composed of other good filtering material, infection of wells through the soil is practically out of the question, and such wells must receive their infection if they receive any, through the mouth of the well, perhaps from an open curb allowing a back drip, which carries in with it infecting material dropped on the curb from bedpans, or from the feet of humans or animals crossing the curb. Theoretically possible though this be, I think that universal experience shows such methods seldom work in practice. In the few public wells I have known to give rise to typhoid, the infection occurred by direct entry of sewage into the well; in one case by the backing up of a sewer directly into the well; in another by percolation through creviced rock. The great mass of water-borne typhoid comes from open surface waters, rivers, lakes or ponds, and such waters. Outbreaks occur chiefly in winter for in summer the sunlight interferes with the germs.

Two important points should be noted: first, that communities should not be trusted with double water supplies of which one is open to infection. This is sometimes done where the good drinking water supply is small, and the second polluted supply is carried in for fire protection. In such cases, the public will drink from the polluted water despite all warnings. The other point is somewhat like it; that the frequent practice of connecting a good water supply with polluted water by auxiliary pipes to provide for fire emergencies should never be allowed. Many and many an outbreak

NEVER NEGLECT
BRONCHITIS
IT MAY TURN TO PNEUMONIA.

Bronchitis comes from a neglected cold, and starts with a short, painful, dry cough, accompanied with rapid wheezing, and a feeling of oppression or tightness through the chest.

You have, no doubt, wakened up in the morning and have had to cough several times to raise the phlegm from the bronchial tubes, and have found it of a yellowish or gray, greenish color, and you have received relief right away.

This is a form of bronchitis, which if not cured immediately may turn into pneumonia or some more serious trouble.

Cure the cold with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and thereby prevent bronchitis and pneumonia taking hold on your system.

Mr. E. Jarvi, New Finland, Sask., writes:—"I was troubled, for years, with bronchitis and could not find any relief. I was especially bad on a damp day. I went to a druggist, and asked him for something to stop the cough and constant tickling in my throat. He gave me a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which I found gave me instant relief. I think it is the best medicine for bronchitis I know of. Now I take care I always have a bottle of it on hand."

Do not accept a substitute for "Dr. Wood's." It is put up in a yellow wrapper; 3 pine trees the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c.; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 973D Marcellus Avenue, Manasquan, N.J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

has developed under such circumstances, following a fire in which the fire chief thought he needed the extra polluted water to keep up his pressure.

The characteristics of a water outbreak are suddenness; the extensive development of many cases, and a distribution corresponding with the distribution of the water supply. When due to gross contamination of water with sewage, such outbreaks of typhoid fever are often preceded by very sharp outbreaks of diarrhoea. These diarrhoea outbreaks occur on the day or the day or two after the admission of the sewage to the supply. The typhoid outbreak comes on later; the first cases usually not diagnosed for three weeks or a month. In the interval the diarrhoea cases have all recovered, and the outbreak of diarrhoea is likely to be forgotten before the typhoid outbreak appears.

Food in the family circle receives the family discharges and thus often aids the transmission of typhoid from person to person in the household if one case is present; but food as it is distributed from supply centres to families rarely conveys infection to them from outside because after it is received into the family it usually is cooked. Practically, food outbreaks of typhoid from sources outside the household are rare, and when they occur are usually due to oysters eaten raw, raw vegetables or such similar matters. (Milk and milk products form such an important route of typhoid that it is well to consider them separately.)

Flies carry typhoid without question when typhoid discharges are open to them. They carry the material on their feet and deposit it upon food as a rule, although it is possible that a fly might, as sometimes happens, blow or fly directly into an open mouth.

Fly typhoid is well-known in insane asylums for the reason that typhoid-infected persons, recognized or recognized, are often admitted; and since on account of their physical condition if sick, or their mental condition if well, such persons are apt to distribute their discharges quite loosely, flies can get at them readily if there are flies about. In camps with exposed discharges and in that one-half our population which lives in the country districts with crude toilet facilities, paralleling camps in this regard, fly typhoid is prevalent. In well-sewered cities, however, fly typhoid can hardly exist because the discharges which flies might carry if they were deposited outside, are swept away by the sewers. It is true that in some cities whole districts may not be connected with sewers and in such, fly typhoid may exist. It must not be forgotten that a great deal of summer diarrhoea and dysentery is carried by flies.

Milk to quite an extent, butter sometimes and possibly cheese may carry the typhoid bacillus. It is usually only in fresh milk that the typhoid germs will live long enough to make a successful entry to human bodies. Undoubtedly it is for this reason that milk-carried typhoid is not common in big cities. The great disadvantage which big cities suffer in using comparatively old milk gives them this one advantage; infection with pathogens tends to die out because of that very disadvantage, the age of the milk.

Typhoid infection of milk usually occurs by the placing of human discharges in the milk at some stage at which it is handled by humans, as for instance, a walking case or carrier or attendant on a case of typhoid fever who milks the cow, washes the cans, caps the bottles, or in some way gets fingers into the milk.

It is possible that adulteration of milk with typhoid infected water might give rise to an outbreak, and it has been suggested that cows standing in typhoid-infected rivers or ponds might, when being milked, shed typhoid bacilli picked up from the water by their skins or their hair. Practically speaking, however, the great method of milk infection is by hands. Milk typhoid outbreaks are usually sudden but scattered and in close correspondence with the consumers of some one given milk supply. It is usual to find that the milk is infected only on one single date; but if a walking case should continue to handle the milk for some length of time, the milk might for that period be continually dangerous. In one instance which I worked out for myself, I found that milk had been responsible for all the typhoid of a certain small community during a period of about five years. Previous to this period, native typhoid had been unknown there. At the beginning of the period, a new family had come to town and opened a milk route. Every case which occurred during the five years was on the milk route of this family or at least had access to that milk. At the time I investigated, I found that the only suspicious person was the old mother who washed out the milk cans She had had typhoid twenty-two years before. The family left the town then and in the five years that have elapsed since, no native typhoid has occurred there at all. It is, however, rather unusual to find a typhoid outbreak from one such source continuing so long.

I have seen but one butter outbreak of typhoid. The ordinary routes were eliminated, although with some difficulty, and a certain grocery store was shown to be the centre of radiation of cases, but no source of infection could be discovered there.

The one material used in common, however, by all the cases, was found to be a certain day's sale of butter, and by persistent visiting of dairies all around the neighborhood, a part of the butter contributing to this day's sales was traced to a family where a walking case, a girl, had helped to make this particular butter while her mistress who usually made the butter was sick.

Skin Troubles and Diet

There is reason to believe that there is a close connection between many forms of skin trouble and the diet. One significant thing is the singular stubbornness of many skin disorders and their mysterious tendency to recur even when the physician continues the form of treatment that at first seemed to act as a cure. Among these rebellious skin troubles are acne, eczema, psoriasis and urticaria. All four diseases are likely to respond to treatment at first, but too often they return obstinately, as a stream of water returns when it has been swept back by a broom.

That common characteristic has set the physicians searching for some common underlying cause. As a result of their investigations, it is generally believed that there is a direct relation between the metabolism—that is to say, the chemical changes by which food is transformed into body tissue—and the condition of the skin.

But although we accept it as a fact that many kinds of skin trouble are dependent on the diet, it is still necessary to experiment with each case until we have found the particular diet that is best for it. After that has been accomplished, there is constant need for the patient to exercise all the self-control he possesses, for these obstinate skin disorders cannot be cured in a few days or even a few weeks.

A regulated diet does not mean simply going without this or adding that article of food. One leading dermatologist has defined it as "such a regulation of the quantity and quality of food and drink, its mode of preparation, and the time and method of its consumption as shall conduce to the restoration and maintenance of the health of the body, including the skin." The patient, therefore, must cooperate faithfully with his physician or the cure will fail.

Once a serious-minded young man sought out the father of the girl of his choice with the announcement that he hoped the father would place no obstacle in the way of their marriage.

The old man scowled at the young one for a moment or so, and then growled out:

"So you want to marry my daughter, eh?"

"Yes, Sir," said the serious-minded young man, looking more solemn than ever.

"Can you support a family?" asked the father, searching the youth's face narrowly.

The latter reflected a moment and then asked:

"How many are there of you, Sir?"

The indications of worms are restlessness, grinding of the teeth, picking of the nose, extreme peevishness, often convulsions. Under these conditions the best remedy that can be got is Miller's Worm Powders. They will attack the worms as soon as administered and will grind them to atoms that pass away in the evacuations. The little sufferer will be immediately eased and a return of the attack will not be likely.

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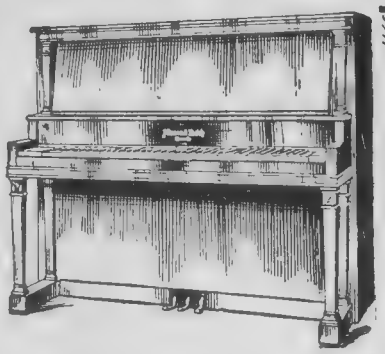

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The Wholesome Influence of Music Among the People

By W. O. Forsyth, One of Toronto's Most Distinguished Piano Teachers and Recognized Throughout Canada as an Authority and Critic on Musical Subjects.

Although we are living under a cloud of great uneasiness owing to the world upheaval caused by the war, yet we must be careful and not allow ourselves to forget what makes for refinement and beauty in our lives and what gives us the most relief from our many "irritating concerns and duties" during these anxious and depressing days. This one great and purifying force is music.

It has become a large factor in the lives of all people, and its cultivation and study should progress now even more than in times of peace. During childhood and early youth—although it can be studied interestingly at any age—are the best years in which to absorb the beautiful influences of this lovely and heaven-sent art, and no sacrifice should be considered too great, to enable us to attend as continuously as possible to this necessary study. We know what music means to the soldier and sailor, how it comforts and cheers, and inspires, and also how it brings to the mind through the force of suggestion scenes and incidents of home, and all the endearing intimacies, and associations with friends. It is almost a necessity in the army, because of its vitalizing and hopeful character, and because of its stimulating and healthful effect of the nervous system. In this way fatigue is—in a measure—banished, and roseate optimism takes the place of depression and gloom.

If music is so uplifting and inspiring there, it can be made so here at home, when we are pursuing our usual, and unusual duties from day to day. Its grateful effect on the bodily organism enables us—for a time at least—to forget the terrible effects of the war scourge which is marring the beauty of life, and it is thus refreshing and wholesome. For the young the daily practising and the artistic stimulus created thereby, is far reaching, and cannot be other than ennobling. No calling that is worthy exists which does not open up numerous channels for the development of character, and none are more remarkable in their suggestiveness than art, and particularly musical art. It is ever beautiful and wonderful in what it reveals. Music is noble in itself, and must in one's formative years, influence nobility, if our character be equal to it.

Children and young persons should be given every opportunity to have their latent musical talent developed, and should be sympathetically encouraged to let nothing stand in the way. Lessons in piano or violin playing or singing or whatever be the choice, should be pursued with regularity, care being taken to see that the teacher be gifted and competent, love his work and take pride in what he is able to accomplish.

Why Do You Go To a Concert?

Said a teacher to his pupil the other day—"Do not attend a concert out of sheer curiosity, or for the glory of boasting that you have heard this or that celebrity." This strikes home with particular force for you often hear the remark dropped—"well I suppose it was worth a dollar fifty to see and hear so-in-so." At that rate most performers are pretty costly sights.

Go to a concert with a purpose. A business man said the other evening at dinner, "I've had a pretty heavy strain all week at the office; let's go over to the organ recital"—and he would get rest and recreation from the music. A young lady telephoned a friend, "Say we go down to hear the orchestra tonight, I'm hungry for some good music"—she would enjoy the musical meal.

The members of a choir go up to the service of praise given by another choir to hear certain anthems from the pew and thus go home with ideas for improvement in their own choir work. And so, attend a concert with a definite object in view—you will be the gainer.

Coolies Have Music on Their Way to France

When the coolies who left China for "Somewhere in France" were about to leave their native land those whose work it was to provide for their comfort did not overlook the aesthetic side of their nature. A Canadian Missionary who accompanied the expedition was told to go amongst the coolies and find out who could play the violin—the Chinese violin with one string—who could play the accordeon, the flute, etc., etc. He found not a few and encouraged every one of them to take their musical instruments along with them.

Now the Canadian ear and the Chinese ear may not agree on what is good music, but those Chinese coolies on board the transport revelled in what they considered real good music often until midnight. Confucius tells us in his classics that one time he heard music

Hardly had the British recovered a great part of the Flanders battlefield when the endeavors of British Engineers and Tommies were turned to the clearing away of the huge masses of debris from the shattered and sundered country. German dug-outs and trenches can be seen everywhere in this British official photograph. Nothing but the utter desolation can be seen; not a home remains standing, the entire section has been levelled, as far as the eye can see. Tommies, who are resting on the reconstruction can be seen resting. The work of reclamation progresses rapidly no sooner the enemy is driven off the land. Ruined country is cleared of the despoilation, new little houses erected temporarily if the place is out of range of battle, land cultivated for agriculture and living will soon be on practically the same as before

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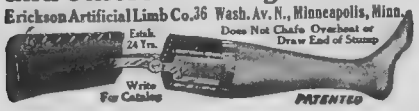

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which so thrilled him with delight that he could not taste any flavor of his food for three months, so who can doubt the effect of the native music on the coolie nature. This is just another of those incidents which illustrate the added power of music in war time.

When The Cub Reporter Criticizes

There has appeared a good deal in the musical press of two continents recently on the subject of musical criticisms—just and unjust, influenced and uninfluenced, sterotyped and breezy, helpful and worthless. A humorous case happened in an Australian city. It seems that the gentleman who is the official critic on a certain paper and who is known as a competent musician and a good fellow as well, was ill in bed. And in accordance with the casual way in which the "covering" of music is regarded by some editors, the office cub was sent to "do" the concert—and he did it with a vengeance. "The tenor," he wrote, "was in good voice, but in some of the higher passages the tendency to falsetto was conspicuous."

Of course this tenor never sang a note of falsetto. He could not sing falsetto if he tried. But he had when he liked to use it, the most exquisite mezza voce in the top register. Perhaps to the newspaper readers next morning it didn't matter much, but it reminds one of the somewhat unlettered country editor who accounted for a political turnover in favor of his party in a leading editorial entitled "Education Done It."

Considers Rag-Time Has Injurious Effect

To-day rag-time has a host of critics and a strong band of defenders. The ranks of the latter have of late been extended to take in some important personages, and even some who own up to having been converted on the subject. And the debate is still open, the controversy goes on. A layman who allies himself with the opponents of rag-time produces from a scrap-book a telling contribution to his side of the question. Here is his argument:

Abraham Lincoln once said "the Lord must have loved the common people—he made so many of them." If you do not want to be classed among the great herd of common people—do not do common, cheap things. Rag-time is not only common and cheap, but degenerating, because it weakens the desire for better music. Music that only appeals to the physical senses without stimulating the spiritual, is a dangerous toy.

The fundamental principle of music is order; rhythm and time. Simple musical rhythm is "one two, three four," correct accentuation requires the strong pulse to be on the first and third quarters of the measure, but when we make it "one two and, three four and," or "one and two, three and four," for miles and miles, it is as if a smoothly flowing river is suddenly turned backward, forming a whirlpool; a musical monstrosity results, and we have the alluring, tinseled rags of music. The natural rhythm being thus disturbed causes a corresponding mental and emotional disturbance within ourselves, whether we are aware of it or not.

Imagine yourself, while walking with an easy, natural gait, suddenly compelled to take one short step in between—or to hold one foot suspended in mid-air, half the time of the next step, you will have a mental suspension corresponding with the physical. Try it, and watch the result on your mental equilibrium. This is exactly what rag-time does with your whole system. To play with temperamental emotionalism is a dangerous thing at best, while under certain conditions it becomes a menace.

Watch the girl whose taste runs to rag-time, gradually her desire for better music reaches the vanishing point, while her pile of bright-colored musical rags grows apace. It is the external agent that appeals to the senses, and because it is artificial and exotic, it benumbs and destroys all true music life until the merry jingler finds himself incapable of enjoying anything better, The brain retires, leaving the field to the senses, and finally loses even the will to act.

Even if the argument were true that would not prove its right to existence; for simple and untrained minds will always listen to the bright and joyous rag tempo, because time and noise are the barbarian's first symptom of musical emotion, its seductive artificial rhythm intoxicates the senses and at the same time tickles the feet!

The great musical treasures of Europe did not grow to their perfection out of a rag-time soil. There the masses, simple untutored people, were saturated for years, for centuries, with pure melody, founded on natural musical rhythm.

Do not confuse rag-time with Syncopation. Syncopation, as used by the great composers, has always been employed to express a great musical idea, for emphasis, or to show forth some particular phrase in a different light. But syncopation is always used sparingly, just as rare lace trims a garment; the whole garment is not of lace.

Rag-time is not constructive but destructive, as is the fungus which thrives on decayed wood often beautiful to the eye, but unproductive. It could never lead an army to victory or inspire a great reform; no true musical life will ever germinate from the fungi of rag-time.

Music's War Compensation

A Toronto musician made the plea at the Exemption Tribunal that he was an asset to the country by continuing the practice of his profession. In a sense he was right, but he was drafted none the less, and no one can find fault with the judgment. Many thousands of musicians are in the armies of the Allies and of the Central Empires also. War is the death of art, but the life of it also. Fritz Kreisler the Austrian violinist fought in the ranks of the enemy during the first year of the war and was wounded during the Carpathian campaign. He came to New York while the United States was still a neutral, and the critics declared that he played better than he ever did. It is not unlikely. He had seen life in its primordial aspect and had discovered the wonder of man. After all it is character that makes a musician. The man who follows duty to the last hour of act will play or sing better than his neighbor who is ready to avoid his responsibilities to the State and to humanity. The art students of Paris were in the thick of the Commune troubles which followed the Franco Prussian war. Many of them had been at Gravelotte. No inconsiderable number of them were slain. Yet the survivors had such a broad knowledge of the spirit of France, mainly because of their experiences, that they built a national school of Painting which made all the world marvel. Cloistered Art is always feminine, and often it becomes decadent. It may be confidently stated that a poet such as Swinburne could not be the product of the present age.

For many years the British people have been cursed with the notion that music was a pursuit of persons who were less manly than their brethren. There is no reason why a musician should be less gallant, less virile, than his neighbor who wheels slag all day long at the rolling mills. The masters of music were men of power and ardent temper, and even to-day the high merit of Terese Careno, the woman pianist was that "she played like a man." This is without prejudice to the charms of the temperament in music as in life. Nevertheless art is built upon force of character rather than upon emotionalism. Let the musicians go to war if they are needed. The result will show some day in a Canadian school of composition.

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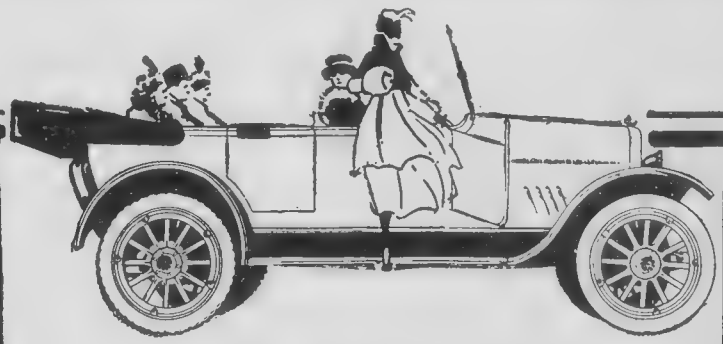

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About the Farm

Spontaneous Combustion

By Frank T. Shutt, D.Sc., Dominion Chemist

Combustion as it is ordinarily known and recognized, results from the union or chemical combination of combustible (inflammable) matter with the oxygen of the air, the union being accompanied by the giving out of heat and, frequently, light. When the union takes place rapidly, the heat evolved is intense, and the organic combustible matter may burst into flame, but when slowly there is no flame, and the heat produced may be almost imperceptible to the sense, though the sum total of the heat evolved may be the same in both cases. The heat of our bodies is maintained by a process of "slow combustion" (which may be considered as the evolution of heat unaccompanied by flame) resulting from the union of the organic matter of our food with the oxygen of the air we breathe. Flame is really burning gas, and for its generation and ignition the ordinary combustible materials require a somewhat intense heat.

Spontaneous combustion, or the ignition of inflammable material without contact with flames, occurs when the union with the oxygen (oxidation) is sufficiently rapid to raise the temperature of the gases produced.

The spontaneous fires which break out in barns, or more particularly in mows or compartments where hay or sheaf grain is stored, are due primarily to fermentation, which chemically considered, is a form or process of oxidation. Fermentation is due to the growth and rapid multiplication of bacteria (microscopic plants always present in the air). They feed upon the organic matter of the hay, etc., and rapidly develop when moisture is present, and the material and the enclosed air are not too cold. If the process proceeds slowly, (conditions of moisture, air and temperature not being favorable to rapid developments of the bacteria) the process is one of "slow combustion," and there is no flame or fire. Such is the process that causes the blackened and charred masses occasionally found in the interior of hay stacks, manure heaps, etc. There has been no outward burning of the material, but it has nevertheless been carbonized by this process of fermentation.

Fermentation being a process of oxidation, it follows as a natural result that it produces heat. In other words, the bacteria by their growth on the organic matter evolve heat. With the right degree of moisture present, and a sufficiency of air to provide the bacteria with the necessary oxygen, the growth of the bacteria is rapid, and more and more heat is generated until, if the hay, etc., is in a confined and poorly ventilated space, the temperature is reached at which the gases produced take fire, and the material and the building in which it is stored are burned. It may be weeks or even months after the hay is put in before the firing of the material takes place.

Cause of Combustion

The initial and essential cause, therefore, of these cases of spontaneous combustion is the storage of the hay in a damp or moist condition. Hay containing a preponderating proportion of clover appears to "heat" or ferment more readily than that which is largely composed of timothy. If circumstances necessitate the putting away of the hay in a moist condition, salt it well. Salt is a preventive of fermentation, it retards bacterial development, and hence has the effect of checking or preventing a rapid rise in the temperature. Thorough ventilation of the barn is another preventive of fires from this cause, the current of air carying off the heat as it is evolved, or at all events not allowing it to become so intense as to raise the hay to its burning temperature.

The fire-fanging of manure heaps is due to a process of much the same character, greatly lessening the value of the manure, even if the destructive changes do not result in the ignition of the mass.

Two causes of spontaneous combustion not due to bacterial growth, may be briefly referred to, though they are not so frequently productive of fires as that due to fermentation. They are purely chemical in nature. One is the accidental slaking of quick lime. Two instances have come under the writer's notice in which barrels of quick lime left uncovered in a leaky building became slaked by the rain, and the heat so generated was sufficient to ignite the surrounding wood work. The prevention of such cases is obvious—store quick lime in a dry, protected place.

Woolen and cotton materials saturated with oil, such as waste for cleaning engines and machinery, oiled stook covers, etc., thrown into corners, empty barrels, etc., are frequently the cause of spontaneous fires. The explanation of this phenomenon is that these materials are capable of readily and quickly absorbing oxygen from the air, the oxidation proceeding with such rapidity that the temperature of the oily goods is raised to the ignition point—a comparatively low temperature for such substances. Fires in the holds of vessels, in mills, etc., due to this rapid absorption of oxygen by organic matter, are not of infrequent occurrence, and occasionally barns have been set on fire from the same cause.

Manitoba, famous in past years for her Number One Hard Wheat is now developing the honey industry to a point of provincial importance. According to the latest bulletin from Winnipeg, the honey crop for the province during 1917 reached the one million pound mark, and its high quality is creating a market as against the imported product. Photo taken Swan River District on C.N. Railway

Silage for Poultry

The search for better foods for poultry has led many poultrymen to try out silage of various kinds. Here and there we find successful experiences, though the subject has never been studied carefully, nor has the poultry silo come to have any established place on large poultry farms. But there is undoubtedly a place for it, and when experience has shown that feeds can best be preserved by this method we shall be able

to introduce greater economy into egg and poultry meat production.

A Connecticut poultryman who tried out corn silage has this to say about it:

"After worrying with an oat sprouter for quite a while I finally discarded it and began to feed four quarts of corn silage, the same as I fed my cows, to each of my colonies of forty birds each. At first I sprinkled a handful of dry mash over it. After the second day the birds cleaned up all the silage except a few pieces of corn cobs and the heavier pieces of the stalk. In less than a week the birds would climb into the basket in which I carried the silage, so anxious were they to get it. I had been getting a very good egg yield previous to feeding the silage, but in two weeks the birds increased their laying and steadily gained until I let them out on grass."

This experience is similar to that of a Missouri poultrywoman who used both corn silage and clover. "In 1916 we built a silo for our cattle," she said. "The feed proved such a success for the calves that I believed the hens would like it too. The first few feeds given were not greatly relished; only the corn was picked out. In a week's time, however, they had learned to like it and would eat all the leaves and all pieces that were small enough for them to eat. The silo was filled with corn, so there were pieces of cob and stalk too large for them and which seemed too tough for them to pick to pieces. As a substitute for green feed, however, it proved quite successful. The hens laid some all winter, not as much as I would have liked, but I felt amply repaid.

"Perhaps if I had other than corn silage I would have liked it better. I know that it is far superior to no green feed at all, and I am sure the farmers who own silos would get more winter eggs if they fed a bucketful each day to the chickens. As it is, even those who have silos round here complain of not getting winter eggs, and still they do not furnish their hens any green stuff. Green feed is very essential to winter egg production."

Is the Tractor Industry Asleep?

By Barton W. Currie

As aircraft are counted on to win the war for democracy so must we look to the farm tractor to solve the enormous problem of feeding a famine-menaced world during the latter stages of the war and through the decade of reconstruction after peace. Our farming, and the agriculture of all civilization for that matter, must be revolutionized by means of machinery just as the destructive processes of war were revolutionized by aircraft.

American ingenuity wrought both the airplane and the tractor. But having invented the airplane we left it to Europe to improve and perfect and realize its incalculable potency. Will we do the same with the farm tractor?

We will, unless our tractor manufacturers, our Government and our farmers wake up. And wake up now! Not merely sit up and sputter and argue and bicker over unessentials, but jostle themselves upstanding with a dynamite jolt and get busy with all the vigor they can set spark to. They must wake up and plan and campaign in a great big constructive way that will bring the tractor and all improved farm machinery that co-ordinates with the tractor into their own.

The need to do this is as pressing as any war emergency. There never was a like chance before. There never will be a like chance again.

Some of the leading manufacturers may reply to this: "What's the use when we are swamped with orders? We can sell anything that looks like the crippled little sister of a tractor."

The Patent Need of Action

This same cocky viewpoint was held ten years ago when the leviathan tractors, the great gobs of junk as they have since been called, began to sell themselves all over the Northwest. They sold like buttered waffles to famished newsboys—for a while. Then bang, the purchasers began to go broke with their burdens, and the lovely orgy of selling dissolved into an ill-savored cloud of smoke.

makers of the great, unwieldy, uneconomic engines sold the untried and unproved to the hopelessly ignorant. The tractor has been vastly improved since then, but the spread of tractor knowledge to the farmer has not kept pace with the improvement of the machine.

There is not in America to-day one single source of comprehensive information on the farm tractor to which the farmer may turn for guidance. There is no association of manufacturers looking toward the spread of knowledge and information. There is not even one little group of manufacturers that has got together to boost a single type of tractor. With greater possibilities ahead of them than in any of our newer industries the tractor manufacturers are still spinning dizzily in their own little circles and letting the future take care of itself.

They've simply got to come out of their trance if they aim to get anywhere. They lament bitterly a shortage in the supply of raw materials. The Government has been deaf to their individual pleas and plaints. They want more and better materials to make more and better tractors for the farmer, but Uncle Sam and his Council of National Defense sidetrack them in favor of almost every other industry.

Brutal and short-sighted discrimination, seemingly, but there's a reason—utter lack of concerted action and get-together. Add to this the failure of the tractor manufacturers to convince the farming world generally that the tractor has arrived not only as an adjunct to farming but as an indispensable weapon for insuring against labor shortage, speeding up tillage, and supplying emergency power in innumerable ways. Sink the essentials of this knowledge home to a million or more farmers who are really suffering from lack of power on the farm in the all-pervading food crisis and the tractor makers will have behind them a support that will bring swift results from every branch of the Government in promoting tractor manufacture.

But they cannot get this support by crying up their own wares individually and knocking wholesale the products of their rivals. They can never begin to win real recognition and gain complete good will on the go-it-alone basis. They must combine, not as a manufacturing and selling trust but as a great association for the spread of the tractor idea and dissemination of tractor information.

They have more than an opportunity to go to it. There is a national demand for tractor information that is almost hysterical in its eagerness. There is a constant flood of letters seeking information on tractors. All these letters are from farmers. They ask the simplest and most fundamental questions. Could you want more significant proof of the general ignorance prevailing? Every item of information on power farming published brings a surprising response and a request for more.

We commented recently on the tractor demonstration and its limited value. There are some who regard these demonstrations as evidence of get-together in the tractor industry. There is about as much real get-together as you might have found at an old-fashioned horse fair. Not even the national demonstrations put out a program that contains a real boost for the tractor in the abstract. As individuals they ship their exhibits to the show and when they get their exhibits set up they go it alone—every man for himself. There is no cause. There is no common ground. There is no common goal. The future of the tractor industry is, in the prevailing scheme of things, a hit-or-miss uncertain which the manufacturers as individuals can solve only by their own exclusive perfections.

And then they all wonder why Mister Farmer in the aggregate remains a skeptic; why only 50,000 tractors a year are

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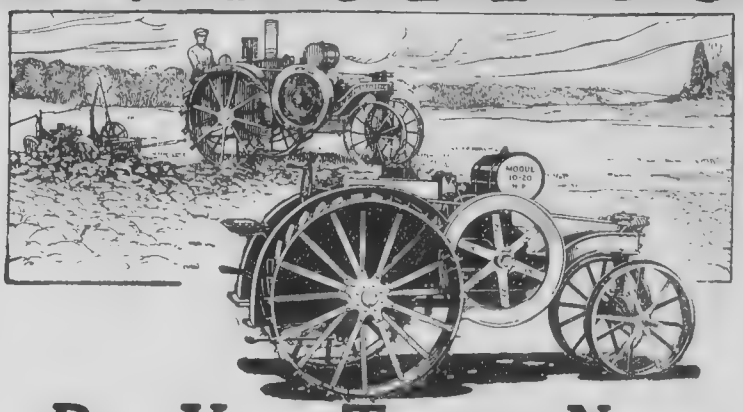

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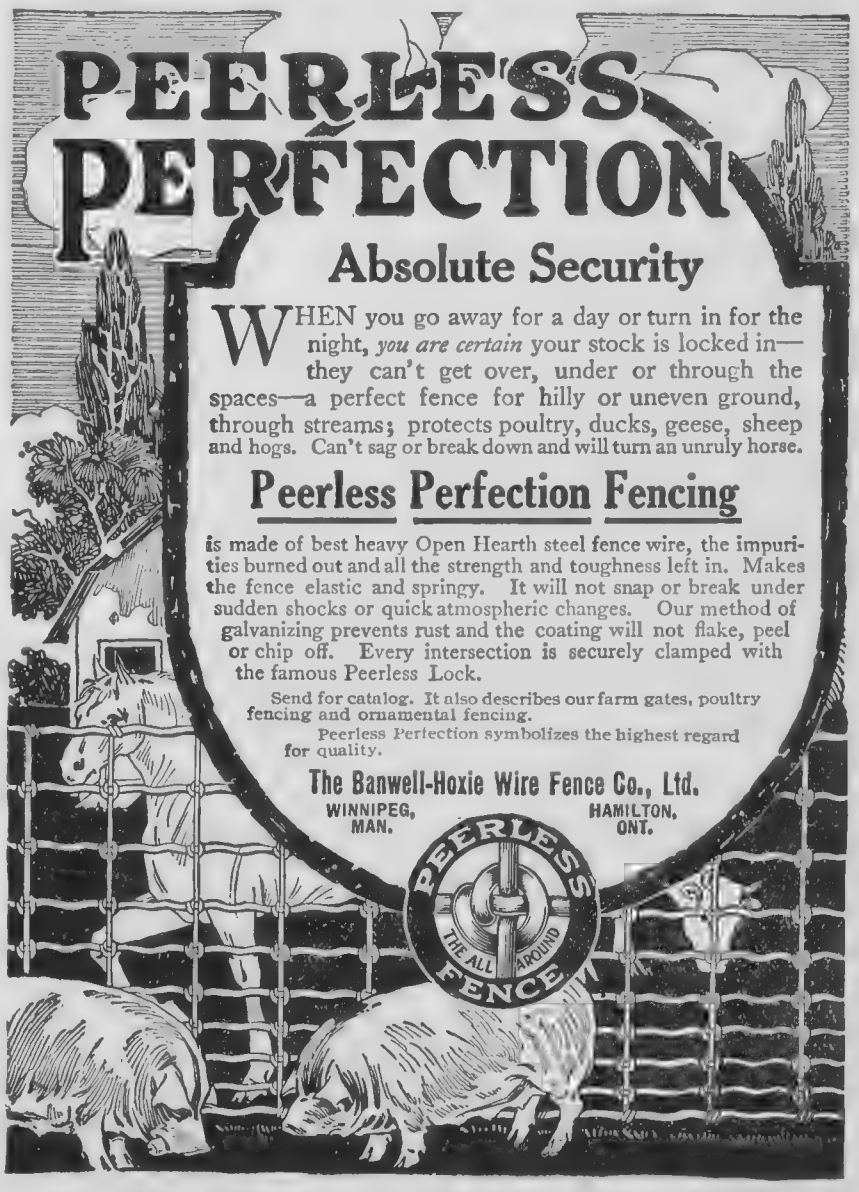

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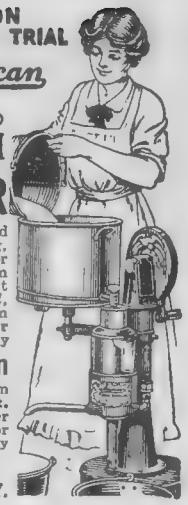

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being sold instead of 250,000. They are bitterly peeved over the failure of the Department of Agriculture to do anything worth while. For the benefit of the farmer the Department of Agriculture should do infinitely more than it has done; but, when you come right down to bed rock, what have the tractor manufacturers as representatives of a great industry ever attempted in the way of concerted action to jab the Department of Agriculture out of its lethargy? Certainly they have done nothing to rouse public interest or stir up public indignation over the Rip van Winkle attitude of the Department of Agriculture.

The situation calls for a whale of a get-together campaign, for association effort, for constructive publicity on a great big scale. It only needs a strong group to start something. The trailers will not lag back in the tall grass for very long. Once you let in the clutch of the band wagon and toot the horn the reactionaries will climb aboard.

More Tractor Schools

Our farmers must have the benefit of every grain of tractor knowledge they can pick up. We must have more tractor schools, more and better tractor courses in our agricultural colleges, but we won't get them while the tractor industry as an industry imitates the Sleeping Beauty. We haven't a Kaiser over here—thank the Fates!—to crack the whip or wave an autocratic wand, but we have shown in a very few months in this war that the hustlers in a democracy can accomplish the impossible when the spirit of get-together fires them.

We are urged to face the task of feeding about half the world. We can't begin to do it unless we put tens of thousands more tractors in the field, and better tractors than we dreamed of making five years ago. We'll never get 'em there unless we tackle the whole problem on the broad-gauge basis the exigency demands.

There are several months ahead in which to plan and organize. The Society of Automobile Engineers is ready to go the limit in getting behind any really constructive plan, but its efforts necessarily will be comparatively futile unless the tractor manufacturers come to their senses and agree to spend energy, time and money on an educational program. The tractor is here, but the punch to put it clear over must be developed.

Honeymaking in the Swan River District, Man., on the line of the C.N. Railway

Our Co-Worker, The Horse

By Allan Campbell

From the earliest times, the horse has been prominently identified with some of the chief events of the world's history. Antiquarians are giving us from time to time, interesting data in regard to his development from the crude specimen of prehistoric times up to his present triumph in the field of industry. This continent got a good start in horse-raising from the early days of Spanish importations, then, in due course, other breeds came, and to-day in Canada we find the Clydesdale and Percheron two supreme leaders of rival camps.

Much depends on the treatment a farm horse receives, and he can be marred to a most discouraging extent while in his critical years as a colt. In the handling of a colt a great deal of self-control is required for the best results, otherwise the result will be a nervous or vicious horse. It is a matter of surprise that such a sensitive creature as the horse, can keep efficient under some of the conditions he is expected to work, such as a dark and badly ventilated stable, ill-fitting harness, neglected teeth and feet, etc. As a matter of fact, the efficiency of the driver is reflected in the horse, and the result is the same as that returned by a field in response to good or bad tillage. The rules for keeping horses in the best of health are simple while the labor of dragging neglected horses back into good conditions is often hard and involved. There is always the danger of over feeding and of getting insufficient water and missing the necessary pinch of salt with his evening oats. It would be very irksome to have to eat our meals off a plate that could only be washed once a week, and a manger with a month's deposit of musty hay at the bottom cannot be the best of tonics for a horse.

There are two kinds of grooming, viz. grooming to "get through" as soon as possible, and grooming to get results. A judicious use of the curry comb and brush together with a soft finishing cloth will be a material aid to the horse's comfort and appearance. A poorly groomed horse is under the same handicap as a man would be who wore soiled underclothes for an indefinite period; a constant menace to health. An occasional roll in the dust or snow is a good aid to grooming and general health, and is appreciated as a luxury.

The above system of health rules helps to keep the door of the medicine chest closed tightly. Medicine is all right for emergencies but it may become a danger through too constant use and introduces an artificial system of management that is hard to break away from once it becomes habitual. A good natural remedy to resort to, should a horse go off his feed is to get some strips of poplar bark from a young tree and boil it along with the boiled feed; this proves a good appetizer. A little salt every night and saltpetre once a week, the latter preferably the night before the horses will get a day's rest, is a good investment. If the salt box gets a prominent place in the stable, the medicine chest may well be kept in an obscure corner.

Freedom is as much appreciated by the horse as it is by the average person, and an enclosure adjoining the stable serves a good purpose as the horses may be let into it conveniently, whereas, if the enclosure is some distance away from the stable, a good deal of their freedom will likely be curtailed. It is not necessary for this enclosure to be a large pasture, but should serve as a moderate-sized play ground where a free roll may be indulged in.

Warts are disfigurements that disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure.

GOMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM

A safe, speedy and positive cure for

Curb, Splint, Sweeny, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases or Parasites, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

As a **HUMAN REMEDY** for **Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat,** etc., it is invaluable.

Every bottle of **Caustic Balsam** sold is Warranted to give satisfaction. Price **$1.50** per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. Address

The Lawrence-Williams Co., Toronto, Ont.

BIG MONEY IN "ORNERY" HORSES

MY free book will amaze you. See the big money that is being made by those I taught my famous system of horse breaking and training! Wild colts and vicious, unmanageable horses can be picked up for a song. By my methods you can quickly transform them into gentle, willing workers and re-sell them at a big profit. You can also earn fat fees breaking colts and training horses for others.

Write! My book is free, postage prepaid. No obligation. A postcard brings it. *Write today.*

Prof. JESSE BEERY, 262 Main St., Pleasant Hill, Ohio

Cured While Working Hard

"I think it my duty to tell you how I used Save-The-Horse," writes J. Moss (Baliff) of Northington, Worcester, Ireland. "The horse is here for any man to look at. There isn't the slightest mark of spavin on either of his hocks. He has been working hard all the time. About four months back he was kicked again, swelling very badly. I used the rest of the remedy on him and he is now the same as ever."

SAVE-The-HORSE
(Trade Mark, Registered)

has a record of curing when all hope is given up, extending over 22 years. Guaranteed by signed contract to cure Ringbone, Thoropin, SPAVIN or Shoulder, Knee, Ankle, Hoof or Tendon Disease, or your money refunded. Be prepared! Write today for **FREE** Save-The-Horse **BOOK**, telling how to discover and treat any lameness; copies of Guarantee and expert veterinary advice—**ALL FREE.** Always keep a bottle on hand.

TROY CHEMICAL CO.
TORONTO, ONT.

Druggists everywhere sell Save-The-Horse with Signed Guarantee, or we send it direct by Parcel Post Prepaid

Fashions and Patterns

A Popular Model. 2353—Gingham, percale, chambray, seersucker, flannelette, lawn, drill, linen and gabardine, are nice for this style. The fronts are closed in coat style. The skirt has gathered fulness. The sleeve may be in either of two lengths. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 7¾ yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 2½ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

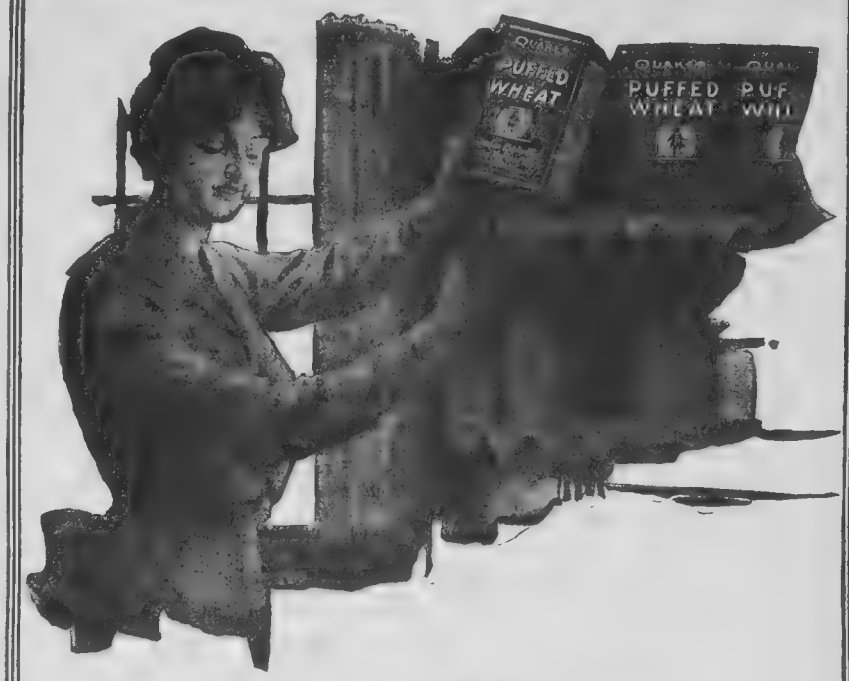
A Comfortable Model. 2041—Girl's Under Waist and Drawers. If mothers will consult their little daughters, they may learn how comfortable and convenient, full and easy fitting undergarments may be. In the style here portrayed, we have endeavored to give ample fulness, without superfluous material. The waist could be fashioned in jean, flannelette, nainsook, muslin or cambric, and the drawers of drill, linen, lawn, nainsook, muslin or cambric, or canton flanel. In bloomer style, they are fine for winter wear, and with the ruffles are equally attractive. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 1 yard of 36-inch material for the waist, and 1¼ yards for the drawers, for an 8-year size. Ruffles on drawers will require about 2½ yards of edging, 3½ inches wide. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Splendid Business Dress. Waist—2325. Skirt—2326. Comprising Ladies' Waist Pattern 2325 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 2326. Serge, satin or gabardine could be used for both models, or the waist could be of madras, crepe or silk and the skirt of serge. The skirt is a good model for sports goods, velvet and corduroy. The waist pattern 2325 is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 3¼ yards of 36-inch material. The skirt pattern 2326 is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 24 will require 3½ yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Dress for Mother's Girl. 2342—Batiste, voile, charmeuse, satin, taffeta, velvet, serge or gabardine could be used for this model. The tucks on the skirt may be omitted. The dress may be finished without the bolero and with long or short sleeve. This style lends itself nicely to combinations of material. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple, Becoming Style for the Little Miss. 2336—The guimpe and dress may be of the same material, or, the guimpe could be of lawn, crepe, batiste or silk, and the dress of gabardine, challie, albatross, lawn, or other contrasting material. In velvet or corduroy, the dress will be nice with the girdle of soft silk, that could match the guimpe. Plaid or checked suiting would be very serviceable, with a guimpe of crepe or lawn. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 6 requires 3 yards of 27-inch material for the dress and 2¼ yards for the guimpe. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart and Attractive Style. 2341—This model is nice for charmeuse, taffeta, satin, serge, corduroy and gabardine. The fronts are finished with vest portions that may be rolled in low or high neck outline, to meet the collar. The skirt is gathered and trimmed with smart pockets. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 4⅞ yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration



"Four Times a Day

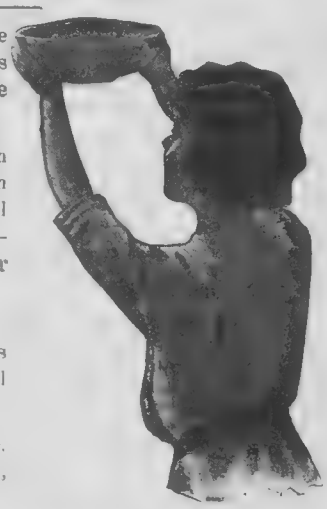
I Reach for Those Bubble Grains"

So one mother says, and doubtless thousands more do likewise.

In the morning for the breakfast dainty, or to mix with any fruit. At lunch-time or supper, for the bowls of milk.

After school, for hungry children. Salt or douse with melted butter, and Puffed Grains are confections.

At other times they are used like nut-meats—used in candy making or as garnish for ice cream. Again, they are used in soups.



Always they are whole grains with every food cell broken. Grains steam exploded -puffed to eight times normal size. Grains as flimsy as snowflakes—as inviting as sweetmeats; yet fitted for digestion as grains never were before.

Too many people treat Puffed Grains like titbits. They serve them on special occasions, days apart.

They miss the real advantage. Children need more whole-grain diet, and this is the ideal form.

Puffed Wheat **Both 15c** Except in Far West **Puffed Rice**

These are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods. The grains are shot from guns. After an hour of fearful heat, a hundred million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. Every food cell is thus fitted to digest.

These are four-fold better foods than whole grains cooked in ordinary ways. When they are also so delightful, why not serve them often?

Puffed Wheat in Milk

With Bananas

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterboro, Canada (1822) *Saskatoon, Canada*

C/C

à la Grâce

CORSETS

Insure grace, comfort and perfect style to every figure. Write for catalogue to

Crompton Corset Co. Ltd.
TORONTO

YOUR BOY IN KHAKI

will find many occasions when he will appreciate having a bottle of Absorbine, Jr., handy. After a hard day's work or a long hike, Absorbine, Jr. will give him the much needed relief. Of course he is too proud to respond to "sick call" with only a stiff shoulder or sore, aching arms and legs.

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

acts quickly and effectively on tired, strained muscles. It is preferred by athletic trainers everywhere because it is so dependable in eliminating stiffness and reducing inflammation. If he has ever been in college athletics he knows Absorbine, Jr. It is the liniment that may be applied to cuts and wounds. It is an

ANTISEPTIC AND GERMICIDE

and cleanses as well as heals. Absorbine, Jr. may be rubbed freely on all irritated parts—kneaded into that sore instep or applied to a shoulder chafed from carrying a gun.

It is highly concentrated and only a few drops are required at an application.

Send him a bottle to-day. $1.25 a bottle at druggists or mailed anywhere upon receipt of price.

A LIBERAL TRIAL BOTTLE will be sent postpaid upon receipt of 10c in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.
509 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Canada

Greatest Discovery In Drugless Healing
Intestinal Auto-Intoxication and Lack of blood and tissue building. Mineral salts are the real cause of all human miseries, beginning with constipation, digestive troubles and ending with premature death. Free pamphlet will open your eyes.
YOGHURT CO. (12) Bellingham, Wash.

mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A New and Pleasing Apron Model. 1963—This model is comfortable, with its semi-fitting lines and trim shapes. The skirt is cut in pointed outline at its upper edge, where it joins a gathered waist front. At the back, waist and skirt are cut in one. The pattern is nice for lawn, percale, dimity, brilliantine, alpaca and drill. It is cut in 4 sizes: 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5¼ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Jaunty Top Garment. 2328—Double-faced cloth, cheviot, vicuna, serge, broadcloth, checked and plaid wool mixtures, are all good for this style. The belt may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 requires 3½ yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Dress for Mother's Girl. 2349—This will be nice in brown serge with soutache braid for trimming, or in blue gabardine, with collar and cuffs of plaid or checked material. The front closes at the side. The skirt is straight and gathered. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 will require 3½ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Becoming Dress for the Growing Girl. 2340—Serge or gabardine are good for this model. The skirt and waist could be finished separately and of contrasting material. The waist is finished with coat closing. The skirt is a straight plaited model. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require 5⅜ yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Dress for Home or Calling. Waist—2354. Skirt—2351. This model comprises Waist Patttern 2354 and Skirt Pattern 2351. The skirt shows new lines in drapery. The waist is equally attractive with its pretty vest and revers collar. Serge, satin, velvet and silk or suitable combinations of either are nice for this design. The waist 2354 is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt 2351 is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. To make the entire dress in size 38 will require 8⅜ yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 1¾ yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Gown. 2339—Satin, serge or velvet will be good for this model. The vest, cuffs and collar could be of contrasting material, or embroidered in pretty colors. The skirt is arranged in plaits at back and front. The sleeve is a new model, finished with a shaped cuff. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 7¼ yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the foot, with plaits drawn out. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good Style for the Growing Girl. 2348—This style is fine for all wash goods, for silk, for satin, serge, gabardine or velvet. The right front overlaps the left at the closing. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 4 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Model. 2331—Good for gingham, chambray, seersucker, linen, linene, khaki, percale and lawn. The fronts are reversible, a practical feature. The dress may have the sleeve in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in

TO THE GIFT SEEKER

The true Gift Giver of to-day is better known by the wisdom of his selection than by the amount of money he spends. So long as the Gift bears distinction and quality, its cost may be dropped out of consideration. The Gift spirit is not measured in Dollars and Cents.

In this connection you will find the D. E. Black & Co. Catalogue an inspiration. So many things may be had at such moderate prices that the wants of anyone may be satisfied.

Our new 1917-18 Catalogue is just completed. Send for a copy to-day. It is free for the asking.

D. E. BLACK & CO.
Limited
JEWELERS
Herald Building CALGARY

MINIMIZE
THE FIRE PERIL
BY USING
EDDY'S
Chemically Self-extinguishing
"Silent 500s"
the matches with "no after glow"

EDDY is the only Canadian maker of these matches, every stick of which has been treated with a chemical solution which positively ensures the match becoming dead wood once it has been lighted and blown out.

Look for the words "chemically self-extinguishing" on the box.

Special, $1.95
FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY
Send sample of your hair.
15c. postage.

Ladies, send us your combings, not less than three ounces. We make them up 50c. an ounce.

DR. KLEIN
ELITE HAIR PARLORS
Birks Building
WINNIPEG - MANITOBA

7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 7 yards of 36-inch material. The dress measures about 2½ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple, One-Piece Model. 1997—Child's Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Lawn, nainsook, batiste, flannelette, albatross, cashmere and silk are good for this style. The back is plain, but the front has plaited fulness. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. It requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material for a 2-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Suit for the Little Boy. 2330—For this model, the blouse could be of drill, madras, linen or flannel, and the trousers of serge, cheviot, or of wash fabrics. The suspender portions are a new feature. They could be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yards of 44-inch material for the waist and 2⅛ yards for the trousers. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

An Ideal Work Dress. 2324—Striped seersucker, checked gingham, chambray, khaki, drill, percale and lawn are good for this style. Both fronts are cut alike, so they may be reversed, if one front should become soiled. The fulness is held by a belt. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6¼ yards of 44-inch material. The dress measures about 2½ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

9074. Infant's Set—Consisting of a Pretty Round Yoke Dress, a Plain Little Slip, a Kimono, Barra-coat, Night Gown and Petticoat. The daintiest of needlework and materials as fine as one's purse will allow, are the requisites when planning the outfit for the wee baby.

The set is cut in one size. This complete set of patterns will be sent to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A boy was told by his schoolmaster to write a description of Quakers. The following was the result of his efforts: "Quakers never quarrel, never get into a fight, and never answer back. My father is a Quaker, but I really don't know what to call mother!"

"Yes, sir," said the pale, youthful suitor, "I have come to ask you for your daughter's hand. It is a mere formality, I know; but we thought it would be pleasing to you if it were observed." Mary's papa stiffened. "And may I inquire," he asked, "who suggested that asking my consent to Mary's marriage was a mere formality?" "You may, sir," replied the young man humbly; "it was Mary's mother!"

A Pill for All Seasons.—Winter and summer, in any latitude, whether in torrid zone or Arctic temperature, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be depended upon to do their work. The dyspeptic will find them a friend always and should carry them with him everywhere. They are made to withstand any climate and are warranted to keep their freshness and strength. They do not grow stale, a quality not possessed in many pills now on the market.

A Genuine Rupture Cure Sent On Trial To Prove It

Don't Wear a Truss Any Longer

Even Soldiers from the Trenches of Europe Write to Tell How the Wonderful Brooks Appliance Cured Their Ruptures, Sound and Well. Sent on Trial to Prove It

From the battle front in Europe comes a letter written by Private John Carter, whose home address is No. 2 Shaw View, Flixton, telling of his complete cure of rupture from wearing the Brooks Appliance.

April 18th, 1915.

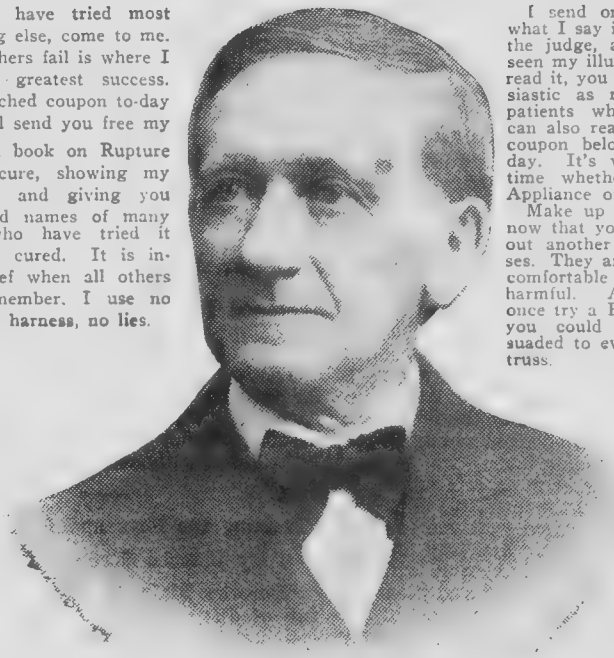
C. E. Brooks,
Dear Sir:

I received your letter by first post this morning. I beg to thank you for your Appliance which was instrumental in the way it cured me of my rupture. I have now been in Kitchener's army seven months, and I have gone through all the training, and I have never felt anything and not had the slightest trouble. I remember when I passed the doctor he remarked "There is nothing wrong with you, young man, you are in the best condition," and he sounded me all over, and I again thank you for the same, and I give my consent to use my letter as a testimonial to anyone, as I have been cured. Hoping you and your firm much success.

Yours truly,

John Carter

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.



I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen my illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail to-day. It's well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.

Make up your mind right now that you will never pay out another dollar for trusses. They are expensive, uncomfortable and actually harmful. And when you once try a Brooks Appliance you could never be persuaded to ever again wear a truss.

The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who is now giving others the benefit of his experience. If ruptured, write him to-day, at Marshall, Michigan.

And here is a letter from a mother who is thankful because a Brooks Appliance cured her boy so he could go out and serve his country.

2, Orchard Road,
Richmond,
Surrey.

April 11th, 1915.

Mr. C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:

A line to thank you for what your Appliance has done for my son. After wearing it from December to the following September I can say he is quite cured and is now serving his country in France at his own trade, a shoeing smith. You can make what use you like of these, my thanks

I am, yours,

Mrs. E. H. Whittle

(Mrs. E. Whittle.)

Wouldn't Take $100 for Appliance

Cranworth, Ont.

Dear Mr. Brooks—I am pleased to write you and let you know what your Appliance has done for me, I think I am all right now, as I have not seen the first sign of it since last fall. I can now run, jump and lift all I like and I would not take $100 for it if I could not get another. I do not wear it except when at hard work. Your appliance is just as good as ever. You can use this letter as you like for the benefit of others.

Yours sincerely,

GEO. KENNEDY.

REMEMBER

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail to-day.

Rupture Thoroughly Healed

Ingersoll, Ont., Feb. 6th, 1914.

Mr. C. E. Brooks:

Perhaps you will be interested in hearing what your Appliance has done for me. I know without doubt that my rupture has thoroughly healed after a term of sixteen years' suffering, and I attribute my restored and healed condition to the wearing of your Appliance, which held the bowel firmly and painlessly during the healing process. I have not worn it for months—neither do I feel in need of it.

Yours truly,
F. C. NOXON.

Ruptured 22 Years; Now Cured

East Sherbrooke, Que., Jan. 27, 1914.

Mr. C. E. Brooks:

Dear Sir,—I am very glad to hear from you, and happy to be able to tell you that my rupture was cured some time ago by your Appliance. I now need no truss after twenty-two years of torture.

Yours truly,
G. E. LEMAY

Cured Me Completely

Perth Centre, N.B., April 26, 1914.

Mr. C. E. Brooks:

Dear Sir:—I received your letter regarding the Appliance you sent me. It was a complete success and now I don't know that I ever had a rupture. It has cured me completely and I thank you very much for it

Very truly yours,
REV. H. A. SISSON.

Child Cured in 3 Months

Brantford, Ont., Feb. 19, 1914
11 Richardson St.,

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Mr. Brooks—Just a line to let you know your Appliance has completely cured our little boy and we are very well pleased with it. We had it on him for about three months, and since he has had it off the rupture has not showed at all.

Yours truly,
(Mrs. E. Whittle.)

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

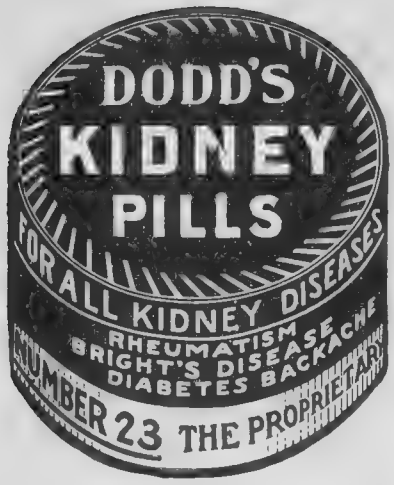
Mr. C. E. BROOKS
161C State Street, Marshall, Michigan, U.S.A.

Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name .....

Address .....

City or Town ..... Province .....



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Woman and the Home

Good and Bad Frying

By Eliza Belle Sturgis

It has been held that our national disease, dyspepsia, is due largely to the great popularity of the frying pan or spider, especially on the farm and in the country home. Several years ago one of our great weekly magazines, in conducting a campaign against patent medicines, especially the kind commonly known as bitters, discovered that most of these quack remedies were consumed on the farm or in the rural sections. When I read this statement, knowing the methods of cooking on the average farm, it at once occurred to me that there was a direct connection between the sale of these medicines and the universal use of the frying pan in farm and country cooking.

As a rule not so much fresh meat is used on the farm as would be used by a family of similar size in a large town. Farmers count upon providing most of their own meat in the shape of pork products, poultry, and by occasionally killing a steer or calf. When it does appear on the table, however, it is usually as a steak, fried until it is hardly palatable. I have eaten in farm homes in many sections of this country, and have yet to be served with broiled steak.

The overuse of frying does not apply to meats only. It is rare to get any but fried eggs at a farm home; yet where else could such delicious poached ones be had? Usually they are fairly cooked in grease. I am fond of fried potatoes when they are cooked properly; but I have rarely found them so cooked in a farm home. A large quantity of lard is usually put into the frying pan and allowed to melt, and the potatoes are then added. The pan is covered, and the potatoes are allowed to stew in the lard.

Palatable Potatoes

The proper way to fry potatoes is to put enough lard in the pan so that when the potatoes are added the pan will be almost full. Bring the lard to a scorching heat, set aside for a moment until the boiling ceases, then drop the potatoes in, a few at a time, and be sure that they are reasonably dry, so that they will separate as soon as they strike the hot fat. Fry them until they are a light brown. In the meantime, set a colander in a pan in the oven, and as you take the potatoes out of the hot fat, put them in it to drain and dry.

The secret of the only kind of frying that is in the least measure healthful is, in the case of vegetables and such things as breaded cutlets, croquettes, fried oysters and fish, to use plenty of fat and have it boiling hot when the things are dropped into it. The boiling fat at once puts a crust on the outside of the article, thus preventing the entrance of the fat to the inside, which is then cooked merely by the heat from the boiling fat.

When I have spoken on this subject to women, on and off the farm, the objection has always been raised that the family, especially the children, are very fond of gravy, and insist on having it with all meats to eat on their bread and potatoes. I have searched many cookbooks, but in none of them does it tell how to have gravy with broiled steak, so I studied the problem out for myself. Use one of the double-faced wire broilers, which can be purchased at any of the novelty stores for from fifteen to twenty-five cents. Rub the wires with some of the tallow from the meat, and put the steak between the two parts of the broiler. Have a big fire of hot coals, bright and clear of all flame, and hold the meat close to it in order to brown it quickly. Then hold it farther away until the meat is almost but not quite so well done as you like it. Have a cold frying pan at hand. Gash the meat five or six times on both sides with a sharp-pointed knife, and put at once into the cold pan and set over the fire. The juice will escape, and by the time the meat is well heated it will all be out. Remove the steak to a hot plate, put in the pan the kind of fat you use, bring to a boil and stir in the browned flour, previously rubbed smooth in a little water or milk. It will improve this gravy if stock, instead of water, is used to thin it.

Another thing that has had a tendency to perpetuate the frying pan in so many kitchens is the lack of the proper utensils for baking and roasting meats. Every farmer's wife, and other wives as well, should have at least two good roasters: one for small roasts of beef and other red meats and chickens, and the other for turkeys and for occasions when a large roast is required. The roasters can be used many time instead of the frying-pan to cook meats and other foods. The small roaster can be used for cooking slices of ham instead of frying them. Sauerkraut cooked in one is immeasurably superior to that boiled in a kettle. A fish, like shad, which it is desired to cook and serve whole, should be cooked in a roaster, with strips of bacon on it, and a little water in the bottom of the pan.

But even when it is not possible to go to the expense of roasters, the art of pot-roasting is still possible. This is roasting meats in an iron or stoneware pot in the oven, putting in potatoes, if desired, at the proper time and taking off the cover toward the last to brown the contents. This is a very simple form of cooking and a good one.

Some things, however, such as breaded cutlets, croquettes, doughnuts, Saratoga and French-fried potatoes and fried oysters must be fried in hot fat. To cook these properly a frying-kettle, holding at least from three to five pounds of fat, is essential. The fat should be smoking hot but not scorched, and the things to be fried should be as dry as possible, so that they will not repel it. Put the things in, a few at a time, and remove them as they brown. This is not so expensive as it may seem, for the fat can be used over and over again, if it is strained through several thicknesses of cheesecloth while it is still liquid in order to remove the remnants of the foods cooked in it.

In view of the fact that there are open to the housewife other ways of cooking, such as boiling, baking, stewing, broiling and panning, it seems to me that she is not giving proper care to the health of her family if she still prepares in the old-fashioned frying pan foods that may be served in any of these ways. Here are three meals that may be prepared without the use of the frying pan:

Breakfast
Mush and Milk Cream Poached Eggs
Buckwheat Cakes with Syrup
Baked Sausage
Coffee Milk

Dinner
Baked Sauerkraut with Pork
Mashed Potatoes
Dried Corn Stewed Apples Dumplings
Dessert Coffee Milk

Supper
French-Fried Potatoes Broiled Steak
Biscuits
Stewed Tomatoes Apple Sauce
Jelly
Coffee Milk

These are meat-three-times-a-day meals, for most farmers' families insist on them. Any intelligent housewife can think of dozens of similar menus for meals that may be prepared without using the frying pan.

Training the Boys and Girls to Help

By Blanche Gertrude Robbins

"Dorothy Blair, there's a whole table full of dirty dishes in the kitchen sink waiting to be washed and the longer they stand the greasier they get," called Mrs. Blair from the back doorway, then turning her face toward Mrs. Green, the neighbor standing on the adjoining stoop, she continued, "goodness! it's like getting blood out of a stone trying to get any work out of my children. I declare I might just as well do the dishes myself. It takes more out of me setting Dorothy at it."

Mrs. Blair fanned her hot cheeks with a corner of her kitchen apron as Dorothy stumbled sullenly up the back steps.

"That's what I say," agreed Mrs. Green, poising her plump person on the narrow rail of the neighboring back porch, "Mr. Green insists that Kitty is big enough to help with the house work, but dear me! when I've traipsed all over the neighborhood hunting her up and coaxed until my patience is exhausted, I'm more fagged than if I had done the work myself. And as for getting errands done—well the grumbling and

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whining of the children is so nerve racking that I would rather drop my work and run to the grocer's myself. Seem's to me that children now-a-days don't want to do a thing but play."

The sound of crockery, glass and silver clashing together in angry warfare came from Mrs. Blair's kitchen. But at the same moment a motherly, little woman with cool, smiling face rose from the hammock swung on the vine-covered porch of the cottage on Mrs. Blair's right.

"Betty—Oh, Betty!" she called softly, her eyes searching the stretch of lawn, "train's in, and I guess it is time the mail was opened. There are some letters in the mail that will need answering before the next mail goes out. Ah, here's the post-mistress," she added gaily as the little blue-eyed, sunny faced girl came running up the walk. Hand in hand they went into the kitchen.

"Shall I help sort the mail?" questioned Mrs. Summer, eying the formidable array of dishes crowding the table.

"No mother, the post-mistress has plenty of time," answered Betty, gathering the dinner plates and rinsing them at the sink. This process was continued until all the dishes were rinsed ready for the pan of hot, soap suds.

"Six big envelopes, that look like official letters," called Betty as she put the dinner plates on the china closet shelf.

"They might be story manuscripts, Betty, they are just the size," suggested Mrs. Summer, running a blue lace string in Betty's middy blouse.

"Oh, mother that is a lovely new play. They are all stories sent out by a pretty college girl, and I'm not going to have any come back. You always have a new play every day, mother dear," declared Betty depositing a handful of letters, in reality desert plates, in their proper boxes.

"These parcels are boxes of candy and fruit cakes sent into the Red Cross Society for the Christmas boxes going overseas," commented Betty carrying the platter and vegetable dishes to the china closet, adding as she gathered up the shining, flat silver, "my, the registered letters to-day!"

Mrs. Summer smiled happily for she realized that the dinner dishes were washed and there was not a cloud on her little daughter's face. She could still hear Mrs. Blair's scolding voice and by other sounds she knew that Dorothy was still drudging along at her labor. Above this discordant music there sounded the shrill cry of Mrs. Green.

"Children, I must have some molasses right away. Now one of you run over to Barker's ang get the jug filled. Now mind, I'm not going to wait long."

"Bud, you go. I've got to finish this here aeroplane," grumbled Terry.

"Always errands to do—the whole live long day," snapped Bud, "what's holiday's for, if we can't have any fun."

"Hunt up Kitty. Errands are for girls, anyhow," suggested Terry, as Bud made no movement toward the molasses jug.

"You will either get that molasses, Terry Green, or you'll not get any ginger bread for supper," Mrs. Green cut in sharply.

The threat produced the effect that the command had failed to accomplish. Terry jumped to his feet and seized the jug, grumbling sullenly to his younger brother, "you dare let me catch you monkeying with that machine while I'm gone."

Mrs. Summer's bright eyes looked over the kitchen smilingly, then commented, "I declare we have the finest postmistress in this section of the country. She knows that sorting the mail is not everything and keeping the post office tidy counts a lot."

She stooped and kissed Betty's flushed cheeks, then turned into the pantry. "I believe I'll make some rocks for a five-o'clock tea," she exclaimed, "hello, where is, oh yes I remember now, that I used all for the pie yesterday. Betty, run call Gerald. See, who wins the game."

Then as Gerald came panting into the kitchen eager for any new kind of game the mother explained, "there is something missing from the pantry shelf, that should go into the rocks. Read over the receipt then look over the pantry shelf. When you discover the article that is missing, run to Barker's grocery store for it. The one who arrives with it first wins the game."

Together, Betty's voice in the lead. they read over the receipt. Then standing on chairs, they studied the pantry shelves.

"Oh, I know!" piped Betty, springing from her perch and rushing out of the back door.

"No you don't," called Gerald, jumping to the floor and sliding along the linoleum of the hall in his mad rush to cut across Betty's path.

Five minutes later the two children burst into the kitchen, Betty bearing a package of currants and Gerald tossing a pound of butter on the table.

"Betty won that time," laughed Mrs. Summer, ading: "you see, Gerald, we keep butter in the refrigerator not on the pantry shelf. But you are always a game looser."

Both Betty and Gerald lau ghed over the joke, and Mrs. Sumner remarked thoughtfully, "now, I have more butter than I can possibly make use of, but I shall need lard tomorrow. So if you don't mind changing your prchase, I'll be much obliged. By the way, how is that auto truck you were making progressing? I want to see it working."

A few moments later as Mrs. Sumner shut the oven door on her first batch of rocks, she glanced out of the door and spied Betty and Gerald overtake Terry Green and offer to carry his molasses jug on their automobile truck. Outside she could hear Mrs. Green talking in exasperated tones, "more time wasted in waiting for those children. Could have done it in half the time myself. Now the oven has cooled off and the gingerbread won't be fit to eat."

Later when all the folks of the neighborhood were seated on the front porches, Mr. Blair laid down his evening paper and called sharply to Reggie, "see here, it is time you got to work with the lawn mower. Look how the grass is growing. It won't be any fun mowing all of that at once. You just make work twice as hard for yourself. If you would only do it without me having to keep at you. Hurry now or the darkness wil beat you."

Sullenly, disintetrestedly, Reggie Blair jerked the lawn mower across the lawn.

"Lorne," commented Mr. Sumner in a brotherly tone, "What do you think about our lawn? How does it compare with Billy Ruggles? Competition is running pretty close, isn't it?"

"Perhaps I'd better trim her up a little on the terrace. It sure keeps a chap hustling to keep ahead of Billy Ruggles," Lorne responded, with a shrewd glance at the grass as he ran to the basement for the lawn mower. Running it smoothly yet energetically over the grass, he eyed the opposite lawn. Billy Ruggles came bounding across the street and called across the hedge.

"Some fellows going up street to-day said they never saw finer looking lawns than Sumner's and Ruggles'," he remarked, "they said that they knew it meant work for somebody and that the folks certainly had pride in their places."

"A pretty close tie between the two of you," announced Mr. Sumner," so close that I shouldn't wonder if we had to take the two of you on that hunting party, what do you say, Ruggles?" he questioned the neighbor, who had joined Billy at the hedge.

"Well, I've gone so far as to speak for two extra berths along in the hunting party," responded Mr. Ruggles.

Above the whoops of joy shrieked out by Lorne and Billy, sounded the vexed tones of Mr. Blair.

"If you don't put a little more elbow grease into that job, Reggie Blair, I'll go down there and mow my own lawn."

And Mrs. Blair's tired, plaintive refrain echoed dully, "I don't see why we can't get work out of our children."

Mamma came in just in time to catch Marjory in the act.

"What would you do," she cried, "if you had a little girl that ate one or two boxes of fruit her mother had bought for company?"

"I know," said Marjory, eagerly grasping at opportunity's forelock: "I'd make her eat the other box."

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Young People

Every Girl a Princess

By Grace G. Bostwick

"EVERY girl is a princess in her own right!" The speaker was a lovely young woman with a gracious manner and carriage so unusual as to excite continual comment. Her beauty was the more remarkable in view of the fact that she had been known but a few years before as the veritable ugly duckling of her family.

"How did I do it?" She laughed with appreciative delight at my amaze, then sobered as she looked back into the past "I shall never forget," she said slowly "that day when I was given the simple truth to guide me through those terrible years of awkwardness. Terrible," she continued reflectively, "because of my exceeding sensitiveness and my passionate love of beauty. Why, I used to hide in the attic and cry myself ill because of my ugliness! And now—" She smiled at me with an expressive shrug of her graceful shoulders.

"But I don't understand," I faltered, embarrassed at my temerity in thus questioning my friend of olden days whose beauty was a matter of utter mystery, yet impelled by a stronger motive than I could explain to persist in my quest.

"Listen," she spoke quietly, "and I'll tell you the secret. Almost our only neighbor for many years during my childhood, was a woman known throughout the countryside as 'the rich Mrs. Riley' and indeed she was rich in more ways than one. She was an exquisite woman with a grace of movement which was poetry to me. I used to sit in her library in worshipful silence while she told wonderful tales of her girlhood or reviewed for my benefit some new story or poem or—best of all—real aloud to me in her musical voice."

"One day a careless remark dropped by a gossiping visitor, drove me to the shelter of her kindness, with the hurt still rankling."

"'What a sad, little princess it is today,' she said softly, laying a comforting hand on my shoulder."

"'Princess!' I gasped, utterly confounded. 'Princess!'"

"'Yes indeed,' she nodded decisively 'princess! Didn't you know, my dear that every girl is a born princess—the daughter of a queen?' I stammered in my eagerness as I disclaimed all knowledge of so wonderful a thing."

"'Just so,' she said gently, 'a little princess—first, oh, ever so tiny. Then bigger and bigger but always a princess, mind, and after awhile, a real, grown-up princess, lovely and gracious and kind as real princesses always are. And beautiful—so beautiful—for a real princess could never be anything but beautiful. And then at last, when the truly prince comes, you'll understand why your lady-mother is a queen and you'll know that you could never have been anything but a princess!'" My charming friend paused a moment in happy recollection.

"That thought," she continued, "never left me from that day. The seed dropped into the fertile imagination of a growing child, took deep root and grew and grew' I dreamed at night of being a princess with all the attributes of royal blood. I cherished the belief in secret and it worked strange changes in my commonplace life. I held my head and walked as I imagined a princess might; not a proud and haughty princess but a gently, lovable, royal creature. I read and studied as I thought she would do, for improvement. I chose my friends as carefully as any princess and I tried to be considerate as such should be. I treated my queen-mother, whom I had adored at a distance, with a new deference to which she quickly marks about my wonderful improvement.

"When I overheard that selfsame visitor who had stabbed me cruelly on that memorable day three years before, say pleasantly to my mother, 'Katherine has grown to be such a beautiful girl and what pretty manners!' my heart sang praises for I knew that I was proving my right to the title I had cherished so ardently.'

"The rest—you know. I grew in response to the model held continually before my thought until I knew that I had become in very truth a real princess. It was a beautiful thing to do for an unhappy child," she continued thoughtfully.

"It was a beautiful thing," I echoed wistfully for I had not profited by the vision which had never chanced to come my way.

"And now," she sighed happily, "I've just begun. For I have to win my new title of queen and though that's what my truly prince calls me, I must prove my right before I can become a real queen!"

"What is it"—the last question was intended for a scientific poser—"that pervades all space, that no wall or door can shut out?"

But the foot of the class rose to the occasion: "The smell of onions, ma'am."

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Miss Alice Howes, 21 Haddington Street, Galt, Ont., writes:—"I was very ill with anaemia, could not sleep at night, and my appetite seemed entirely gone. I suffered in this way for nearly three years, and had treatment from two doctors in Toronto, where I was living at the time, but did not get any relief. I became completely run down, and as I did not see any immediate hopes of getting better, I went back to live with my mother in Galt. I thought, perhaps, the change of air might do me good. My mother saw that I was in a bad state, because my nerves were affected, and everywhere I went I used to take dizzy and fainting spells. My hands and limbs would become numb, I would see black specks before my eyes, and cold perspiration would come out on me. My mother had been taking Dr. Chase's Nerve Food with excellent results, and she advised me to do the same. But it is hard for me to take pills, so I went to a doctor in Galt instead. However, his treatment did me no good, so I at last decided to follow my mother's advice. I began taking Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and gradually found myself getting better. I soon was able to sleep at night without any difficulty, my appetite came back, and I began to gain back my natural color. After taking about twelve boxes of this medicine I was able to return to my work in Toronto. My friends there all noticed the improvement in my condition, and I am now stronger and healthier than I have been for a long, long time. I shall always recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food wherever I go, as I really think it is the best treatment obtainable for worn-out nerves and run-down system."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for $2.75, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

Had Heart Trouble

For 5 Years.

WOULD GO INTO FITS.

Through one cause or another a large majority of the people are troubled, more or less with some form of heart trouble.

Little attention is paid to the slight weakness until the heart starts to beat irregularly, and they suddenly feel faint and dizzy, and feel as if they were smothering.

On the first sign of any weakness of the heart Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills should be taken, and thus secure prompt and permanent relief.

Mrs. W. H. Ferrier, Kilbride, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with my heart for five years, and was so bad it would send me into fits and smothering. I could not do any work while I was affected, but after taking three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I have regained my health."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

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Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a neglected cold is a dangerous cold.

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "**No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp.**"

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a **boon** by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities. **It is a protection to those exposed.** Cresolene's best recommendation is its 38 years of successful use.

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if you suffer from Piles, I can tell you how to treat yourself at home to get rid of

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A free treatment of my new absorption method will give early relief and prove to you its value.

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PILES

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The internal method of treatment is the correct one, and is sanctioned by the best informed physicians and surgeons. Ointments, salves and other local applications give only temporary relief.

If you have piles in any form write for a **FREE** sample of **Page's Pile Tablets** and you will bless the day that you read this. **Write to-day.**

E. R. PAGE, 330A Main St. Marshall, Michigan

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Correspondence

A Thorough Unionist

Dear Editor.—I wonder what happened with the correspondents in December? Not one letter in The Western Home Monthly. I was quite lonesome without them, as they were always interesting. I do hope it isn't going to be left out for good.

I hope Freda and Pocahontas have not quit the correspondence column; even though Pocahontas thinks that I am not fit to tie her shoe-strings. I am still on the farm and my brother was exempted for as long as he stays on the farm. That looks as if some others besides myself thought, and do think, that the farmers ought to be left on the farm.

Prohibition will soon be a reality in Canada instead of a pretence as it is, and will be till April first. After that date, however, it will be the real thing. Nobody will be able to receive their little box at the express office, and go home and have a high old time. These days are gone, let us thank God for it. I see by the newspapers that conscription has been defeated in Australia, and that Premier Hughes has resigned. I hope that the men will enlist readily in the army, as there is no way to get after the real slackers. In Canada, I feel assured that all who are left are doing their full share at home. I hope I have not taken too much room. My address is with the Editor.

A Mere Boy.

Fond of the Boys in Khaki

Dear Editor,—I have been an interested reader of The Western Home Monthly for a long time, I especially enjoy the stories and correspondence page. There has been great discussion in the page about soldiers and slackers. I think conscription should settle who should go and who should not, although some of the boys around here who have been given an exemption and called slackers by a peculiar patriot. A lot of the boys around here have enlisted of their own accord. Conscription has taken very few.

I, like most of the other readers would like to see the war end as soon as possible. I have one brother and other relatives now in France. I live on a farm, though have not spent quite all my time there. For a time I was bookkeeping in a store, which is a job I like very well. I have gone to quite a few dances this winter, though cannot say I can dance very well yet. We girls around here generally play base ball in the summer. I would like to correspond with a "A Soldier" and any other soldier who would care to write to me. I will tell this much that I am two years under twenty years. As I am very fond of the boys in khaki, I will sign myself

"Khaki Girl."

October 27th, 1917.

The Editor, The Western Home Monthly

Dear Sir,—It has been very nice to see The Western Home Monthly here in India, and to keep in touch with the prairie provinces, which I left just over a year ago.

This summer I heard of a way we can help the soldiers in Mesopotamia, and I wonder whether your readers will join in this? During my summer vacation in Mussoorie I met a nurse from Basrah, and asked her what the men in hospital most needed. Books, she replied, magazines, newspapers, reading matter of any sort. Sometimes there isn't a single thing for the men to read, and it is so dull for them all day long in the heat. Since then I have sent my "Western Home Monthly" to the hospital, and decided to appeal to you for help. Kangra is an isolated place—fifty miles from the railway—and magazines are scarce in India. If some of your readers would send even one magazine a month it would be a great help, I know. Here is the address:

Sister Blanche Gillespie,
33rd General Hospital
Basrah, Persian Gulf.

You don't need foreign postage, as Basrah is now part of the Empire.

Yours sincerely,
N. E. Matheson.

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Can be permanently removed by the proper use of the Electric Needle. A skilled operator will not fail in giving satisfactory results. I have made this work a specialty, and after over twenty years' steady practice in the city of Winnipeg, I am in a position to assure my patrons that they will make no mistake in giving my safe and sure method a trial.

Send for booklet "Health and Beauty" for further particulars.

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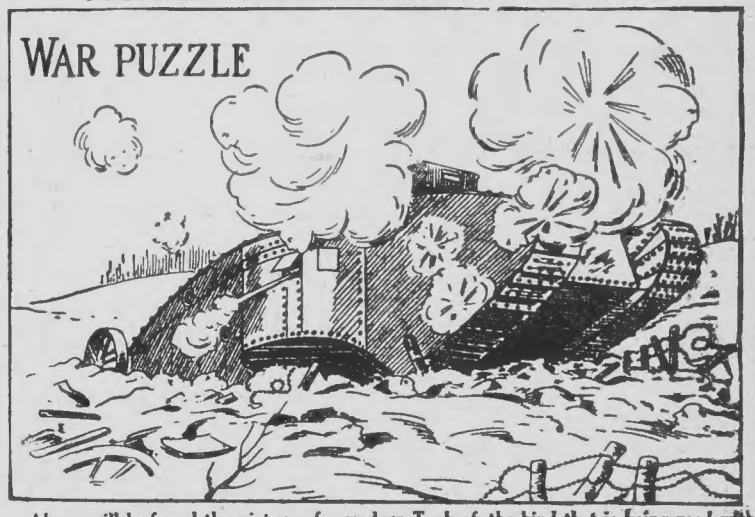
3rd Prize, **$35.00** in Cash. 4th Prize, **$25.00** in Cash
5th to 9th Prizes—Each **$10.00** in Cash.

TOGETHER WITH MANY MERCHANDISE PRIZES

WAR PUZZLE



Above will be found the picture of a modern Tank of the kind that is being used with such success in the present war. At a glance the Tank appears to be all there is in the picture, but by careful scrutiny the faces of several soldiers will be found. There are 11 of them in all. Can you find them? It is no easy task but by patience and endurance can be accomplished.

You may win a cash prize by doing so. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and address which we will send you. If you find the faces mark each one with an X, cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found all the faces and marked them." Write these nine words plainly and neatly, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness are considered factors in this contest.

This may take up a little of your time but as TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS in cash and many merchandise prizes are given away, it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter. Remember all you have to do is to mark the faces, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper the words, "I have found all the faces and marked them."

WE DO NOT ASK YOU TO SPEND ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY IN ORDER TO ENTER THIS CONTEST

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over Four Thousand One Hundred Dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.)

Winners of cash prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest.

This Competition will be judged by two well known business men of undoubted integrity, who have no connection with this Company, whose decisions must be accepted as final.

Upon receipt of your reply we will send a complete list of the names and addresses of persons who have won $4,100.00 in Cash Prizes in recent contests held by the publishers of this advertisement. Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity. Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of anyone else, as all previous winners of cash prizes are debarred from entering this contest.

Send Your Reply Direct to

GOOD HOPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
31 LATOUR STREET, MONTREAL, CAN.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

What the World is Saying

The Foundation For Peace

The beginning of just peace is reparation, restoration, restitution.—London Times.

The German Idea

The German idea of an armistice is that the other fellow stops fighting.—Vancouver Province.

Kultural Indignation

The German wolf is indignant that the civilized world has refused to play the part of Little Red Riding Hood.—Washington Star.

Quite So

Maybe that temporary cessation in the torpedoing of hospital ships was due to a shortage of iron crosses.—Montreal Gazette.

Will Be New Era

Under British rule a man will be able to go from Jerusalem to Jericho without falling among thieves.—Duluth Herald.

The Crown Prince

As an opportunity for the German Crown Prince to show his ability the war may already be said to be a failure.—Paris Figaro.

Obviously He Would Not

If the Kaiser were quite sure of his mailed fist and shining sword, would he be sending up hot air balloons?—Ottawa Citizen.

The Castor Oil Shortage

The shortage in the supply of castor oil will be borne by the children with perfect resignation.—Brantford Expositor.

Not The Christian Spirit

No doubt Germany is sincere in wishing peace on earth, but she is less concerned for good-will among men.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Leopard and His Spots

When the people of Germany rise against the Hohenzollerns we shall make a trip to othe zoo, to see whether the leopard has changed any of his spots.—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Hoover's Name Is Herbert

Hooverizing is commonly regarded as something new, but the Lawrence Journal-World has found this in Proverbs 15:17: "Better is a dinner of Herb's."—Kansas City Star.

He Has Passed Off The Scene

One point to which the limelight never penetrates nowadays is the secluded retreat of former King Constantine of Greece.—London Truth.

A Profitable Loss of Revenue

The revenue loss from prohibition will be $12,000,000 a year, but this is not to be weighed against the gain, both moral and material.—Toronto Globe.

A Partnership of Peoples

The partnership of nations which must henceforth guarantee the world's peace must be a partnership of peoples, not a mere partnership of governments.—Paris Liberta.

Enough Siberian Weather Already

The eastern Siberians should not be encouraged in their demand for purchase by the United States. We have enough Siberian weather already.—New York Evening Post.

An Epoch-Making Cleavage

The contest between the Allies and the central powers represents one of those great cleavages of thought that come every few centuries; and such contests have to be fought out to the end.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

An Essential Condition

Peace proposals to be effective must carry assurance of redress to the devastated little nations and freedom forever from the menace of autocratic and mad militarism.—London Daily Mail.

Shoulder to Shoulder

Premier Lloyd George for Britain, Premier Clemenceau for France, and President Wilson for the United States are one as to the war aims and determination of the Allies. The program is one of world betterment, and is well worth fighting for.—Sydney (Australia) Morning Herald.

Th Turks and The Germans

Some perhaps most, of the Turkish atrocities in this war were committed after the Turks had come under the command of German officers. The Unspeakable has received lessons in unspeakableness.—Aberdeen Free Press.

It Is What They Deserve

The world will yet reach the point where it will determine never to permit the rigidity of its upper lip to relax until the Kaiser and his fellow-princes have been hanged.—Toronto Telegram.

Kultur and Mohammedanism

For centuries the Mohammedan has served as the supreme example of fanaticism; and yet how mild is his obsession compared with kultur! Ruthlessness is of the Turk's life a thing apart; 'tis the German's whole existence.—Boston Transcript.

Characteristically German

For forty years the German autocracy has refused to let the German people rule themselves and at the same time constantly assured them they ought to rule the rest of the world.—Chicago Herald.

The Work of The Navy

British mine sweepers have gathered up 4,600 German mines in the last year. When the story of the British navy is finally recapitulated it will rival in wonder every military effort.—Toronto Star.

The Destruction of U-Boats

If the German U-boats had destroyed as many British merchant vessels in proportion to numbers, as the British navy has destroyed German U-boats, Germany would have had the war pretty nearly won by now.—Halifax Herald.

But They Are Fixed, Not Movie, Stars

Observers at the Lick Observatory in California have discovered three new stars. As a compliment to the movie trio constellation it is proposed to name them Pickford, Chaplin and Fairbanks.—Hamilton Herald.

A Hun Utterance

A German General in a public address declares that "the curse of God is upon the French." That kind of General is a curse to humanity, but it is certain he is not of God.—Toronto News.

He Will Not Have a Say

King Ludwig of Bavaria, speaking at his birthday celebration, replies to Lloyd George with a declaration that "Germany will give up nothing." But the Allies do not figure that Ludwig will have anything to say in the matter.—Paris Gazette de France.

German Trade After The War

In the German Reichstag they are discussing plans for a merchant marine to regain overseas markets as rapidly as possible after the war. But unless there is a reformed and reconstructed Germany the fitting out of this merchant fleet will be another case of "all dressed up and nowhere to go."—Washington Herald.

Coal

The jewel of civilization that the Japanese premier talks about in his message to Lloyd George is not specified. Probably it differs in different places and in the same place at different times. Just now, and for a few weeks past, the jewel of civilization around here has been the Pennsylvania black pearl.—Ottawa Journal.

Kultur vs. Christianity

The Kaiser boldly threw down the gage of battle—Infidel Germany against the believing world—"Kulture" against Christianity—the Gospel of Hate against the Gospel of Love. Thus is he Satan personified—"Myself and God" merely his way of proclaiming it—for his "God" is Beelzebub, the Angel of Destruction, his creed the Devil's own, his aim and end a Hell on earth.—Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal.

An Impatient Irishman

John Joseph Ryan, charged at Camberley with deserting from the navy and enlisting in the army, said that he had served in the North Sea for three years, and as the Germans did not come to him, he thought it was time he went to them He had waited long enough.—London Daily Express.

A Triumph of Science

Quite the most wonderful feature of the war is the continued absence of epidemics among the troops, such as typhus and dysentery. Judged by the experience of former conflicts, they would by this time have numbered hundreds of thousands of victims. No more colossal token could be furnished of the effectiveness of sanitary precautions.— London Spectator.

The Cost of the War

If the War came to an end this winter, its cost would have reached $145,000,000,000. This is the estimate of Mr. F. W. Hirst, the English economist. Mr. Hirst places the cost of the war to the end of 1916 at $30,000,000,000 to Great Britain and the Dominions, at a similar amount to Germany, at $27,500,000,000 to Russia, and at $25,000,000,000 to France.—Monetary Times.

The Issue is Freedom

To-day Berlin, by means of Prussian terrorism methodically and pitilessly employed, disposes of the military and economic resources of one hundred and seventy-six million people, occupying a strategic position in the centre of Europe which is all to her profit. It is this very state of things, founded on the slavery of eighty-two millions of human beings, which is intolerable.—Dundee Advertiser.

Revising the School Histories

An excellent effect of the situation in which Canada and the United States find themselves on the same side in the war is the movement in Montreal of a revision of school histories in order that passages bearing on the past relations of the two countries which tend to perpetuate national antagonisms may be toned down or eliminated The Canadian school histories sin as deeply as those of the United States in saturating with prejudice the minds of the young on account of bygone quarrels.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Planks From Sawdust

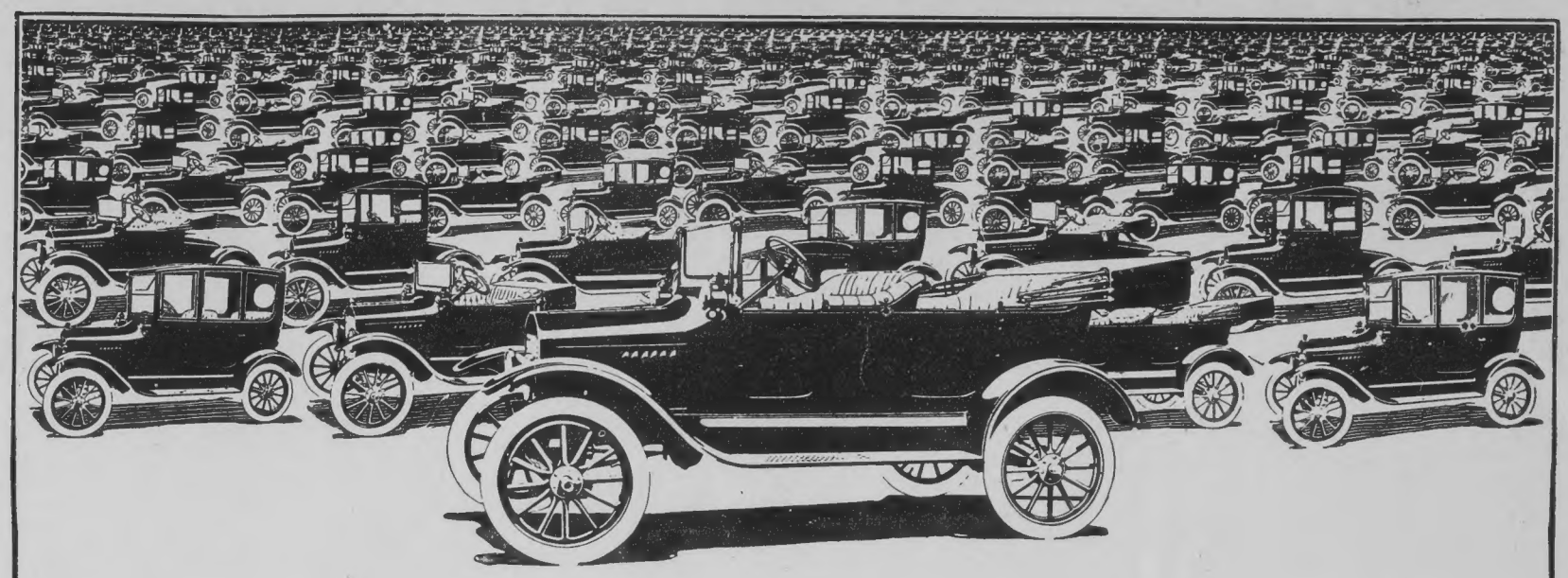
The "fallacy" of yesterday often becomes the "actuality" of to-day. One of the by-products of John Law's South Sea schemes of two centuries ago was the sale of stock in a company which it was claimed would turn sawdust into boards without knot or crack. An industrial concern in Van Buren, Maine, is about to turn the sawdust hills and wood refuse heaps of the Maine woods into pulp, paper and paper boards, thus using a by-product of the sawmill which, up to the present time, has been regarded as worthless.—Victoria Colonist.

A War of Peoples

Whatever may be the truth the tone which the German Press is allowed to adopt implies that all risks must be run in pursuance of that "sheer love of peace" that now fills the soul of the German people. It is well to hear a frank and authoritative statement of the nature of this peace, acceptable to Germany, that is to end the war. It comes from Ludendorff. Modern war, he says, is a war of peoples and not of armies, and only "terminates with the defeat of the enemy people." This is plain enough—in the opinion of the German Command the war will not cease till either the German people or the peoples of the Allied countries are compelled to show the white flag.—Glasgow Herald.

For the Generations to Come

In the years to come men and women yet unborn will read of the brave and wonderful deeds on land, on sea, and in the air, and of the brave and wonderful suffering and endurance of soldiers and sailors and airmen. Records there will be of those achievements. But how could there be adequate records of the brave and noble spirit with which stricken wives and mothers, worthy of the men they loved, are bearing a burden not the less hard because it is so common to-day? A happy and unknowing posterity will be unable to realize in full measure the price at which Freedom is being purchased now for the generations to come—purchased with human agonies and the faithfulness unto death of heroic men and women. We may well pray that the generations to come will try to realize what we are passing through now. Nothing should be left undone to secure the greatest possible realization by posterity of what the world is passing through now, and of the awful responsibility of those who bring upon the world such things as are happening now. For that will be the best way to ensure against their ever being allowed to happen again.



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MORE than two million Ford cars have been made and sold, and more than 140,000 of this vast number have been "Made in Canada".

The Ford enjoys the largest sale of any motor car, because it represents the greatest motor car value. Its name has always stood for low cost, and the car has everywhere given satisfactory service.

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PURITY FLOUR

Government Standard

EXPLANATION

WE are enclosing this pamphlet in each bag of Purity Flour (Government Standard) going to the housewives of Canada, giving some explanation with reference to this Standard Flour which the Government has ordered all flour mills in Canada to manufacture on and after January 28th, 1918.

We are obliged, under these new regulations, to manufacture this Standard grade of flour only, but we expect when the war is over that these regulations will be rescinded, and we can commence again the manufacture of our regular high quality Purity Flour.

We might say in connection with this Government Standard Flour, that it is in no sense of the word a War Flour, as it is a pure white flour, being 100% of the flour that is contained in good sound wheat. The new milling regulation, to put it in simple language, means that millers instead of making several grades of flour as previously, are now compelled to put all of the flour that is contained in good milling wheat into one grade. This still gives a good all-purpose flour, but of a slightly more creamy color as compared with our regular high quality Purity Flour.

Suggestions for Baking

With the exception of the creamier color, which is unimportant in these times, you should be just as successful in your baking as with the high patent flour. On account of containing the more glutinous portions of the wheat berry, the flour may work in a slightly different manner. Care will have to be exercised at first, until you get acquainted with the difference. You may have no difficulty at all, but in case you do, the following suggestions will be of some assistance.

No. 1—Make the dough slightly firmer, using a little more flour to the same amount of liquid, or less liquid to the same amount of flour.

"The kitchen must help as well as the workshop and the trenches." —Lloyd George.

We know the housewives of Canada well enough to know that it is not necessary to ask them to co-operate with us in the matter of using this Purity Flour (Government Standard), which is intended to help conserve the wheat supply, and assist Canada in the winning of the war.

Suggestions for Baking

No. 2—Be careful to keep the dough from getting too warm. An overheated dough from this flour will be more serious than in the case of a high patent flour.

No. 3—It will not need to stand as long as was formerly necessary. Be particularly careful not to let it stand too long in the pans.

No. 4—To insure the best results, use a little more yeast. If setting a sponge over night, make it somewhat stiffer.

No. 5—The system of setting a sponge overnight will probably give the best results with this class of flour.

Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Ltd.

"Millers to the People"

Winnipeg Brandon Calgary Vancouver Victoria Toronto Ottawa Montreal St. John